A BOOK OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN VERSE

Edited by HENRY VAN DYKE

Assisted by Hardin Craig, Ph. D.

and Asa Don Dickinson

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A BOOK OF
BRITISH AND AMERICAN VERSE
PART I

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Little Masterpieces of Poetry

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EDITED BY
HENRY VAN DYKE

ASSISTED BY
HARDIN CRAIG, Ph.D.
AND
ASA DON DICKINSON

GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
1923

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GENERAL PREFACE

THIS is a collection of *Little Masterpieces of Poetry*. The title of the collection gives the clue to the principle of choice. This is not an attempt to make another historical anthology of English verse, giving illustrations of the work of every acknowledged poet more or less famous, and carefully apportioning the number of selections from each writer according to the supposed measure of his fame. That question, indeed, has not entered into the process of choice, to disturb and hamper it. It has not been necessary to ask whether too much has been taken from one poet, or too little from another. I have looked only at the value and the beauty of the poems themselves, at their perfection as poetry, at the clearness, strength, and depth of their feeling, at the truth and vividness of their imagery, at the power or the loveliness of their expression and form. Those that seemed the best have been chosen out of many, not to illustrate a theory, but for their own sake, because they are good to read.

A masterpiece, of course, cannot be a fragment or an extract. It must stand alone, complete and rounded; and no matter how small it may be, it must carry within itself its own claim to excellence. For this reason I have not included any

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disconnected portions of longer poems, or brilliant passages from works which as a whole are not of even merit. Each poem that has been chosen is given in its entirety, as the author wrote it. The only exception is in the case of certain songs and lyrics, which can be taken out of their setting in a play or a story, without marring either their form or their effect; and this is not an exception in reality, but only in appearance.

Some poems of great beauty, like Milton's *Comus* and Tennyson's *Maud,* reluctant as I am to omit them, are ruled out by the limitation of space. The same reason explains the fact that dramas are omitted, and that the epic element also is lacking, except in its minor forms, the idyll and the story in verse, and in its lyrical modification, the ballad.

I have thought it wise, also, not to include any metrical translations of poetry from other languages; for, however admirable they may be as renderings of the originals, they can hardly rank as English masterpieces. To deserve that title a poem must be conceived and composed, as well as written, in the English language. It makes no difference where the poet was born, in Scotland or England or Ireland or America, if his poetry came to him in English, it belongs to English literature, the common heritage of all the races and tribes which use that noble language as their own.

In the gathering and the sifting of the materials for this collection my colleague, Dr. Hardin

Craig, has rendered much valuable assistance, which is here gratefully acknowledged. The selection of the particular text of the poems, the reading of proofs, and the insertion of dates have been entrusted to his scholarly care.

The poems have been grouped on a principle of arrangement which seems to me both new and good—the principle of poetic form. Thus in one part we have ballads, in another idylls and stories in verse, in another lyrics, in another odes, sonnets and epigrams, in another elegies and epitaphs. This method of grouping not only brings together the poems which are most alike in their effect (a matter of the first importance to the reader's comfort and pleasure), but also serves to show how significant and how vital the element of form is in poetry. It is not a mere accident or an unimportant adjunct. The spirit and the body are the man; the substance and the form are the poem. There is usually more kinship, for example, between two ballads dealing with different subjects, like *Thomas the Rhymer* and Longfellow's *Sir Humphrey Gilbert*, than there is between a ballad and a sonnet dealing with the same subject, like Coleridge's *Love* and one of Mrs. Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese*.

This arrangement by poetic form has also another advantage, which I have had in view in anticipating a possible use of this volume in colleges and schools and by private students. It will enable the reader to follow, without effort, the development of the various forms of verse,

and to see how a ballad or a lyric or a sonnet of the sixteenth century differs from one of the nineteenth. As far as possible, the date of the publication of each poem has been printed with the author's name. When the date of composition is widely different from that of publication it has also been added; such dates are printed in italics.

Within the main divisions, the poems have been grouped in a rather loose way, according to their subjects; and within these minor groups again, a chronological order has been generally followed. Thus it will be found, unless I am mistaken, that one can read on from poem to poem without serious discord, and with a certain continuity of interest and feeling.

The amount of verse taken from the British poets is, of course, much greater than that which comes from the American poets. The reason is plain. In the former case there are four centuries of poetry to choose from, and in the latter case less than a hundred years. But unless this altogether fails in its purpose, one result of reading it will be a clearer understanding and a deeper sense of the vital relationship of that which is best, that which is permanent, in British and in American verse. They are not separate growths. They are the two main branches of a great and spreading tree. The elder branch is far larger, and has borne far more fruit, than the younger. But the difference is one of degree and not of kind; and the years to come may lessen even that.

Meantime it is certain that the loftiest thoughts

and imaginings, the deepest and noblest feelings, the finest hopes, and the fairest dreams of all

> "Who speak the tongue
> That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
> Which Milton held,"

are embodied in the masterpieces of English poetry, of which a goodly number are brought together in this volume. Put this on your shelves, and you will not lack good comradeship, and elevating discourse, and music by the way.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

NOTE FOR THE NEW EDITION

This brief series of "little masterpieces" in verse has found so warm a welcome and has been so often reprinted, that the original plan on which it was made seems to stand the test of use, and a new edition is demanded. There has been no alteration in the general scheme of the anthology, which was quite novel when it was first put forth in 1905. The poems are chosen not for academic reasons but for the poetic pleasure which they impart to a healthy mind. They are grouped in a way that follows natural affinity and makes it easier for the reader to wander on from one to another. In harmony with these ideas the collection has now been enlarged, and I hope enriched, by additions from the later poetry. (I will not call it "the *new* poetry," because the phrase is meaningless; all good poems, however ancient their date, have an everlasting newness in them which custom cannot stale.)

General Preface

The responsibility and credit for making these selections belong to my colleague, Mr. Asa Don Dickinson, Librarian of the University of Pennsylvania, to whose skilful and experienced hand this task has been committed, and whose name I am thus privileged to put upon the title-page as one of the editors. His choice carries my full consent. I could only wish that he had found more modern poems to bring into the fold of beauty

"Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold."

October 8, 1921.

H. v. D.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENT

THE texts used in these volumes follow closely what were thought to be the best available modern editions; except that punctuation has been, now and then, in cases where no change of meaning would arise, made to conform to a more general standard. The dating of the poems has been done from the work of editors and biographers, as in a vast majority of cases original editions have not been at hand. In the case of a few poems the date is that of earliest publication in book form. Sometimes the composition date has been thought more significant, or found more convenient.

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H. C.

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A. D. D.

BALLADS OLD AND NEW

INTRODUCTION TO THE VOLUME OF BALLADS

WHAT is a ballad?

In the strict sense of the word, it ought to mean a song set to dance music,—a string of verses to accompany the movements of a rustic or courtly *ballet*. But this original meaning was soon lost and confused in a wider usage. The word was applied to many kinds of poems which were current among the people in the fifteenth and the sixteenth centuries. Metrical tales of love and adventure and tragedy, versified satires on the nobility and the clergy, moral exhortations and short sermons in rhyme, lyrics in praise of a sweetheart or a soldier,—almost any piece of poetry that passed from mouth to mouth among the minstrels, or was printed on broadside sheets and sold by the pedlars, who were the book-canvassers of that day,—might be called a "tragical ballett," or a "godly ballett," or a "diverting ballett," according to the supposed effect upon the hearer. The chaplain of Henry VIII quoted in one of his sermons, "the ballates off 'Passe tyme with goodde cumpanye' and 'I love unlovydde.'" In the Bishops' Bible the title of Solomon's Song is "The Ballet of the Ballets of Solomon."

No distinction was made, in those early times, between narrative ballads and other songs; nor between those which had their anonymous origin among the people and those which were carefully wrought out by certain poets. Indeed, the term "ballade," so far as it had a technical sense, was used to describe one of the most artificial and difficult forms of verse, which could be written only by a skilled master.

The attempt to restrict the use of the name "ballad" to story-poems which are traditional in character and purely popular in origin and form, is a somewhat modern invention. Famous collections of such poems have been made; Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,* Ritson's *Robin Hood,* Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,* Motherwell's *Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern,* Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads,* and many other books of the same kind, are filled with the naïve, irregular, graphic, and often strangely beautiful narratives in rhyme which have been handed down to us without an author's name, preserved and transmitted by the loving memory of the people. And these, some critics say, are the only true ballads, because they are not the work of personal poets, but the unconscious flowerings of poetry from the common heart of man. It seems to me that this effort to narrow the meaning of the word is misdirected, and that the reason which the critics give for it begs the whole question.

The fact that no author's name is attached to

the rude and vigorous verses of *A Gest of Robyn Hode,* or *The Battle of Otterbourne,* does not prove that they never had an author, but only that he has been forgotten. Verses do not come to the birth without the aid of some minstrel to give them form and set them to music. A community never makes a poem. It is a man who makes it. The community, if the age is poetical, takes the song-story up, and repeats it, in hall and cottage, with changes and variations. So it comes to us, from a time when books were rare and copyright was unknown, in half a dozen different forms, and often with great improvements, but without the name of the original minstrel. This, it seems to me, is the true explanation of what is called "communal authorship,"—an unseen poet singing in obscurity,—his song caught up and carried down to us by the love of the people. Coleridge was instinctively right when he wrote of

> "the *bard* . . . who made
> The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence."

Moreover, even if we accepted at its face value the notion that the primitive ballads were made by a whole village, or a county perhaps, or even an entire kingdom, rhyming in unconscious unison, why should we be more narrow and particular in our definition of ballads than the very people who made them? They were willing to admit that King James's *The Kingis Quair* and Lord Dorset's *"To all you ladies"* were ballads.

It is hardly likely that the critics will be able to confine the use of the word "ballad" to the limited sense which some of them have assigned to it. Language has a way of escaping from the control of the learned and making its own connections with human life. There are folk-words as well as folk-songs. And this very word "ballad" which we are considering is one of them. It has followed its own course in common speech and writing. It is no longer applied, it is true, to purely lyrical songs, or to hymns, or to didactic verse. But it is still used to describe poems, differing considerably in form and origin, which have three main characteristics in common.

First, they have a certain simplicity of theme, appealing not to reflection or to philosophic thought (as an epic or an idyll does), but more directly to some strong, common, human feeling of wonder, of admiration, or of pity. Second, they have an interesting story, clear and vivid, either told directly (as in *The Bailiff's Daughter*), or suggested in the background (as in *Fair Helen*). Third, they are free and lyrical in spirit and movement, not composed in blank-verse, or in complicated stanzas, but in more flowing and easy forms. These are the three characteristics that have been followed in selecting the ballads in this volume.

I do not suppose that all the good ones are here: but I think that all here are good. Some of them, perhaps, come very near to the borderline of the story in verse, or of the pure lyric:

just as some of the poems in the second and third volumes of this series might possibly be called ballads and included here. The affair of classifying poetry is not like a chemical analysis or a land survey. There is always room for a difference, and sometimes for a change, of opinion.

But, upon the whole, I am satisfied that these poems represent the mastery of the ballad-form and illustrate its history. Ranging from *The Death of Robin Hood* to *Rizpah,* from *Young Beichan* to *Amy Wentworth,* from *Sir Patrick Spens* to *The Wreck of the Schooner Hesperus,* they give a rich and splendid picture of the ballad-poetry of love, of fairyland, of adventure, of the sea, of war, and of death and sorrow.

H. v. D.

OF LOVE

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THE GAY GOSHAWK

"O WALY, waly, my gay goshawk,
Gin your feathering be sheen!"
"And waly, waly, my master dear,
Gin ye look pale and lean!

"O have ye tint at tournament 5
Your sword, or yet your spear?
Or mourn ye for the Southern lass,
Whom ye may not win near?"

"I have not tint, at tournament,
My sword, nor yet my spear; 10
But sair I mourn for my true-love,
Wi' mony a bitter tear.

"But weel 's me on ye, my gay goshawk,
Ye can baith speak and flee;
Ye sall carry a letter to my love, 15
Bring an answer back to me."

"But how sall I your true-love find,
Or how suld I her know?
I bear a tongue ne'er wi' her spake,
An eye that ne'er her saw." 20

"O weel sall ye my true-love ken,
Sae sune as ye her see;
For of a' the flowers of fair England,
The fairest flower is she.

"The red that 's on my true-love's cheek, 25
Is like blood-drops on the snaw;
The white, that is on her breast bare,
Like the down o' the white sea-maw.

"And even at my love's bour-door
There grows a flowering birk; 30
And ye maun sit and sing thereon,
As she gangs to the kirk.

"And four-and-twenty fair ladies
Will to the mass repair;
But weel may ye my lady ken, 35
The fairest lady there."

Lord William has written a love-letter,
Put it under his pinion gray;
And he is awa' to Southern land,
As fast as wings can gae. 40

And even at that lady's bour,
There grew a flowering birk;
And he sat down and sung thereon,
As she gaed to the kirk.

And weel he kent that lady fair 45
Amang her maidens free,

For the flower that springs in May morning
Was not sae sweet as she.

And first he sang a low, low note,
And syne he sang a clear; 50
And aye the o'erword o' the sang
Was, "Your love can no win here."

"Feast on, feast on, my maidens a',
The wine flows you amang,
While I gang to my shot-window, 55
And hear yon bonny bird's sang.

"Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,
The sang ye sung yestreen;
For weel I ken, by your sweet singing,
Ye are frae my true-love sen'." 60

O first he sang a merry sang,
And syne he sang a grave;
And syne he peck'd his feathers gray,
To her the letter gave.

"Have there a letter from Lord William; 65
He says he 's sent ye three;
He canna wait your love langer,
But for your sake he 'll die."

"Gae bid him bake his bridal bread,
And brew his bridal ale; 70
And I sall meet him at Mary's kirk,
Lang, lang ere it be stale."

The lady 's gane to her chamber,
And a moanfu' woman was she,
As gin she had ta'en a sudden brash, 75
And were about to die.

"A boon, a boon, my father dear,
A boon I beg of thee!"
"Ask not that paughty Scottish lord,
For him you ne'er shall see. 80

"But, for your honest asking else,
Weel granted it shall be."
"Then, gin I die in Southern land,
In Scotland gar bury me.

"And the first kirk that ye come to, 85
Ye'se gar the mass be sung;
And the next kirk that ye come to,
Ye'se gar the bells be rung;

"And when ye come to St. Mary's kirk,
Ye'se tarry there till night." 90
And so her father pledged his word,
And so his promise plight.

She has ta'en her to her bigly bour,
As fast as she could fare,
And she has drank a sleepy draught, 95
That she had mix'd wi' care.

And pale, pale grew her rosy cheek,
That was sae bright of blee;

And she seemed to be as surely dead
As any one could be. 100

They drapt a drap o' the burning red gowd,
They drapt it on her chin;
"And ever alas!" her mother cried,
"There is nae life within."

They drapt a drap o' the burning red gowd, 105
They drapt it on her breast-bane;
"Alas!" her seven bauld brothers said,
"Our sister 's dead and gane."

Then up arose her seven brethren,
And hew'd to her a bier; 110
They hew'd it frae the solid aik,
Laid it o'er wi' silver clear.

Then up and gat her seven sisters,
And sewed to her a kell;
And every steek that they pat in, 115
Sewed to a siller bell.

The first Scots kirk that they cam to,
They gar'd the bells be rung;
The next Scots kirk that they cam to,
They gar'd the mass be sung. 120

But when they cam to St. Mary's kirk,
There stude spearmen all on raw;

And up and started Lord William,
The chieftain amang them a'.

"Set down, set down the bier," he said; 125
"Let me look her upon."
But as soon as Lord William touched her hand,
Her colour began to come.

She brightened like the lily-flower,
Till her pale colour was gone; 130
With rosy cheek, and ruby lip,
She smiled her love upon.

"A morsel of your bread, my lord,
And one glass of your wine;
For I ha'e fasted these three lang days, 135
All for your sake and mine.

"Gae hame, gae hame, my seven bauld brothers,
Gae hame and blaw your horn!
I trow you wad ha'e gi'en me the skaith,
But I 've gi'en you the scorn." 140

"Ah! woe to you, you light woman;
An ill death may you die!
For we left father and mother at hame,
Breaking their hearts for thee."

Scott, Minst. Scot. Bord.

YOUNG BEICHAN

In London city was Beichan born,
  He long'd strange countries for to see,
But he was ta'en by a savage Moor,
  Who handl'd him right cruelly. 4

For thro' his shoulder he put a bore,
  An' thro' the bore has pitten a tree,
An' he 's gar'd him draw the carts o' wine,
  Where horse and oxen had wont to be. 8

He 's casten him in a dungeon deep,
  Where he cou'd neither hear nor see;
He 's shut him up in a prison strong,
  An' he 's handl'd him right cruelly. 12

The savage Moor had but ae dochter,
  And her name it was Susie Pye,
And ilka day as she took the air,
  The prison door she passèd bye. 16

But it fell ance upon a day,
  As she was walking, she heard him sing;
She listen'd to his tale of woe,
  A happy day for young Beichan! 20

"My hounds they all go masterless,
My hawks they flee frae tree to tree,
My youngest brother will heir my lands,
My native land I 'll never see." 24

"O were I but the prison-keeper,
As I 'm a ladie o' hie degree,
I soon wad set this youth at large,
And send him to his ain country." 28

She went away into her chamber,
All nicht she never closed her ee;
And when the morning begoud to dawn,
At the prison door alane was she. 32

"O hae ye ony lands or rents,
Or cities in your ain country,
Cou'd free you out of prison strong,
An' cou'd maintain a lady free?" 36

"O London city is my own,
An' other cities twa or three,
Cou'd loose me out o' prison strong,
An' cou'd maintain a lady free." 40

O she has bribed her father's men
Wi' meikle goud and white money,
She 's gotten the key o' the prison doors,
And she has set young Beichan free. 44

She 's gi'n him a loaf o' good white bread,
But an' a flask o' Spanish wine,

An' she bad' him mind on the lady's love
That sae kindly freed him out o' pine. 48

"Go set your foot on good ship-board,
An' haste you back to your ain country,
An' before that seven years has an end,
Come back again, love, and marry me." 52

It was long or seven years had an end;
She long'd fu' sair her love to see;
She 's set her foot on good ship-board,
An' turn'd her back on her ain country. 56

She 's sail'd up, so has she doun,
Till she came to the other side;
She 's landed at young Beichan's gates,
An' I hope this day she sall be his bride. 60

"Is this young Beichan's gates?" says she,
"Or is that noble prince within?"
"He 's up the stairs wi' his bonny bride,
An' mony a lord and lady wi' him." 64

"O has he ta'en a bonny bride,
An' has he clean forgotten me!"
An' sighing said that gay lady,
"I wish I were in my ain country." 68

But she 's pitten her han' in her pocket,
An' gi'n the porter guineas three;
Says, "Take ye that, ye proud porter,
An' bid the bridegroom speak to me." 72

O whan the porter came up the stair,
He 's fa'n low down upon his knee;
"Won up, won up, ye proud porter,
An' what makes a' this courtesy?" 76

"O I 've been porter at your gates
This mair nor seven years an' three,
But there is a lady at them now
The like of whom I never did see. 80

"For on every finger she has a ring,
An' on the mid-finger she has three,
An' there 's as meikle goud aboon her brow
As would but an earldome o' lan' to me." 84

Then up it started young Beichan,
An' sware so loud by our Lady,
"It can be nane but Susie Pye,
That has come o'er the sea to me." 88

O quickly ran he down the stair,
O' fifteen steps he has made but three;
He 's tane his bonny love in his arms,
An' a wot he kiss'd her tenderly. 92

"O hae you tane a bonny bride?
An' hae you quite forsaken me?
An' hae ye quite forgotten her
That gae you life and liberty?" 96

She 's lookit o'er her left shoulder
To hide the tears stood in her ee;

"Now fare thee well, young Beichan," she says,
"I 'll strive to think nae mair on thee." 100

"Take back your daughter, madam," he says,
"An' a double dowry I 'll gi' her wi';
For I maun marry my first true love,
That 's done and suffered so much for me." 104

He 's take his bonny love by the han',
An' led her to yon fountain stane;
He 's changed her name frae Susie Pye,
An' he 's call'd her his bonny love, Lady Jane. 108

Child, Pop. Bal., No. 53A (Gummere's Version).

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY

Ye Highlands and ye Lawlands,
O where hae ye been?
They hae slain the Earl of Murray,
And they laid him on the green.

Now wæ be to thee, Huntley! 5
And wherefore did ye sae?
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to slay.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring; 10
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh he might have been a king!

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the ba';
And the bonny Earl of Murray 15
Was the flower amang them a'!

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the glove;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh he was the Queen's love! 20

Oh lang will his Lady
Look o'er the Castle Down,
Ere she see the Earl of Murray
Come sounding thro' the town!

Child, Pop. Bal., No. 181A.

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON

There was a youth, and a well-beloved youth,
And he was a squire's son:
He loved the bailiff's daughter dear,
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coy and would not believe 5
That he did love her so,
No, nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him show.

But when his friends did understand
His fond and foolish mind, 10
They sent him up to fair London
An apprentice for to bind.

And when he had been seven long years,
And never his love could see:
"Many a tear have I shed for her sake, 15
When she little thought of me."

Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and play,
All but the bailiff's daughter dear;
She secretly stole away. 20

She pulled off her gown of green,
And put on ragged attire,
And to fair London she would go
Her true love to enquire.

And as she went along the high road, 25
The weather being hot and dry,
She sat her down upon a green bank,
And her true love came riding by.

She started up, with a color so red,
Catching hold of his bridle-rein; 30

"One penny, one penny, kind sir," she said,
"Will ease me of much pain."

"Before I give you one penny, sweetheart,
Pray tell me where you were born."
"At Islington, kind sir," said she, 35
"Where I have had many a scorn."

"I prithee, sweetheart, then tell to me,
O tell me, whether you know
The bailiff's daughter of Islington."
"She is dead, sir, long ago." 40

"If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also;
For I will into some far country,
Where no man shall me know."

"O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth, 45
She standeth by thy side;
She is here alive, she is not dead,
And ready to be thy bride."

"O farewell grief, and welcome joy,
Ten thousand times therefore; 50
For now I have found mine own true love,
Whom I thought I should never see more."

Percy, Reliques.

HIND HORN

"Hind Horn fair, and Hind Horn free,
O where were you born, in what countrie?"

"In gude green-wood, there I was born,
And all my forebears me beforn.

"O seven years I served the king, 5
And as for wages, I never gat nane;

"But ae sight o' his ae daughter,
And that was thro' an auger-bore.

"My love ga'e me a siller wand,
'T was to rule over a' Scotland. 10

"And she ga'e me a gay gowd ring,
The virtue o' 't was above a' thing.

"'As lang 's this ring it keeps the hue,
Ye 'll know I am a lover true:

"'But when the ring turns pale and wan, 15
Ye 'll know I love another man.'"

He hoist up sails, and awa' sail'd he,
And sail'd into a far countrie.

And when he look'd upon his ring,
He knew she loved another man. 20

He hoist up sails and home came he,
Home unto his ain countrie.

The first he met on his own land,
It chanc'd to be a beggar man.

"What news, what news, my gude auld man? 25
What news, what news ha'e ye to me?"

"Nae news, nae news," said the auld man,
"The morn 's our queen's wedding day."

"Will ye lend me your begging weed?
And I 'll lend you my riding steed." 30

"My begging weed will ill suit thee,
And your riding steed will ill suit me."

But part be right, and part be wrang,
Frae the beggar man the cloak he wan.

"Auld man, come tell to me your leed; 35
What news ye gi'e when ye beg your bread."

"As ye walk up unto the hill,
Your pike staff ye lend ye till.

"But whan ye come near by the yett,
Straight to them ye will upstep. 40

"Take nane frae Peter, nor frae Paul,
Nane frae high or low o' them all.

"And frae them all ye will take nane,
Until it comes frae the bride's ain hand."

He took nane frae Peter nor frae Paul, 45
Nane frae the high nor low o' them all.

And frae them all he would take nane,
Until it came frae the bride's ain hand.

The bride came tripping down the stair,
The combs o' red gowd in her hair. 50

A cup o' red wine in her hand,
And that she ga'e to the beggar man.

Out o' the cup he drank the wine,
And into the cup he dropt the ring.

"O got ye 't by sea, or got ye 't by land, 55
Or got ye 't on a drown'd man's hand?"

"I got it not by sea, nor got it by land,
Nor got I it on a drown'd man's hand.

"But I got it at my wooing gay,
And I 'll gi'e 't you on your wedding day." 60

"I 'll take the red gowd frae my head,
And follow you, and beg my bread.

"I 'll take the red gowd frae my hair,
And follow you for evermair."

Atween the kitchen and the ha', 65
He loot his cloutie cloak down fa',

And wi' red gowd shone ower them a',
And frae the bridegroom the bride he sta'.

Child, Pop. Bal., No. 17H

WALY, WALY, UP THE BANK

[JAMIE DOUGLAS]

O WALY, waly, up the bank,
And waly, waly, doun the brae,
And waly, waly, yon burn-side,
Where I and my love wont to gae! 4

I lean'd my back unto an aik,
I thocht it was a trustie tree;
But first it bow'd and syne it brak—
Sae my true love did lichtlie me. 8

O waly, waly, gin love be bonnie
A little time while it is new!
But when 't is auld it waxeth cauld,
And fades awa' like morning dew. 12

Waly, Waly, Up the Bank

O wherefore should I busk my heid,
  Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forsook,
  And says he 'll never lo'e me mair. 16

Now Arthur's Seat sall be my bed,
  The sheets sall ne'er be 'filed by me;
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink;
  Since my true love has forsaken me. 20

Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
  And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O gentle Death, when wilt thou come?
  For of my life I am wearie. 24

'T is not the frost that freezes fell,
  Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;
'T is not sic cauld that makes me cry,
  But my love's heart grown cauld to me. 28

When we cam in by Glasgow toun,
  We were a comely sicht to see;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
  And I mysel' in cramasie. 32

But had I wist, before I kist,
  That love had been sae ill to win,
I 'd lock'd my heart in a case o' gowd,
  And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin. 36

And O! if my young babe were born,
  And set upon the nurse's knee;
And I mysel' were dead and gane,
  For a maid again I 'll never be. 40

Child, Pop. Bal., No. 204a

AULD ROBIN GRAY

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye 's
  come hame,
And a' the warld to rest are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
Unkent by my gudeman, wha sleeps sound by
  me. 4

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for
  his bride;
But saving ae croun-piece he had naething else
  beside:
To make the croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to
  sea;
And the croun and the pund—they were baith
  for me. 8

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,
When my father brak his arm, and the cow was
  stown awa';
My mother she fell sick—and my Jamie at the
  sea—
And auld Robin Gray came a-courting me. 12

Auld Robin Gray

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e
Said, "Jennie, for their sakes, will ye no marry me?"

My heart it said nay; I look'd for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack;
His ship it was a wrack—Why didna Jamie dee?
Or why am I spared to cry, Wae 's me! 20

My father urged me sair: my mother didna speak;
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break:
They gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was in the sea;
Sae auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me. 24

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith,—for I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I 'm come hame, love, to marry thee." 28

O sair, sair did we greet, and muckle say of a';
I gi'ed him but ae kiss, and bade him gang awa':

I wish that I were dead, but I 'm no like to dee;
For, though my heart is broken, I 'm but young,
wae 's me! 32

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin;
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I 'll do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For auld Robin Gray he is kind to me. 36

1771. *Lady Anne Lindsay.*

BLACK-EYED SUSAN

All in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard;
"O, where shall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew." 6

William, who high upon the yard
Rocked with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sighed, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands. 12

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
  Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
  And drops at once into her nest:—
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet. 18

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
  My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
  We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee. 24

"Believe not what the landmen say
  Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:
They 'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
  In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go. 30

"If to fair India's coast we sail,
  Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
  Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely
  Sue. 36

"Though battle call me from thy arms,
  Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms
  William shall to his dear return.

Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's
eye." 42

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard:
They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land;
"Adieu!" she cried; and waved her lily hand. 48

1720. *John Gay.*

THE SAILOR'S WIFE

And are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jades, lay by your wheel;
Is this the time to spin a thread,
When Colin's at the door?
Reach down my cloak, I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'. 12

And gie to me my bigonet,
My bishop's-satin gown;
For I maun tell the baillie's wife
That Colin's in the town.

My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
  My stockin's pearly blue;
It 's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
  For he 's baith leal and true. 20

Rise, lass, and mak a clean fireside,
  Put on the muckle pot;
Gie little Kate her button gown,
  And Jock his Sunday coat;
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
  Their hose as white as snaw;
It 's a' to please my ain gudeman,
  For he 's been long awa'. 28

There 's twa fat hens upo' the coop
  Been fed this month and mair;
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
  That Colin weel may fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,
  Gar ilka thing look braw,
For wha can tell how Colin fared
  When he was far awa'? 36

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
  His breath like caller air;
His very foot has music in 't
  As he comes up the stair,—
And will I see his face again?
  And will I hear him speak?
I 'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
  In troth I 'm like to greet! 44

If Colin 's weel, and weel content,
  I hae nae mair to crave:
And gin I live to keep him sae
  I 'm blest aboon the lave:
And will I see his face again?
  And will I hear him speak?
I 'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
  In troth I 'm like to greet.
For there 's nae luck about the house,
  There 's nae luck at a';
There 's little pleasure in the house
  When our gudeman 's awa'. 56

1769. *W. J. Mickle.*

LOCHINVAR

LADY HERON'S SONG

From *Marmion*

Oh! young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar. 6

He stayed not for brake and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar. 12

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,—
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,—
"Oh! come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?" 18

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar." 24

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar. 30

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'T were better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar." 36

One touch to her hand and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They 'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar. 42

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the
Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode
and they ran:
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they
see.
So daring in love and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Loch-
invar? 48

1808. *Sir Walter Scott.*

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH

O, LOVERS' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love in life's extremity
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower,
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower
To watch her love's returning. 8

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decayed by pining,
Till through her wasted hand at night
You saw the taper shining;

By fits, a sultry hectic hue
  Across her cheek was flying;
By fits, so ashy pale she grew,
  Her maidens thought her dying. 16

Yet keenest powers to see and hear
  Seemed in her frame residing;
Before the watch-dog pricked his ear,
  She heard her lover's riding;
Ere scarce a distant form was kenned,
  She knew, and waved to greet him;
And o'er the battlement did bend,
  As on the wing to meet him. 24

He came—he passed—an heedless gaze,
  As o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
  Lost in his courser's prancing—
The castle arch, whose hollow tone
  Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan
  Which told her heart was broken. 32

1806. *Sir Walter Scott.*

A WEARY LOT IS THINE

From *Rokeby*

"A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,
  A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
  And press the rue for wine!

A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green,—
No more of me you knew,
My love!
No more of me you knew. 10

"This morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain;
But she shall bloom in winter snow
Ere we two meet again."
He turn'd his charger as he spake
Upon the river shore,
He gave the bridle-reins a shake,
Said "Adieu for evermore,
My love!
And adieu for evermore." 20

1813. *Sir Walter Scott.*

BRIGNALL BANKS

From *Rokeby*

O, Brignall banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.
And as I rode by Dalton-hall,
Beneath the turrets high,

A maiden on the castle wall
Was singing merrily,—
"O, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I 'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen." 12

"If, maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we
That dwell by dale and down.
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed,
As blithe as Queen of May."
Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I 'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen. 24

"I read you, by your bugle horn,
And by your palfry good,
I read you for a ranger sworn
To keep the king's greenwood."
"A ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 't is at peep of light;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night."
Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay;
I would I were with Edmund there,
To reign his Queen of May! 36

Brignall Banks

"With burnished brand and musketoon
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold dragoon,
That lists the tuck of drum."
"I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;
But when the beetle sounds his hum,
My comrades take the spear.
And O, though Brignall banks be fair,
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare
Would reign my Queen of May! 48

"Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I 'll die;
The fiend whose lantern lights the mead
Were better mate than I!
And when I 'm with my comrades met
Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now.
Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen." 60

1813. *Sir Walter Scott.*

LOVE

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame. 4

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower. 8

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve! 12

She leant against the armèd man,
The statue of the armèd knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light. 16

Few sorrows hath she of her own.
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve. 20

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary. 24

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face. 28

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land. 32

I told her how he pined: and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own. 36

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face! 40

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night; 44

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,

And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,— 48

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight! 56

And that unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land! 56

And how she wept, and clasped his knees;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain;— 60

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay;— 64

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faultering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity! 68

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve; 72

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long! 76

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love, and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name. 80

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she stepped—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept. 84

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face. 88

'T was partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 't was a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart. 92

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous Bride. 96

1799. *Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

GLENKINDIE

About Glenkindie and his man,
  A false ballant hath long been writ;
  Some bootless loon had written it,
Upon a bootless plan:
But I have found the true at last,
And here it is, so hold it fast.
'T was made by a kind damosel
Who loved him and his man right well. 8

Glenkindie, best of harpers, came
  Unbidden to our town;
And he was sad, and sad to see,
  For love had worn him down. 12

It was love, as all men know,
  The love that brought him down,
The hopeless love for the king's daughter,
  The dove that heir'd a crown. 16

Now he wore not that collar of gold,
  His dress was forest green,
His wondrous fair and rich mantel
  Had lost its silvery sheen. 20

But still by his side walked Rafe, his boy,
  In goodly cramoisie:
Of all the boys that ever I saw,
  The goodliest boy was he. 24

O Rafe the page! O Rafe the page!
  Ye stole the heart frae me:
O Rafe the page! O Rafe the page!
  I wonder where ye be;
We ne'er may see Glenkindie more,
  But may we never see thee? 30

Glenkindie came within the hall,
  We set him on the dais,
And gave him bread, and gave him wine,
  The best in all the place. 34

We set for him the guests' high chair,
  And spread the naperie:
Our Dame herself would serve for him,
  And I for Rafe, perdie! 38

But down he sat on a low, low stool
  And thrust his long legs out,
And leant his back to the high chair,
  And turn'd his harp about. 42

He turn'd it round, he strok'd the strings,
  He touch'd each tirling-pin,
He put his mouth to the sounding-board
  And breath'd his breath therein. 46

And Rafe sat over against his face,
  And look'd at him wistfullie:
I almost grat ere he began,
  They were so sad to see. 50

The very first stroke he strack that day
  We all came crowding near;
And the second stroke he strack that day
  We all were smit with fear. 54

The third stroke that he strack that day
  Full fain we were to cry;
The fourth stroke that he strack that day
  We thought that we would die. 58

No tongue can tell how sweet it was,
  How far and yet how near,
We saw the saints in Paradise,
  And bairnies on their bier. 62

And our sweet Dame saw her good lord—
  She told me privilie—
She saw him as she saw him last,
  On his ship upon the sea. 66

Anon he laid his little harp by,
  He shut his wondrous eyes;
We stood a long time like dumb things,
  Stood in a dumb surprise. 70

Then all at once we left that trance,
  And shouted where we stood;

We clasp'd each other's hands and vow'd
We would be wise and good. 74

Soon he rose up and Rafe rose too,
He drank wine and broke bread;
He clasp'd his hands with our trembling
Dame,
But never a word he said.
They went,—Alack and lack-a-day!
They went the way they came. 80

I follow'd them all down the floor,
And oh but I had drouth
To touch his cheek, to touch his hand,
To kiss Rafe's velvet mouth! 84

But I knew such was not for me.
They went straight from the door;
We saw them fade within the mist,
And never saw them more. 88

1882. *William Bell Scott.*

SIR LAUNCELOT AND QUEEN GUINEVERE

LIKE souls that balance joy and pain,
With tears and smiles from heaven again
The maiden Spring upon the plain
Came in a sun-lit fall of rain.
In crystal vapour everywhere

Blue isles of heaven laugh'd between,
And far, in forest-deeps unseen,
The topmost elm-tree gather'd green
  From draughts of balmy air. 9

Sometimes the linnet piped his song:
Sometimes the throstle whistled strong:
Sometimes the sparhawk, wheel'd along,
Hush'd all the groves from fear of wrong:
  By grassy capes with fuller sound
In curves the yellowing river ran,
And drooping chestnut-buds began
To spread into the perfect fan,
  Above the teeming ground. 18

Then, in the boyhood of the year,
Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere
Rode thro' the coverts of the deer,
With blissful treble ringing clear.
  She seem'd a part of joyous Spring:
A gown of grass-green silk she wore,
Buckled with golden clasps before;
A light-green tuft of plumes she bore
  Closed in a golden ring. 27

Now on some twisted ivy-net,
Now by some tinkling rivulet,
In mosses mixt with violet
Her cream-white mule his pastern set:
  And fleeter now she skimm'd the plains
Than she whose elfin prancer springs
By night to eery warblings,

When all the glimmering moorland rings
With jingling bridle-reins. 36

As fast she fled thro' sun and shade,
The happy winds upon her play'd,
Blowing the ringlet from the braid:
She look'd so lovely, as she sway'd
The rein with dainty finger-tips,
A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips. 45

1842. *Lord Tennyson.*

AMY WENTWORTH

Her fingers shame the ivory keys
They dance so light along;
The bloom upon her parted lips
Is sweeter than the song. 4

O perfumed suitor, spare thy smiles!
Her thoughts are not of thee;
She better loves the salted wind,
The voices of the sea. 8

Her heart is like an outbound ship
That at its anchor swings;
The murmur of the stranded shell
Is in the song she sings. 12

She sings, and, smiling, hears her praise,
  But dreams the while of one
Who watches from his sea-blown deck
  The icebergs in the sun. 16

She questions all the winds that blow,
  And every fog-wreath dim,
And bids the sea-birds flying north
  Bear messages to him. 20

She speeds them with the thanks of men
  He perilled life to save,
And grateful prayers like holy oil
  To smooth for him the wave. 24

Brown Viking of the fishing-smack!
  Fair toast of all the town!—
The skipper's jerkin ill beseems
  The lady's silken gown! 28

But ne'er shall Amy Wentworth wear
  For him the blush of shame
Who dares to set his manly gifts
  Against her ancient name. 32

The stream is brightest at its spring,
  And blood is not like wine;
Nor honored less than he who heirs
  Is he who founds a line. 36

Full lightly shall the prize be won,
  If love be Fortune's spur;

And never maiden stoops to him
  Who lifts himself to her. 40

Her home is brave in Jaffrey Street,
  With stately stairways worn
By feet of old Colonial knights
  And ladies gentle-born. 44

Still green about its ample porch
  The English ivy twines,
Trained back to show in English oak
  The herald's carven signs. 48

And on her, from the wainscot old,
  Ancestral faces frown,—
And this has worn the soldier's sword,
  And that the judge's gown. 52

But, strong of will and proud as they,
  She walks the gallery floor
As if she trod on sailor's deck
  By stormy Labrador! 56

The sweetbrier blooms on Kittery-side,
  And green are Elliot's bowers;
Her garden is the pebbled beach,
  The mosses are her flowers. 60

She looks across the harbor-bar
  To see the white gulls fly;
His greeting from the Northern sea
  Is in their clanging cry. 64

She hums a song, and dreams that he,
As in its romance old,
Shall homeward ride with silken sails
And masts of beaten gold! 68

Oh, rank is good, and gold is fair,
And high and low mate ill;
But love has never known a law
Beyond its own sweet will! 72

1862. *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me. 6

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea:
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me. 12

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,

Annabel Lee

A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea. 20

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee. 26

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee; 33

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea. 41

1849. *Edgar Allan Poe.*

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL

The blessed Damozel lean'd out
  From the gold bar of Heaven:
Her blue grave eyes were deeper much
  Than a deep water, even.
She had three lilies in her hand,
  And the stars in her hair were seven. 6

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
  No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift
  On the neck meetly worn;
And her hair, lying down her back,
  Was yellow like ripe corn. 12

Herseem'd she scarce had been a day
  One of God's choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
  From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
  Had counted as ten years. 18

(To *one* it is ten years of years:
  . . . Yet now, here in this place,
Surely she lean'd o'er me,—her hair
  Fell all about my face. . . .

Nothing: the Autumn-fall of leaves.
  The whole year sets apace.) 24

It was the terrace of God's house
  That she was standing on,—
By God built over the sheer depth
  In which Space is begun;
So high, that looking downward thence,
  She scarce could see the sun. 30

It lies from Heaven across the flood
  Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
  With flame and blackness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
  Spins like a fretful midge. 36

But in those tracts, with her, it was
  The peace of utter light
And silence. For no breeze may stir
  Along the steady flight
Of seraphim; no echo there,
  Beyond all depth or height. 42

Heard hardly, some of her new friends,
  Playing at holy games,
Spake, gentle-mouth'd, among themselves,
  Their virginal chaste names;
And the souls, mounting up to God,
  Went by her like thin flames. 48

And still she bow'd herself, and stoop'd
Into the vast waste calm;
Till her bosom's pressure must have made
The bar she lean'd on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm. 54

From the fixt lull of Heaven, she saw
Time, like a pulse, shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove,
In that steep gulf, to pierce
The swarm; and then she spake, as when
The stars sang in their spheres. 60

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
"Have I not pray'd in solemn Heaven?
On earth, has he not pray'd?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid? 66

"When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I 'll take his hand, and go with him
To the deep wells of light,
And we will step down as to a stream
And bathe there in God's sight. 72

"We two will stand beside that shrine,
Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps tremble continually
With prayer sent up to God;

And where each need, reveal'd, expects
  Its patient period. 78

"We two will lie i' the shadow of
  That living mystic tree
Within whose secret growth the Dove
  Sometimes is felt to be,
While every leaf that His plumes touch
  Saith His name audibly. 84

"And I myself will teach to him, —
  I myself, lying so, —
The songs I sing here; which his mouth
  Shall pause in, hush'd and slow,
Finding some knowledge at each pause,
  And some new thing to know." 90

(Alas! to her wise simple mind
  These things were all but known
Before: they trembled on her sense, —
  Her voice had caught their tone.
Alas for lonely Heaven! Alas
  For life wrung out alone! 96

Alas, and though the end were reach'd? . . .
  Was thy part understood
Or borne in trust? And for her sake
  Shall this too be found good? —
May the close lips that knew not prayer
  Praise ever, though they would?) 102

"We *two,*" she said, "will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies:—
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys. 108

"Circle-wise sit they, with bound locks
And bosoms covered;
Into the fine cloth, white like flame,
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-robes for them
Who are just born, being dead. 114

"He shall fear haply, and be dumb.
Then I will lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abash'd or weak:
And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak. 120

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him round whom all souls
Kneel—the unnumber'd solemn heads
Bow'd with their aureoles:
And Angels, meeting us, shall sing
To their citherns and citoles. 126

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me:—
To have more blessing than on earth
In nowise; but to be

As then we were,—being as then
At peace. Yea, verily. 132

"Yea, verily; when he is come
We will do thus and thus:
Till this my vigil seem quite strange
And almost fabulous;
We two will live at once, one life;
And peace shall be with us." 138

She gazed, and listened, and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild,—
"All this is when he comes." She ceased:
The light thrill'd past her, fill'd
With Angels, in strong level lapse.
Her eyes pray'd, and she smiled. 144

(I saw her smile.) But soon their flight
Was vague 'mid the poised spheres.
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept. (I heard her tears.) 150

1850. *Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*

We will do thus and [illegible]
Till this my vigil seem quite [illegible]
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The light thrill'd past her, mild.

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And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti

1850.

FAIRYLAND

THOMAS THE RHYMER

TRUE Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;
A ferlie he spied wi' his e'e;
And there he saw a ladye bright
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree. 4

Her skirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fine;
At ilka tett o' her horse's mane,
Hung fifty siller bells and nine. 8

True Thomas, he pu'd aff his cap,
And louted low down on his knee:
"Hail to thee, Mary, Queen of Heaven!
For thy peer on earth could never be." 12

"O no, O no, Thomas," she said,
"That name does not belang to me;
I 'm but the Queen o' fair Elfland,
That am hither come to visit thee. 16

"Harp and carp, Thomas," she said;
"Harp and carp along wi' me;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your bodie I will be." 20

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunten me."
Syne he has kiss'd her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon Tree. 24

"Now ye maun go wi' me," she said,
"True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Thro' weal or woe as may chance to be." 28

She 's mounted on her milk-white steed,
She 's ta'en true Thomas up behind;
And aye, whene'er her bridle rang,
The steed gaed swifter than the wind. 32

O they rade on, and farther on,
The steed gaed swifter than the wind;
Until they reach'd a desert wide,
And living land was left behind. 36

"Light down, light down, now, true Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee;
Abide ye there a little space,
And I will show you ferlies three. 40

"O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset wi' thorns and briers?
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few inquires. 44

"And see ye not yon braid, braid road,
That lies across the lily leven?

That is the path of wickedness,
Though some call it the road to
Heaven. 48

"And see ye not yon bonny road
That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae. 52

"But, Thomas, ye sall haud your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For speak ye word in Elflyn-land,
Ye 'll ne'er win back to your ain country." 56

O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded rivers abune the knee;
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea. 60

It was mirk, mirk night, there was nae
sternlight,
They waded thro' red blude to the knee;
For a' the blude that 's shed on the earth
Rins through the springs o' that country. 64

Syne they came on to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree:
"Take this for thy wages, true Thomas;
It will give thee the tongue that can
never lie." 68

"My tongue is mine ain," true Thomas he said;
"A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!
I neither dought to buy or sell
At fair or tryst where I might be. 72

"I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye!"—
"Now haud thy peace, Thomas," she said,
"For as I say, so must it be." 76

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoon of the velvet green;
And till seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen. 80

Scott, Minst. Scot. Bord.

KEMP OWYNE

Her mother died when she was young,
Which gave her cause to make great moan;
Her father married the warst woman
That ever lived in Christendom.

She served her with foot and hand, 5
In everything that she could dee,
Till once, in an unlucky time,
She threw her in o'er Craigy's sea.

Says, "Lie you there, dove Isabel,
And all my sorrows lie with thee; 10

Till Kemp Owyne come o'er the sea,
  And borrow you with kisses three,
Let all the warld do what they will,
  Oh, borrowed shall you never be!"

Her breath grew strang, her hair grew lang, 15
  And twisted thrice about the tree,
And all the people, far and near,
  Thought that a savage beast was she.

These news did come to Kemp Owyne,
  Where he lived, far beyond the sea; 20
He hasted him to Craigy's sea,
  And on the savage beast looked he.

Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
  And twisted was about the tree,
And with a swing she came about: 25
"Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me.

"Here is a royal belt," she cried,
"That I have found in the green sea;
And while your body it is on,
  Drawn shall your blood never be; 30
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
  I vow my belt your death shall be."

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
  The royal belt he brought him wi';
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang, 35
  And twisted twice about the tree,

And with a swing she came about:
"Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me.

"Here is a royal ring," she said,
"That I have found in the green sea; 40
And while your finger it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I swear my ring your death shall be."

He stepped in, gave her a kiss, 45
The royal ring he brought him wi';
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted ance about the tree,
And with a swing she came about:
"Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me. 50

"Here is a royal brand," she said,
"That I have found in the green sea;
And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin, 55
I swear my brand your death shall be."

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal brand he brought him wi';
Her breath was sweet, her hair grew short,
And twisted nane about the tree, 60
And smilingly she came about,
As fair a woman as fair could be.

Child, Pop. Bal., No. 34A.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

PART I

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott. 9

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott. 18

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd

By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott? 27

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'T is the fairy
Lady of Shalott." 36

PART II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott. 45

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,

Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market-girls,
Pass onward from Shalott. 54

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot:
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott. 63

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
"I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott. 72

PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,

The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott. 81

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott. 90

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott. 99

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.

From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot. 108

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott. 117

PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott. 126

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.

And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott. 135

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott. 144

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly
And her eyes were darken'd wholly
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott. 153

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.

Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott. 162

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot;
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott." 171

1833. 1842. *Lord Tennyson.*

THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST

"So the dreams depart,
So the fading phantoms flee,
And the sharp reality
Now must act its part."
WESTWOOD'S *Beads from a Rosary.*

LITTLE Ellie sits alone
'Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream-side on the grass,
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow 5
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by,
  And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow:
Now she holds them nakedly 10
  In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,
  And the smile she softly uses
Fills the silence like a speech, 15
While she thinks what shall be done,
  And the sweetest pleasure chooses
For her future within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile
  Chooses—"I will have a lover 20
Riding on a steed of steeds:
He shall love me without guile,
  And to *him* I will discover
The swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed shall be red-roan, 25
  And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath:
And the lute he plays upon
  Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death. 30

"And the steed it shall be shod
  All in silver, housed in azure,

And the mane shall swim the wind;
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward and keep measure, 35
Till the shepherds look behind.

"But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face:
He will say, 'O Love, thine eyes 40
Build the shrine my soul abides in,
And I kneel here for thy grace!'

"Then, ay, then he shall kneel low,
With the red-roan steed anear him
Which shall seem to understand, 45
Till I answer, 'Rise and go!
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.'

"Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble 50
With a *yes* I must not say,
Nathless maiden-brave, 'Farewell,'
I will utter, and dissemble—
'Light to-morrow with to-day!'

"Then he 'll ride among the hills 55
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong;
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along. 60

"Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream and climb the mountain
And kneel down beside my feet—
'Lo, my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity's counting! 65
What wilt thou exchange for it?'

"And the first time I will send
A white rosebud for a guerdon,
And the second time, a glove;
But the third time—I may bend 70
From my pride, and answer—'Pardon,
If he comes to take my love.'

"Then the young foot-page will run,
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee: 75
'I am a duke's eldest son,
Thousand serfs do call me master,
But, O Love, I love but *thee!*'

"He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover 80
Through the crowds that praise his deeds;
And, when soul-tied by one troth,
Unto *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds."

Little Ellie, with her smile 85
Not yet ended, rose up gaily,

Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,
And went homeward, round a mile,
  Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two. 90

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
  Winding up the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads,
Past the boughs she stoops—and stops.
  Lo, the wild swan had deserted, 95
And a rat had gnawed the reeds!

Ellie went home sad and slow.
  If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not; but I know 100
  She could never show him—never,
That swan's nest among the reeds!

1844. *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

THE FAIRIES

Up the airy mountain,
  Down the rushy glen,
We dare n't go a-hunting
  For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
  Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
  And white owl's feather! 8

Down along the rocky shore
  Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
  Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
  Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
  All night awake. 16

High on the hill-top
  The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray
  He 's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
  Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
  From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
  On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
  Of the gay Northern Lights. 28

They stole little Bridget
  For seven years long;
When she came down again
  Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
  Between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was fast asleep
  But she was dead with sorrow.

They have kept her ever since
  Deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
  Watching till she wakes. 40

By the craggy hill-side,
  Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
  For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
  As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
  In his bed at night. 48

Up the airy mountain,
  Down the rushy glen,
We dare n't go a-hunting
  For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
  Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
  And white owl's feather! 56

1877. *William Allingham.*

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
  Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
  And no birds sing. 4

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!
  So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
  And the harvest 's done. 8

I see a lily on thy brow
  With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
  Fast withereth too. 12

I met a lady in the meads,
  Full beautiful—a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
  And her eyes were wild. 16

I made a garland for her head,
  And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
  And made sweet moan. 20

I set her on my pacing steed,
  And nothing else saw all day long.
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
  A faery song. 24

She found me roots of relish sweet,
  And honey wild, and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said—
"I love thee true." 28

La Belle Dame Sans Merci

She took me to her elfin grot,
  And there she wept, and sigh'd full sore,
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
  With kisses four. 32

And there she lulled me asleep,
  And there I dream'd—Ah! woe betide
The latest dream I ever dream'd
  On the cold hill's side. 36

I saw pale kings and princes too,
  Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried—"La Belle Dame sans Merci
  Hath thee in thrall!" 40

I saw their starv'd lips in the gloam,
  With horrid warning gaped wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
  On the cold hill's side. 44

And this is why I sojourn here,
  Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake
  And no birds sing. 48

1820. *John Keats.*

ADVENTURE

ROBIN HOOD AND ALLEN-A-DALE

Come, listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that loves mirth for to hear,
And I will you tell of a bold outlaw,
That lived in Nottinghamshire. (*bis*) 4

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
All under the greenwood tree,
There was he ware of a brave young man,
As fine as fine might be. 8

The youngster was clad in scarlet red,
In scarlet fine and gay;
And he did frisk it over the plain,
And chanted a roundelay. 12

As Robin Hood next morning stood
Amongst the leaves so gay,
There did he espy the same young man
Come drooping along the way. 16

The scarlet he wore the day before
It was clean cast away;
And every step he fetched a sigh,
"Alack and well-a-day!" 20

Then stepped forth brave Little John,
And Nick, the miller's son;
Which made the young man bend his bow,
Whenas he see them come. 24

"Stand off! stand off!" the young man said,
"What is your will with me?"
"You must come before our master straight,
Under yon greenwood tree." 28

And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin asked him courteously,
"O hast thou any money to spare
For my merry men and me?" 32

"I have no money," the young man said,
"But five shillings and a ring;
And that I have kept this seven long years,
To have it at my wedding. 36

"Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she is now from me ta'en,
And chosen to be an old knight's delight,
Whereby my poor heart is slain." 40

"What is thy name?" then said Robin Hood,
"Come tell me without any fail."
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"My name it is Allen-a-Dale." 44

"What wilt thou give me," said Robin Hood,
"In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true-love again,
And deliver her unto thee?" 48

"I have no money," then quoth the young man,
"No ready gold nor fee,
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servant for to be." 52

"How many miles is it to thy true-love?
Come tell me without any guile."
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"It is but five little mile." 56

Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
He did neither stint nor lin,
Until he came unto the church
Where Allen should keep his wedding. 60

"What dost thou do here?" the bishop he said,
"I prithee now to tell me."
"I am a bold harper," quoth Robin Hood,
"And the best in the north country." 64

"O welcome, O welcome," the bishop he said,
"That music best pleaseth me."
"You shall have no music," quoth Robin Hood,
"Till the bride and bridegroom I see." 68

With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old;
And after him a finikin lass,
Did shine like glistering gold. 72

"This is no fit match," quoth bold Robin Hood,
"That you do seem to make here;
For since we are come unto the church,
The bride shall chuse her own dear." 76

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two or three;
When four-and-twenty bowmen bold
Came leaping over the lea. 80

And when they came into the churchyard,
Marching all on a row,
The very first man was Allen-a-Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow. 84

"This is thy true-love," Robin he said,
"Young Allen, as I hear say;
And you shall be married at this same time,
Before we depart away." 88

"That shall not be," the bishop he said,
"For thy word shall not stand;
They shall be three times asked in the church,
As the law is of our land." 92

Robin Hood pulled off the bishop's coat,
And put it upon Little John;
"By the faith of my body," then Robin said,
"This cloth doth make thee a man." 96

When Little John went into the quire,
The people began for to laugh;
He asked them seven times in the church,
Lest three times should not be enough. 100

"Who gives me this maid?" then said Little John,
Quoth Robin, "That do I;
And he that doth take her from Allen-a-Dale,
Full dearly he shall her buy." 104

And thus, having ended the merry wedding,
The bride looked as fresh as a queen;
And so they returned to the merry greenwood,
Amongst the leaves so green. 108

Child, Pop. Bal., No. 138.

ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE

When shales been sheen, and shradds full fair,
And leaves both large and long,
It is merry, walking in the fair forest,
To hear the small birds' song.

The woodweete sang and would not cease 5
Amongst the leaves o' lyne;
[So loud, he wakened Robin Hood,
In the greenwood where he lay.

"Now by my fay," said jolly Robin,
"A sweven I had this night;] 10
And it is by two wight yeomen,
By dear God that I mean:

"Methought they did me beat and bind,
And took my bow me fro';
If I be Robin alive in this land, 15
I 'll be wrocken on both them two."

"Swevens are swift, master," quoth John,
"As the wind that blows o'er a hill;
For if it be never so loud this night,
To-morrow it may be still." 20

"Busk ye, bown ye, my merry men all!
For John shall go with me;
For I 'll go seek yond wight yeomen
In greenwood where they be."

They cast on their gown of green; 25
A-shooting gone are they,
Until they came to the merry greenwood
Where they had gladdest be;
There were they ware of [a] wight yeoman;
His body leaned to a tree, 30

A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,
  Had been many a man's bane,
And he was clad in his capul hide,
  Top and tail and mane.

"Stand you still, master," quoth Little John, 35
  "Under this trusty tree,
And I will go to yond wight yeoman
  To know his meaning truly."

"A, John! by me thou sets no store,
  And that's a farly thing; 40
How oft send I my men before,
  And tarry myself behind?

"It is no cunning a knave to ken,
  An a man but hear him speak;
An it were not for bursting of my bow, 45
  John, I would thy head break."

But often words they breeden bale;
  That parted Robin and John;
John is gone to Barnesdale,
  The gates he knows each one. 50

And when he came to Barnesdale,
  Great heaviness there he had;
He found two of his own fellows
  Were slain both in a slade,

And Scarlet afoot flying was 55
  Over stocks and stone,

For the sheriff with seven score men
  Fast after him is gone.

"Yet one shot I 'll shoot," says Little John,
  "With Christ his might and main; 60
I 'll make yond fellow that flies so fast
  To be both glad and fain."

John bent up a good yew bow,
  And fettled him to shoot;
The bow was made of a tender bough, 65
  And fell down to his foot.

"Woe worth thee, wicked wood!" said Little John,
  "That e'er thou grew on a tree!
For this day thou art my bale,
  My boot when thou should be!" 70

This shot it was but loosely shot,
  The arrow flew in vain,
And it met one of the sheriff's men:
  Good William o' Trent was slain.

It had been better for William o' Trent 75
  To hang upon a gallow,
Than for to lie in the greenwood,
  There slain with an arrow.

And it is said, when men be met,
  Six can do more than three; 80
And they have ta'en Little John,
  And bound him fast to a tree.

"Thou shalt be drawn by dale and down," quoth
the sheriff,
"And hanged high on a hill."
"But thou may fail," quoth Little John, 85
"If it be Christ's own will."

Let us leave talking of Little John,
For he is bound fast to a tree,
And talk of Guy and Robin Hood
In the greenwood where they be; 90

How these two yeomen together they met
Under the leaves of lyne,
To see what merchandise they made
Even at that same time.

"Good morrow, good fellow!" quoth Sir Guy; 95
"Good morrow, good fellow!" quoth he;
"Methinks by this bow thou bears in thy hand,
A good archer thou seems to be."

"I am wilful of my way," quoth Sir Guy,
"And of my morning tide." 100
"I 'll lead thee through the wood," quoth Robin,
"Good fellow, I 'll be thy guide."

"I seek an outlaw," quoth Sir Guy;
"Men call him Robin Hood;
I had rather meet with him upon a day 105
Than forty pounds of gold."

"If you two met, it would be seen whether were better
Afore ye did part away;
Let us some other pastime find,
Good fellow, I thee pray. 110

"Let us some other masteries make,
And we will walk in the woods even,
We may chance meet with Robin Hood
At some unset steven."

They cut them down the summer shroggs 115
Which grew both under a brier,
And set them three score rood in twin
To shoot the prickes full near.

"Lead on, good fellow," said Sir Guy,
"Lead on, I do bid thee." 120
"Nay, by my faith," quoth Robin Hood,
"The leader thou shalt be."

The first good shot that Robin led,
Did not shoot an inch the pricke fro'.
Guy was an archer good enough, 125
But he could ne'er shoot so.

The second shot Sir Guy shot,
He shot within the garland;
But Robin Hood shot it better than he,
For he clove the good pricke-wand. 130

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"God's blessing on thy heart!" says Guy,
"Good fellow, thy shooting is good;
For an thy heart be as good as thy hands,
Thou were better than Robin Hood.

"Tell me thy name, good fellow," quoth Guy, 135
"Under the leaves of lyne."
"Nay, by my faith," quoth good Robin,
"Till thou have told me thine."

"I dwell by dale and down," quoth Guy,
"And I have done many a curst turn; 140
And he that calls me by my right name,
Calls me Guy of good Gisborne."

"My dwelling is in the wood," says Robin;
"By thee I set right nought;
My name is Robin Hood of Barnesdale, 145
A fellow thou has long sought."

He that had neither been a kith nor kin
Might have seen a full fair sight,
To see how together these yeomen went
With blades both brown and bright; 150

To have seen how these yeomen together fought
Two hours of a summer's day:
It was neither Guy nor Robin Hood
That fettled them to fly away.

Robin was rechless on a root, 155
And stumbled at that tide;

And Guy was quick and nimble withal,
  And hit him o'er the left side.

"Ah, dear Lady!" said Robin Hood,
  "Thou art both mother and may!, 160
I think it was never man's destiny
  To die before his day."

Robin thought on our Lady dear,
  And soon leapt up again;
And thus he came with an awkward stroke; 165
  Good Sir Guy he has slain.

He took Sir Guy's head by the hair,
  And sticked it on his bow's end;
"Thou hast been traitor all thy life,
  Which thing must have an end." 170

Robin pulled forth an Irish knife,
  And knicked Sir Guy in the face,
That he was never on a woman born
  Could tell who Sir Guy was:

Says, "Lie there, lie there, good Sir Guy, 175
  And with me be not wroth;
If thou have had the worse strokes at my hand,
  Thou shalt have the better cloth."

Robin did [off] his gown of green,
  [On] Sir Guy he did it throw; 180
And he put on that capul hide
  That clad him top to toe.

"Thy bow, thy arrows, and little horn,
With me now I 'll bear;
For now I will go to Barnesdale, 185
To see how my men do fare."

Robin set Guy's horn to his mouth;
A loud blast in it he did blow.
That beheard the sheriff of Nottingham
As he leaned under a low; 190

"Hearken! hearken!" said the sheriff,
"I heard no tidings but good;
For yonder I hear Sir Guy's horn blow,
For he hath slain Robin Hood:

"For yonder I hear Sir Guy's horn blow, 195
It blows so well in tide.
For yonder comes that wighty yeoman,
Clad in his capul hide.

"Come hither, thou good Sir Guy!
Ask of me what thou wilt have!" 200
"I 'll none of thy gold," says Robin Hood,
"Nor I 'll none of it have;

"But now I have slain the master," he said,
"Let me go strike the knave;
This is all the reward I ask, 205
Nor no other will I have."

"Thou art a madman," said the sheriff;
"Thou shouldest have had a knight's fee.

Seeing thy asking been so bad,
  Well granted it shall be." 210

But Little John heard his master speak,
  Well he knew that was his steven;
"Now shall I be loosed," quoth Little John,
  "With Christ's might in heaven."

But Robin he hied him towards Little John; 215
  He thought he would loose him belive.
The sheriff and all his company
  Fast after him did drive.

"Stand aback! stand aback!" said Robin:
  "Why draw you me so near? 220
It was never the use in our country
  One's shrift another should hear."

But Robin pulled forth an Irish knife,
  And loosed John hand and foot,
And gave him Sir Guy's bow in his hand, 225
  And bade it be his boot.

But John took Guy's bow in his hand,
  His arrows were rawstye by the root;
The sheriff saw Little John draw a bow
  And fettle him to shoot; 230

Towards his house in Nottingham
  He fled full fast away,—
And so did all his company,
  Not one behind did stay,—

But he could neither so fast go,
  Nor away so fast run,
But Little John with an arrow broad
  Did cleave his heart in twin.

Percy Fol. MS. (modernized).

KINMONT WILLIE

O HAVE ye na heard o' the fause Sakelde?
  O have ye na heard o' the keen Lord
    Scroope?
How they ha'e ta'en bauld Kinmont Willie,
  On Haribee to hang him up?

Had Willie had but twenty men,
  But twenty men as stout as he,
Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont ta'en,
  Wi' eight score in his companie.

They band his legs beneath the steed,
  They tied his hands behind his back,
They guarded him, fivesome on each side,
  And they brought him o'er the Liddel-rack.

They led him through the Liddel-rack,
  And also through the Carlisle sands;
They brought him to Carlisle castle,
  To be at my Lord Scroope's commands.

"My hands are tied, but my tongue is free,
And whae will dare this deed avow?
Or answer by the Border law?
Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch?" 20

"Now haud thy tongue, thou rank reiver!
There 's never a Scot shall set thee free:
Before ye cross my castle yate,
I trow ye shall take farewell o' me."

"Fear na ye that, my lord," quo' Willie: 25
"By the faith o' my body, Lord Scroope," he said,
"I never yet lodged in a hostelrie,
But I paid my lawing before I gaed."

Now word is gane to the bauld keeper,
In Branksome Ha', where that he lay, 30
That Lord Scroope has ta'en the Kinmont Willie,
Between the hours of night and day.

He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,
He gar'd the red wine spring on hie;
"Now Christ's curse on my head," he said, 35
"But avenged of Lord Scroope I 'll be!

"O is my basnet a widow's curch?
Or my lance a wand of the willow-tree?
Or my arm a lady's lily hand,
That an English lord should lightly me! 40

"And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Against the truce of Border tide?
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Is keeper here on the Scottish side?

"And have they e'en ta'en him, Kinmont Willie, 45
Withouten either dread or fear?
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Can back a steed, or shake a spear?

"O were there war between the lands,
As well I wot that there is none, 50
I would slight Carlisle castle high,
Though it were builded of marble stone.

"I would set that castle in a low,
And sloken it with English blood!
There 's never a man in Cumberland, 55
Should ken where Carlisle castle stood.

'But since nae war 's between the lands,
And there is peace, and peace should be;
I 'll neither harm English lad or lass,
And yet the Kinmont freed shall be!" 60

He has called him forty Marchmen bauld,
I trow they were of his ain name,
Except Sir Gilbert Elliot, called
The Laird of Stobs, I mean the same.

He has called him forty Marchmen bauld, 65
  Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch;
With spur on heel, and splent on spauld,
  And gleuves of green, and feathers blue.

There were five and five, before them a',
  Wi' hunting-horns and bugles bright; 70
And five and five came wi' Buccleuch,
  Like warden's men, arrayed for fight;

And five and five, like a mason gang,
  That carried the ladders lang and hie;
And five and five, like broken men; 75
  And so they reached the Woodhouselee.

And as we crossed the Bateable Land,
  When to the English side we held,
The first o' men that we met wi',
  Whae sould it be but fause Sakelde? 80

"Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?"
  Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell to me!"
"We go to hunt an English stag,
  Has trespassed on the Scots' countrie."

"Where be ye gaun, ye marshal men?" 85
  Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell me true!"
"We go to catch a rank reiver,
  Has broken faith wi' the bauld Buccleuch."

"Where are ye gaun, ye mason lads,
  Wi' a' your ladders, lang and hie?" 90

"We gang to herry a corbie's nest,
That wons not far frae Woodhouselee."

"Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?"
Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell to me!"
Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band, 95
And the never a word o' lear had he.

"Why trespass ye on the English side?
Row-footed outlaws, stand!" quo' he.
The never a word had Dickie to say,
Sae he thrust the lance through his fause bodie. 100

Then on we held for Carlisle toun,
And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we crossed;
The water was great and meikle of spait,
But the never a horse nor man we lost.

And when we reached the Staneshaw-bank, 105
The wind was rising loud and hie;
And there the laird gar'd leave our steeds,
For fear that they should stamp and nie.

And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind began full loud to blaw; 110
But 't was wind and weet, and fire and sleet,
When we came beneath the castle wa'.

We crept on knees and held our breath,
Till we placed the ladders against the wa';

And sae ready was Buccleuch himsel' 115
To mount the first, before us a'.

He has ta'en the watchman by the throat,
He flung him down upon the lead;
"Had there not been peace between our lands,
Upon the other side thou hadst gaed! 120

"Now sound out, trumpets!" quo' Buccleuch;
"Let 's waken Lord Scroope right merrilie!"
Then loud the warden's trumpet blew
O whae dare meddle wi' me?

Then speedilie to wark we gaed, 125
And raised the slogan ane and a',
And cut a hole through a sheet of lead,
And so we wan to the castle ha'.

They thought King James and a' his men
Had won the house wi' bow and spear; 130
It was but twenty Scots and ten,
That put a thousand in sic a stear!

Wi' coulters, and wi' forehammers,
We gar'd the bars bang merrilie,
Until we cam to the inner prison, 135
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie.

And when we cam to the lower prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie—
"O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
Upon the morn that thou 's to die?" 140

"O I sleep saft and I wake aft;
It 's lang since sleeping was fley'd frae me!
Gi'e my service back to my wife and bairns,
And a' gude fellows that spier for me."

Then Red Rowan has hent him up, 145
The starkest man in Teviotdale—
"Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,
Till of my Lord Scroope I take farewell.

"Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scroope!
My gude Lord Scroope, farewell!" he cried; 150
"I 'll pay you for my lodging maill,
When first we meet on the Border side."

Then shoulder high, with shout and cry,
We bore him down the ladder lang;
At every stride Red Rowan made, 155
I wot the Kinmont's airns played clang!

"O mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
"I have ridden horse baith wild and wood;
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan
I ween my legs have ne'er bestrode. 160

"And mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
"I 've pricked a horse out o'er the furs;
But since the day I backed a steed,
I never wore sic cumbrous spurs!"

We scarce had won the Staneshaw-bank, 165
When a' the Carlisle bells were rung,
And a thousand men, on horse and foot,
Cam wi' the keen Lord Scroope along.

Buccleuch has turned to Eden Water,
Even where it flowed frae bank to brim, 170
And he has plunged in wi' a' his band,
And safely swam them through the stream.

He turned him on the other side,
And at Lord Scroope his glove flung he;
"If ye like na my visit in merry England, 175
In fair Scotland come visit me!"

All sore astonished stood Lord Scroope,
He stood as still as rock of stane;
He scarcely dared to trew his eyes,
When through the water they had gane. 180

'He is either himsel' a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be;
I wad na have ridden that wan water
For a' the gowd in Christentie."

Scott, Minst. Scot. Bord.

CHEVY CHASE

THE FIRST FIT

The Percy out of Northumberland,
  An avow to God made he,
That he would hunt in the mountains
  Of Cheviot within days three,
In the maugre of doughty Douglas, 5
  And all that ever with him be.

The fattest harts in all Cheviot,
  He said he would kill, and carry them away:
"By my faith," said the doughty Douglas again,
  "I will let that hunting if that I may." 10

Then the Percy out of Bamborough came,
  With him a mighty meany,
With fifteen hundred archers bold, of blood and bone,
  They were chosen out of shires three.

This began on a Monday at morn, 15
  In Cheviot the hills so hie;
The child may rue that is unborn,
  It was the more pity.

The drivers thorough the woodes went,
  For to raise the deer; 20
Bowmen bickered upon the bent
  With their broad arrows clear.

Then the wild thorough the woodes went,
  On every side shear;
Greyhounds thorough the greves glent 25
  For to kill their deer.

This began in Cheviot the hills aboon,
  Early on a Monenday;
By that it drew to the hour of noon,
  A hundred fat harts dead there lay. 30

They blew a mort upon the bent,
  They sembled on sides shear;
To the quarry then the Percy went,
  To see the brittling of the deer.

He said, "It was the Douglas' promise 35
  This day to meet me here;
But I wist he would fail, verament,"—
  A great oath the Percy sware.

At the last a squire of Northumberland
  Looked at his hand full nigh; 40
He was 'ware o' the doughty Douglas coming,
  With him a mighty meany;

Both with spear, bill, and brand;
  It was a mighty sight to see;

Hardier men, both of heart nor hand, 45
Were not in Christianty.

They were twenty hundred spearmen good,
Without any fail;
They were born along by the water o' Tweed,
I' the bounds of Tivydale. 50

"Leave off the brittling of the deer," he said,
"And to your bows look ye take good heed;
For never sith ye were on your mothers born
Had ye never so mickle need."

The doughty Douglas on a steed 55
He rode all his men beforn;
His armor glittered as did a glede;
A bolder bairn was never born.

"Tell me whose men ye are," he says,
"Or whose men that ye be: 60
Who gave you leave to hunt in this Cheviot chase,
In the spite of mine and of me?"

The first man that ever him an answer made,
It was the good Lord Percy:
"We will not tell thee whose men we are," he says, 65
"Nor whose men that we be;
But we will hunt here in this chase,
In the spite of thine and of thee.

"The fattest harts in all Cheviot
We have killed and cast to carry them
away." 70
"By my troth," said the doughty Douglas again,
"Therefor the ton of us shall die this day."

Then said the doughty Douglas
Unto the Lord Percy,
"To kill all these guiltless men, 75
Alas, it were great pity!

"But, Percy, thou art a lord of land,
I am an earl called within my country;
Let all our men upon a party stand,
And do the battle of thee and of me." 80

"Now Christ's curse on his crown," said the
Lord Percy,
"Whosoever thereto says nay!
By my troth, doughty Douglas," he says,
"Thou shalt never see that day.

"Neither in England, Scotland, nor France, 85
Nor for no man of a woman born,—
But, an fortune be my chance,
I dare meet him, one man for one."

Then bespake a squire of Northumberland,
Richard Witherington was his name; 90
"It shall never be told in South England," he
says,
"To King Harry the Fourth for shame.

"I wot you been great lordes twa,
  I am a poor squire of land;
I will never see my captain fight on a field, 95
  And stand myself and look on,
But while I may my weapon wield,
  I will not [fail], both heart and hand."

That day, that day, that dreadful day!
  The first fit here I find; 100
An you will hear any more o' the hunting o' the
    Cheviot
  Yet is there more behind.

THE SECOND FIT

The Englishmen had their bows ybent,
  Their hearts were good enough;
The first of arrows that they shot off, 105
  Seven score spearmen they slough.

Yet bides the Earl Douglas upon the bent,
  A captain good enough,
And that was seen, verament,
  For he wrought hem both woe and wouch. 110

The Douglas parted his host in three,
  Like a chief chieftain of pride;
With sure spears of mighty tree,
  They come in on every side;

Through [though?] our English archery, 115
  Gave many a wound full wide;

Many a doughty they gar'd to die,
  Which gained them no pride.

The Englishmen let their bows be,
  And pulled out brands that were bright; 120
It was a heavy sight to see
  Bright swords on basnets light.

Thorough rich mail and manople [?]
  Many stern they stroke down straight;
Many a freke that was full free, 125
  There under-foot did light.

At last the Douglas and the Percy met,
  Like two captains of might and of main;
They swapped together till they both swat,
  With swords that were of fine Milan. 130

These worthy frekes for to fight,
  Thereto they were full fain,
Till the blood out of their basnets sprent,
  As ever did hail or rain.

"Yield thee, Percy," said the Douglas, 135
  "And i' faith I shall thee bring
Where thou shalt have an earl's wages
  Of Jamie our Scottish king.

"Thou shalt have thy ransom free,
  I hight thee here this thing; 140
For the manfullest man yet art thou
  That ever I conquered in field fighting."

"Nay," said the Lord Percy,
"I told it thee beforn,
That I would never yielded be 145
To no man of a woman born."

With that there came an arrow hastily,
Forth of a mighty wane;
It hath stricken the Earl Douglas
In at the breast bane. 150

Thorough liver and lunges baith
The sharp arrow is gane,
That never after in all his life-days
He spake mo words but ane:
That was, "Fight ye, my merry men, whiles ye may, 155
For my life-days ben gane."

The Percy leaned on his brand,
And saw the Douglas die;
He took the dead man by the hand,
And said, "Woe is me for thee! 160

"To have saved thy life I would have parted with
My lands for years three,
For a better man, of heart nor of hand,
Was not in all the north country."

Of all that see a Scottish knight, 165
Was called Sir Hugh the Montgomery;

He saw the Douglas to the death was dight;
  He spended a spear, a trusty tree.

He rode upon a courser
  Through a hundred archery, 170
He never stinted, nor never blane,
  Till he came to the good Lord Percy.

He set upon the Lord Percy
  A dint that was full sore;
With a sure spear of a mighty tree 175
  Clean thorough the body he the Percy bore,

O' the tother side that a man might see
  A large cloth-yard and mair:
Two better captains were not in Christianty
  Then that day slain were there. 180

An archer of Northumberland
  Saw slain was the Lord Percy;
He bare a bend-bow in his hand,
  Was made of trusty tree.

An arrow that a cloth-yard was lang 185
  To the hard steel haled he;
A dint that was both sad and sore
  He sat on Sir Hugh the Montgomery.

The dint it was both sad and sore
  That he of Montgomery set; 190
The swan-feathers that his arrow bare
  With his heart-blood they were wet.

There was never a freke one foot would flee,
  But still in stour did stand,
Hewing on each other, while they might
    dree, 195
  With many a baleful brand.

This battle began in Cheviot
  An hour before the noon,
And when even-song bell was rang,
  The battle was not half done. 200

They took [the way?] on either hand
  By the light of the moon;
Many had no strength for to stand
  In Cheviot the hills aboon.

Of fifteen hundred archers of England 205
  Went away but seventy and three;
Of twenty hundred spearmen of Scotland,
  But even five and fifty.

But all were slain Cheviot within;
  They had no streng[th] to stand on hie; 210
The child may rue that is unborn,
  It was the more pity.

There was slain with the Lord Percy,
  Sir John of Agerstone;
Sir Roger, the hind Hartley; 215
  Sir William, the bold Heron.

Sir George, the worthy Lumley,
  A knight of great renown,
Sir Raff, the rich Rugby,
  With dints were beaten down. 220

For Witherington my heart was woe,
  That ever he slain should be;
For when both his legs were hewn in two,
  Yet he kneeled and fought on his knee.

There was slain with the doughty Douglas, 225
  Sir Hugh the Montgomery;
Sir Davy Liddale, that worthy was,
  His sister's son was he;

Sir Charles o' Murray in that place,
  That never a foot would flee; 230
Sir Hugh Maxwell, a lord he was,
  With the Douglas did he die.

So on the morrow they made them biers
  Of birch and hazel so g[ra]y;
Many widows, with weeping tears, 235
  Came to fetch their makes away.

Tivydale may carp of care,
  Northumberland may make great moan,
For two such captains as slain were there
  On the March-party shall never be none. 240

Word is comen to Edinborough,
  To Jamie, the Scottish king,

That doughty Douglas, lieutenant of the
  Marches,
  He lay slain Cheviot within.

His hands did he weal and wring:
  He said, "Alas, and woe is me!"
Such another captain Scotland within,
  He said, i' faith should never be.

Word is comen to lovely London,
  Till the fourth Harry our king,
That Lord Percy, lieutenant of the Marches,
  He lay slain Cheviot within.

"God have mercy on his soul," said King Harry,
"Good Lord, if Thy will it be!
I have a hundred captains in England," he
  said,
"As good as ever was he:
But, Percy, an I brook my life,
  Thy death well quit shall be."

As our noble king made his avow,
  Like a noble prince of renown,
For the death of the Lord Percy
  He did the battle of Humbledown;

Where six-and-thirty Scottish knights
  On a day were beaten down;
Glendale glittered on their armor bright,
  Over castle, tower, and town.

This was the hunting of the Cheviot,
  That tear began this spurn;
Old men that knowen the ground well enough
  Call it the battle of Otterburn. 270

At Otterburn began this spurn
  Upon a Monenday;
There was the doughty Douglas slain,
  The Percy never went away.

There was never a time on the March-parties 275
  Sin the Douglas and the Percy met,
But it is marvel an the red blood run not
  As the rain does in the street.

Jesu Christ our bales bete,
  And to the bliss us bring! 280
Thus was the hunting of the Cheviot:
  God send us all good ending!

Child, Pop. Bal., 162A (modernized).

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
  Who, with thy hollow breast
  Still in rude armor drest,
    Comest to daunt me!
  Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
  But with thy fleshless palms
  Stretched, as if asking alms,
    Why dost thou haunt me?" 8

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber. 16

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee. 24

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on. 32

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;

Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
  Sang from the meadow. 40

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
  With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
  By our stern orders. 48

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long Winter out;
Often our midnight shout
  Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
  Filled to o'erflowing. 56

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
  Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
  Fell their soft splendor. 64

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted. 72

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story. 80

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly. 88

"She was a Prince's child.
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!

Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded? 96

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen. 104

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us. 112

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water! 120

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden. 128

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward. 136

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another! 144

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!

In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful! 152

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *skoal!*"
Thus the tale ended. 160

1841. *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

"HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX"

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gatebolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast. 6

Not a word to each other; we kept the great
pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing
our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths
tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique
right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the
bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit. 12

'T was moonset at starting; but while we drew
near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned
clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 't was morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the
half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is
time!" 18

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every
one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its
spray: 24

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear
bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his
track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that
glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master,
askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye
and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in gallop-
ing on. 30

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris,
"Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in
her.
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the
quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and stag-
gering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and
sank. 36

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the
sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stub-
ble like chaff;

Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in
sight!" 42

"How they 'll greet us!"—and all in a moment
his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a
stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole
weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from
her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the
brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets'
rim. 48

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let
fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and
all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse with-
out peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any
noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and
stood. 54

And all I remember is—friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the
ground;

And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent. 60

1838. 1845. *Robert Browning.*

HART-LEAP WELL

THE Knight had ridden down from Wensley Moor
With the slow motion of a summer's cloud,
And now, as he approached a vassal's door,
"Bring forth another horse!" he cried aloud. 4

"Another horse!"—That shout the vassal heard
And saddled his best Steed, a comely gray;
Sir Walter mounted him; he was the third
Which he had mounted on that glorious day. 8

Joy sparkled in the prancing courser's eyes;
The horse and horseman are a happy pair;
But, though Sir Walter like a falcon flies,
There is a doleful silence in the air. 12

A rout this morning left Sir Walter's Hall,
That as they galloped made the echoes roar;

But horse and man are vanished, one and all;
Such race, I think, was never seen before. 16

Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind,
Calls to the few tired dogs that yet remain:
Blanch, Swift, and Music, noblest of their kind,
Follow, and up the weary mountain strain. 20

The Knight hallooed, he cheered and chid them on
With suppliant gestures and upbraidings stern;
But breath and eyesight fail; and, one by one,
The dogs are stretched among the mountain fern. 24

Where is the throng, the tumult of the race?
The bugles that so joyfully were blown?
—This chase it looks not like an earthly chase;
Sir Walter and the Hart are left alone. 28

The poor Hart toils along the mountain-side;
I will not stop to tell how far he fled,
Nor will I mention by what death he died;
But now the Knight beholds him lying dead. 32

Dismounting, then, he leaned against a thorn;
He had no follower, dog, nor man, nor boy:
He neither cracked his whip, nor blew his horn,
But gazed upon the spoil with silent joy. 36

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter leaned
Stood his dumb partner in this glorious feat;
Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yeaned;
And white with foam as if with cleaving
sleet. 40

Upon his side the Hart was lying stretched:
His nostril touched a spring beneath a hill,
And with the last deep groan his breath had
fetched
The waters of the spring were trembling still. 44

And now, too happy for repose or rest,
(Never had living man such joyful lot!)
Sir Walter walked all round, north, south, and
west,
And gazed and gazed upon that darling spot. 48

And climbing up the hill—(it was at least
Four roods of sheer ascent), Sir Walter found
Three several hoof-marks which the hunted
Beast
Had left imprinted on the grassy ground. 52

Sir Walter wiped his face, and cried, "Till now
Such sight was never seen by human eyes:
Three leaps have borne him from this lofty
brow,
Down to the very fountain where he lies. 56

"I'll build a pleasure-house upon this spot,
And a small arbour, made for rural joy;

'T will be the traveller's shed, the pilgrim's cot,
A place of love for damsels that are coy. 60

"A cunning artist will I have to frame
A basin for that fountain in the dell!
And they who do make mention of the same,
From this day forth, shall call it Hart-Leap
Well. 64

"And, gallant stag! to make thy praises known,
Another monument shall here be raised;
Three several pillars, each a rough-hewn stone,
And planted where thy hoofs the turf have
grazed. 68

"And in the summer-time, when days are long,
I will come hither with my paramour;
And with the dancers and the minstrel's song
We will make merry in that pleasant bower. 72

"Till the foundations of the mountains fail
My mansion with its arbour shall endure;—
The joy of them who till the fields of Swale,
And them who dwell among the woods of
Ure!" 76

Then home he went, and left the Hart, stone-
dead,
With breathless nostrils stretched above the
spring.

—Soon did the Knight perform what he had said,
And far and wide the fame thereof did ring. 80

Ere thrice the Moon into her port had steered,
A cup of stone received the living well;
Three pillars of rude stone Sir Walter reared,
And built a house of pleasure in the dell. 84

And near the fountain, flowers of stature tall
With trailing plants and trees were intertwined,—
Which soon composed a little sylvan hall,
A leafy shelter from the sun and wind. 88

And thither, when the summer days were long,
Sir Walter led his wondering paramour;
And with the dancers and the minstrel's song
Made merriment within that pleasant bower. 92

The Knight, Sir Walter, died in course of time,
And his bones lie in his paternal vale.—
But there is matter for a second rhyme,
And I to this would add another tale. 96

PART SECOND

The moving accident is not my trade;
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts:
'T is my delight, alone in summer shade,
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts. 100

Hart-Leap Well

As I from Hawes to Richmond did repair,
It chanced that I saw standing in a dell
Three aspens at three corners of a square;
And one, not four yards distant, near a well. 104

What this imported I could ill divine:
And, pulling now the rein my horse to stop,
I saw three pillars standing in a line,—
The last stone-pillar on a dark hill-top. 108

The trees were gray, with neither arms nor head;
Half wasted the square mound of tawny green;
So that you just might say, as then I said,
"Here in old time the hand of man hath been." 112

I looked upon the hill both far and near,—
More doleful place did never eye survey;
It seemed as if the spring-time came not here,
And nature here was willing to decay. 116

I stood in various thoughts and fancies lost,
When one, who was in shepherd's garb attired,
Came up the hollow:—him did I accost,
And what this place might be I then inquired. 120

The Shepherd stopped, and that same story told
Which in my former rhyme I have rehearsed.
"A jolly place," said he, "in times of old!
But something ails it now: the spot is curst. 124

"You see these lifeless stumps of aspen wood—
Some say that they are beeches, others elms—
These were the bower; and here a mansion stood,
The finest palace of a hundred realms! 128

"The arbour does its own condition tell;
You see the stones, the fountain, and the stream;
But as to the great lodge! you might as well
Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream. 132

"There 's neither dog nor heifer, horse nor sheep.
Will wet his lips within that cup of stone;
And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep,
This water doth send forth a dolorous groan. 136

"Some say that here a murder has been done,
And blood cries out for blood: but, for my part,
I 've guessed, when I 've been sitting in the sun,
That it was all for that unhappy Hart. 140

"What thoughts must through the creature's brain have past!
Even from the topmost stone, upon the steep,
Are but three bounds—and look, sir, at this last—
O master! it has been a cruel leap. 144

"For thirteen hours he ran a desperate race;
And in my simple mind we cannot tell

What cause the Hart might have to love this place,
And come and make his deathbed near the well. 148

'Here on the grass perhaps asleep he sank,
Lulled by the fountain in the summer-tide;
This water was perhaps the first he drank
When he had wandered from his mother's side. 152

'In April here beneath the flowering thorn
He heard the birds their morning carols sing;
And he, perhaps, for aught we know, was born
Not half a furlong from that self-same spring. 156

Now, here is neither grass nor pleasant shade;
The sun on drearier hollow never shone;
So will it be, as I have often said,
Till trees, and stones, and fountain, all are gone." 160

'Gray-headed Shepherd, thou hast spoken well;
Small difference lies between thy creed and mine:
This Beast not unobserved by Nature fell;
His death was mourned by sympathy divine. 164

"The Being, that is in the clouds and air,
That is in the green leaves among the groves,

Maintains a deep and reverential care
For the unoffending creatures whom he
loves. 168

"The pleasure-house is dust:—behind, before,
This is no common waste, no common gloom;
But Nature, in due course of time, once more
Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom. 172

"She leaves these objects to a slow decay,
That what we are, and have been, may be
known;
But at the coming of the milder day,
These monuments shall all be overgrown. 176

"One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,
Taught both by what she shows, and what
conceals;
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that
feels." 180

1800. *William Wordsworth.*

THE SEA

SIR PATRICK SPENS

THE king sits in Dunfermline town
Drinking the blude-red wine;
"O whare will I get a skeely skipper
To sail this new ship o' mine?" 4

O up and spak an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee:
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sail'd the sea." 8

Our king has written a braid letter,
And seal'd it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand. 12

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'T is thou maun bring her hame." 16

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud, loud laughed he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read
The tear blinded his e'e. 20

"O wha is this has done this deed
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out, at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea? 24

"Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'T is we must fetch her hame." 28

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday. 32

They hadna been a week, a week
In Noroway but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say: 36

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's gowd,
And a' our queenis fee!"
"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud,
Fu' loud I hear ye lie! 40

"For I brought as much white monie
As gane my men and me,
And I brought a half-fou o' gude red gowd
Out o'er the sea wi' me. 44

"Mak ready, mak ready, my merry men a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn."

"Now ever alack, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm. 48

"I saw the new moon late yestreen
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we 'll come to harm." 52

They hadna sail'd a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea. 56

The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm:
And the waves cam owre the broken ship
Till a' her sides were torn. 60

"O where will I get a gude sailor,
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall topmast,
To see if I can spy land?" 64

"O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall topmast;
But I fear you 'll ne'er spy land." 68

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bout flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in. 72

"Gae fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And let nae the sea come in." 76

They fetch'd a web o' the silken claith,
Another of the twine,
And they wrapp'd them round that gude
ship's side,
But still the sea came in. 80

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heel'd shoon;
But lang or a' the play was play'd
They wat their hats aboon. 84

And mony was the feather bed
That flatter'd on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair cam hame. 88

The ladies wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake of their true loves,
For them they 'll see nae mair. 92

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand! 96

And lang, lang may the maidens sit
  Wi' their gowd kaims in their hair,
A-waiting for their ain dear loves!
  For them they 'll see nae mair. 100

O forty miles off Aberdeen,
  'T is fifty fathoms deep;
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
  Wi' the Scots lords at his feet. 104

Scott, Minst. Scot. Bord.

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

Toll for the brave!
  The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
  Fast by their native shore! 4

Eight hundred of the brave,
  Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
  And laid her on her side. 8

A land-breeze shook the shrouds
  And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George,
  With all her crew complete. 12

Toll for the brave!
  Brave Kempenfelt is gone;

On the Loss of the Royal George

His last sea-fight is fought,
  His work of glory done. 16

It was not in the battle;
  No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak,
  She ran upon no rock. 20

His sword was in its sheath,
  His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
  With twice four hundred men. 24

Weigh the vessel up,
  Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
  The tear that England owes. 28

Her timbers yet are sound,
  And she may float again
Full charged with England's thunder,
  And plough the distant main: 32

But Kempenfelt is gone,
  His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
  Shall plough the wave no more. 36

1782. *William Cowper.*

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

Ye Mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow. 10

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow. 20

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.

With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow. 30

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow. 40

1801. *Thomas Campbell.*

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed; 4

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore. 8

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame. 12

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear,—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer. 16

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free. 20

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—
This was their welcome home. 24

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim-band,—
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land? 28

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth. 32

What sought they thus afar?
  Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
  —They sought a faith's pure shrine! 36

Ay, call it holy ground,
  The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they
    found,—
  Freedom to worship God. 40

1828. *Felicia Dorothea Hemans.*

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,—
The ship was as still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion;
Her keel was steady in the ocean. 4

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape bell. 8

The holy Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung. 12

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothok. 16

The sun in heaven was shining gay,—
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled around,
And there was joyance in their sound. 20

The buoy of the Inchcape bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph, the rover, walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck. 24

He felt the cheering power of spring,—
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess;
But the rover's mirth was wickedness. 28

His eye was on the bell and float:
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat;
And row me to the Inchcape rock,
And I 'll plague the priest of Aberbrothok." 32

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And cut the warning bell from the float. 36

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles rose, and burst around.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the rock
Will not bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok." 40

Sir Ralph, the rover, sailed away,—
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course to Scotland's shore. 44

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away. 48

On the deck the rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon." 52

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For yonder, methinks, should be the shore.
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape bell." 56

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along.
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—
O Christ! it is the Inchcape rock! 60

Sir Ralph, the rover, tore his hair;
He cursed himself in his despair.
The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide. 64

But ever in his dying fear
One dreadful sound he seemed to hear,—
A sound as if with the Inchcape bell
The Devil below was ringing his knell. 68

1801. *Robert Southey.*

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughtèr,
To bear him company. 4

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May. 8

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South. 12

Then up and spake an old Sailòr,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane. 16

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he. 20

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast. 24

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length. 28

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughtèr,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow." 32

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast. 36

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"'T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea. 40

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!" 44

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he. 48

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes. 52

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee. 56

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Tow'rds the reef of Norman's Woe. 60

And ever the fitful gusts between
  A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
  On the rocks and the hard sea-sand. 64

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
  She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
  Like icicles from her deck. 68

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
  Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
  Like the horns of an angry bull. 72

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
  With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
  Ho! ho! the breakers roared! 76

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
  A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
  Lashed close to a drifting mast. 80

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
  The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
  On the billows fall and rise. 84

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
  In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
  On the reef of Norman's Woe! 88

1839. *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice
  Sailed the corsair Death;
Wild and fast blew the blast,
  And the east-wind was his breath. 4

His lordly ships of ice
  Glisten in the sun;
On each side, like pennons wide,
  Flashing crystal streamlets run. 8

His sails of white sea-mist
  Dripped with silver rain;
But where he passed there were cast
  Leaden shadows o'er the main. 12

Eastward from Campobello
  Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed;
Three days or more seaward he bore,
  Then, alas! the land-wind failed. 16

Alas! the land-wind failed,
  And ice-cold grew the night;

And nevermore, on sea or shore,
Should Sir Humphrey see the light. 20

He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand;
"Do not fear! Heaven is as near,"
He said, "by water as by land!" 24

In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea, mysteriously,
The fleet of Death rose all around. 28

The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds;
Every mast, as it passed,
Seemed to rake the passing clouds. 32

They grappled with their prize,
At midnight black and cold!
As of a rock was the shock;
Heavily the ground-swell rolled. 36

Southward through day and dark,
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain, o'er the open main;
Yet there seems no change of place. 40

Southward, forever southward,
They drift through dark and day;
And like a dream, in the Gulf-Stream
Sinking, vanish all away. 44

1848. *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

HERVÉ RIEL

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French,—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to Saint Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'T was the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signalled to the place
"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or, quicker still,
Here 's the English can and will!" 14

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and
leapt on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like
these to pass?" laughed they:
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the
passage scarred and scored,
Shall the 'Formidable' here with her twelve
and eighty guns
Think to make the river-mouth by the single
narrow way,
Trust to enter where 't is ticklish for a craft of
twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now, 't is slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!" 25

Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate:
"Here 's the English at our heels; would you
have them take in tow
All that 's left us of the fleet, linked together
stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech).
"Not a minute more to wait!
Let the Captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels
on the beach!
France must undergo her fate. 36

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these
—A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese. 44

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel:
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell,
'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!

Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, be-
    lieve me there 's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
  Have the biggest ship to steer,
  Get this 'Formidable' clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage
    I know well,
  Right to Solidor past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
  And if one ship misbehave,
—Keel so much as grate the ground,
Why I 've nothing but my life,—here 's my
    head!" cries Hervé Riel. 65

Not a minute more to wait.
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
  Take the helm, lead the line, save the
    squadron!" cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
  He is Admiral, in brief.
Still the north-wind, by God's grace!
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the
    wide sea's profound!
  See, safe through shoal and rock,
  How they follow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that
    grates the ground,
  Not a spar that comes to grief!

The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!"—
sure as fate,
Up the English come—too late! 83

So, the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the
Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's
countenance!
Out burst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before. 103

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard.

Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the King his ships,
  You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's
    not Damfreville." 113

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
  Since on board the duty's done,
  And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what
    is it but a run?—
Since 't is ask and have, I may—
  Since the others go ashore—
Come! A good whole holiday!
  Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the
    Belle Aurore!"
  That he asked and that he got,—nothing
    more. 125

Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
  In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing-smack.

In memory of the man but for whom had gone
to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence
England bore the bell.
Go to Paris: rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank!
You shall look long enough ere you come to
Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife,
the Belle Aurore! 140

1871. *Robert Browning.*

WAR

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN

It fell about the Lammas tide,
  When the muir-men win their hay,
The doughty Douglas bound him to ride
  Into England, to drive a prey.

He chose the Gordons and the Graemes, 5
  With them the Lindesays, light and gay;
But the Jardines wald not with him ride,
  And they rue it to this day.

And he has burned the dales of Tyne,
  And part of Bamb'rough shire; 10
And three good towers on Reidswire fells,
  He left them all on fire.

And he marched up to Newcastle,
  And rode it round about;
"O wha 's the lord of this castle, 15
  Or wha 's the lady o't?"

But up spake proud Lord Percy, then,
  And O but he spake hie!
"I am the lord of this castle,
  My wife 's the lady gay." 20

"If thou 'rt the lord of this castle,
Sae weel it pleases me!
For, ere I cross the Border fells,
The tane of us shall die."

He took a lang spear in his hand, 25
Shod with the metal free,
And for to meet the Douglas there,
He rode right furiouslie.

But O how pale his lady looked,
Frae aff the castle wa', 30
When down before the Scottish spear
She saw proud Percy fa'.

"Had we twa been upon the green,
And never an eye to see,
I wad hae had you, flesh and fell; 35
But your sword sall gae wi' me."

"But gae ye up to Otterburn,
And wait there dayis three;
And if I come not ere three dayis end,
A fause knight ca' ye me." 40

"The Otterburn 's a bonny burn;
'T is pleasant there to be;
But there is nought at Otterburn,
To feed my men and me.

"The deer rins wild on hill and dale, 45
The birds fly wild from tree to tree;

But there is neither bread nor kale,
To fend my men and me.

"Yet I will stay at Otterburn,
Where you shall welcome be; 50
And, if ye come not at three dayis end,
A fause lord I 'll ca' thee."

"Thither will I come," proud Percy said,
"By the might of Our Ladie!"
"There will I bide thee," said the Douglas, 55
"My trowth I plight to thee."

They lighted high on Otterburn
Upon the bent sae brown;
They lighted high on Otterburn,
And threw their pallions down. 60

And he that had a bonny boy,
Sent out his horse to grass;
And he that had not a bonny boy,
His ain servant he was.

But up then spake a little page, 65
Before the peep of dawn:
"O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,
For Percy 's hard at hand."

"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud!
Sae loud I hear ye lie: 70
For Percy had not men yestreen
To dight my men and me.

"But I hae dreamed a dreary dream,
Beyond the Isle of Sky;
I saw a dead man win a fight, 75
And I think that man was I."

He belted on his guid braid sword,
And to the field he ran;
But he forgot the helmet good,
That should have kept his brain. 80

When Percy wi' the Douglas met,
I wat he was fu' fain!
They swakked their swords, till sair they swat,
And the blood ran down like rain.

But Percy with his guid braid sword, 85
That could so sharply wound,
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
Till he fell to the ground.

Then he called on his little foot-page,
And said, "Run speedily, 90
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,
Sir Hugh Montgomery.

"My nephew good," the Douglas said,
"What recks the death of ane!
Last night I dreamed a dreary dream, 95
And I ken the day's thy ain.

"My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;
Take thou the vanguard of the three,

And hide me by the braken bush,
  That grows on yonder lily lee. 100

"O bury me by the braken bush,
  Beneath the blooming brier,
Let never living mortal ken,
  That ere a kindly Scot lies here."

He lifted up that noble lord, 105
  Wi' the saut tear in his e'e;
He hid him in the braken bush,
  That his merry men might not see.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
  The spears in flinders flew, 110
But mony a gallant Englishman
  Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons good, in English blood,
  They steeped their hose and shoon;
The Lindesays flew like fire about, 115
  Till all the fray was done.

The Percy and Montgomery met;
  That either of other were fain;
They swapped swords, and they twa swat,
  And aye the blood ran down between. 120

"Yield thee, O yield thee, Percy," he said,
  "Or else I vow I 'll lay thee low!"
"Whom to shall I yield," said Earl Percy,
  "Now that I see it must be so?"

"Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun, 125
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;
But yield thee to the braken bush,
That grows upon yon lily lee!"

"I will not yield to a braken bush,
Nor yet will I yield to a brier; 130
But I would yield to Earl Douglas,
Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were here."

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
He struck his sword's point in the grond;
The Montgomery was a courteous knight, 135
And quickly took him by the hond.

This deed was done at Otterburn
About the breaking of the day;
Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush,
And the Percy led captive away. 140

Scott, Minst. Scot. Bord.

AGINCOURT

To the Cambro-Britains and their Harp, his Ballad of Agincourt

FAIR stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;

But putting to the main,
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train
Landed King Harry: 8

And taking many a fort
Furnish'd in warlike sort,
Marcheth tow'rds Agincourt
In happy hour;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopp'd his way,
Where the French gen'ral lay
With all his power. 16

Which, in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
Unto him sending;
Which he neglects the while
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile
Their fall portending. 24

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then:
"Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed:
Yet have we well begun;
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raised. 32

"And for myself (quoth he)
This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me
Nor more esteem me:
Victor I will remain
Or on this earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me. 40

"Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell:
No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopp'd the French lilies." 48

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vaward led;
With the main Henry sped
Among his hench-men.
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there,—
O Lord, how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen! 56

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,—
To hear was wonder.

That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
    Thunder to thunder. 64

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim
    To our hid forces;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly
The English archery
    Stuck the French horses, 72

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long
That like to serpents stung,
    Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
    Stuck close together. 80

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbos drew,
And on the French they flew,
    Not one was tardy;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went,
    Our men were hardy. 88

This while our noble king,
His broad sword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
    As to o'er-whelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
    Bruised his helmet. 96

Gloster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood
    With his brave brother;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
    Scarce such another. 104

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made
    Still as they ran up:
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
    Ferrers and Fanhope. 112

Upon Saint Crispin's Day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
    To England to carry:

O when shall English men
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry! 120

1605. *Michael Drayton.*

BOADICEA

When the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods, 4

Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief: 8

"Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'T is because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues. 12

"Rome shall perish,—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt. 16

"Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground,—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates! 20

"Other Romans shall arise,
  Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
  Harmony the path to fame. 24

"Then the progeny that springs
  From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
  Shall a wider world command. 28

"Regions Cæsar never knew
  Thy posterity shall sway,
Where his eagles never flew,
  None invincible as they." 32

Such the bard's prophetic words,
  Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
  Of his sweet but awful lyre. 36

She, with all a monarch's pride,
  Felt them in her bosom glow;
Rushed to battle, fought and died,—
  Dying, hurled them at the foe. 40

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
  Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed,
  Shame and ruin wait for you! 44

1782. *William Cowper.*

BONNY DUNDEE

To the Lords of Convention 't was Claver'se
who spoke,
"Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns
to be broke;
So let each Cavalier who loves honour and me,
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee. 4
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle your horses and call up your
men;
Come open the West Port and let me gang
free,
And it 's room for the bonnets of Bonny
Dundee!" 8

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they
are beat;
But the Provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en
let him be,
The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of
Dundee." 12

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the
Bow,
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;

But the young plants of grace they looked
couthie and slee,
Thinking, luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny
Dundee! 16

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket
was crammed,
As if half the West had set tryst to be hanged;
There was spite in each look, there was fear
in each e'e,
As they watched for the bonnets of Bonny
Dundee. 20

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had
spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-heads and the cause-
way was free,
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee. 24

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke;
"Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa
words or three,
For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee." 28

The Gordon demands of him which way he
goes—
"Where'er shall direct me the shade of Mon-
trose!
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings
of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee. 32

"There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond Forth,
If there 's lords in the Lowlands, there 's chiefs in the North;
There are wild Dunie wassals three thousand times three,
Will cry *hoigh!* for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee. 36

"There 's brass on the target of barkened bull-hide;
There 's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash free,
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee. 40

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks—
Ere I own an usurper, I 'll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!" 44

He waved his proud hand and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee. 48

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle the horses and call up the men;
Come open your gates and let me gae free,
For it's up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee! 52

1825. *1830.* *Sir Walter Scott.*

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

Our bugles sang truce,—for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die. 4

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again. 8

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:

The Soldier's Dream

'T was autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back. 12

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung. 16

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart. 20

"Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn!"
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away. 24

1800. *Thomas Campbell.*

HOHENLINDEN

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly. 4

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery. 8

By torch and trumpet fast array'd
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
Then rush'd the steed, to battle driven;
And louder than the bolts of Heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery. 16

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly. 20

'T is morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy. 24

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry! 28

Few, few shall part, where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre. 32

1800. *Thomas Campbell.*

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.— 9

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:

It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.— 18

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captains cried, when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun. 27

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom. 36

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave:
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save:—

So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King."— 41

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As Death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away. 54

Now joy, old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore! 63

Brave hearts! to Briton's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died;
With the gallant good Riou:
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their
grave!

While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!— 72

1809. *Thomas Campbell.*

AFTER BLENHEIM

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine. 6

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large, and smooth, and round. 12

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"'T is some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory. 18

"I find them in the garden,
For there 's many here about;

And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out!
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory." 24

"Now tell us what 't was all about,"
Young Peterkin, he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for." 30

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out;
But every body said," quoth he,
"That 't was a famous victory." 36

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head. 42

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory. 48

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory. 54

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why 't was a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay . . nay . . my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory. 60

"And every body praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 't was a famous victory." 66

1798. *Robert Southey.*

IVRY

A SONG OF THE HUGUENOTS

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all
glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry
of Navarre!

Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters, 5
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war,
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre. 10

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land; 15
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand:
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,

And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre. 20

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing, 25
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our Lord the King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre." 30

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.

The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France, 35
Charge for the golden lilies,—upon them with the lance.
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while like a guiding star
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre. 40

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turned his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van, 45
"Remember Saint Bartholomew," was passed from man to man.

But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:

Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre? 50

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day;
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;
And the good Lord of Rosny has ta'en the cornet white.
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en, 55
The cornet white, with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
Up with it high; unfurl it wide; that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought His church such woe.
Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point of war,
Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre. 60

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of Lucerne;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.

Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican
pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy
poor spearmen's souls.
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that
your arms be bright; 65
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch
and ward to-night.
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God
hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the
valour of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all
glories are;
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry
of Navarre. 70

1824. *Lord Macaulay.*

SONG OF MARION'S MEN

Our band is few but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.

We know its walls of thorny vines,
  Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
  Within the dark morass. 12

Wo to the English soldiery
  That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
  A strange and sudden fear:
When, waking to their tents on fire,
  They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
  Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
  A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
  Upon the hollow wind. 24

Then sweet the hour that brings release
  From danger and from toil:
We talk the battle over,
  And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
  As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
  To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
  That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
  On beds of oaken leaves. 36

Song of Marion's Men

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
  The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
  The scampering of their steeds.
'T is life to guide the fiery barb
  Across the moonlight plain;
'T is life to feel the night-wind
  That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp—
  A moment—and away
Back to the pathless forest,
  Before the peep of day. 48

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
  Grave men with hoary hairs;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
  For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
  With kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
  And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
  And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
  For ever, from our shore. 60

1831. *William Cullen Bryant.*

A BALLAD OF THE FRENCH FLEET

OCTOBER, 1746

A FLEET with flags arrayed
  Sailed from the port of Brest,
And the Admiral's ship displayed
  The signal: "Steer southwest."
For this Admiral D'Anville
  Had sworn by cross and crown
To ravage with fire and steel
  Our helpless Boston Town. 8

There were rumors in the street,
  In the houses there was fear
Of the coming of the fleet,
  And the danger hovering near.
And while from mouth to mouth
  Spread the tidings of dismay,
I stood in the Old South,
  Saying humbly: "Let us pray! 16

"O Lord! we would not advise;
  But if in thy Providence
A tempest should arise
  To drive the French Fleet hence,

And scatter it far and wide,
  Or sink it in the sea,
We should be satisfied,
  And thine the glory be." 24

This was the prayer I made,
  For my soul was all on flame,
And even as I prayed
  The answering tempest came;
It came with a mighty power,
  Shaking the windows and walls,
And tolling the bell in the tower,
  As it tolls at funerals. 32

The lightning suddenly
  Unsheathed its flaming sword,
And I cried: "Stand still, and see
  The salvation of the Lord!"
The heavens were black with cloud,
  The sea was white with hail,
And ever more fierce and loud
  Blew the October gale. 40

The fleet it overtook,
  And the broad sails in the van
Like the tents of Cushan shook,
  Or the curtains of Midian.
Down on the reeling decks
  Crashed the o'erwhelming seas;
Ah, never were there wrecks
  So pitiful as these! 48

Like a potter's vessel broke
  The great ships of the line;
They were carried away as a smoke,
  Or sank like lead in the brine.
O Lord! before thy path
  They vanished and ceased to be,
When thou didst walk in wrath
  With thine horses through the sea! 56

1877. *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

CARMEN BELLICOSUM

In their ragged regimentals,
Stood the old Continentals,
  Yielding not,
While the grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
  Cannon-shot;
  When the files
  Of the isles,
From the smoky night encampment, bore the
  banner of the rampant
  Unicorn;
And grummer, grummer, grummer, rolled the
  roll of the drummer
  Through the morn! 11

Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
  Stood our sires;

While the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly
Blazed the fires:
As the roar
On the shore
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-
sodded acres
Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black
gunpowder,
Cracking amain! 24

Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red St. George's
Cannoneers,
And the villainous saltpetre
Rang a fierce, discordant metre
Round their ears:
As the swift
Storm-drift,
With hot sweeping anger, came the horseguards'
clangor
On our flanks.
Then higher, higher, higher, burned the old-
fashioned fire
Through the ranks! 36

Then the bare-headed colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder-cloud;

And his broad sword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet-loud;
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets redden at the touch of the leaden
Rifle-breath;
And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the iron six-pounder,
Hurling death!

1849. *Guy Humphreys McMaster.*

MONTEREY

We were not many, we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day;
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if but he could
Have been with us at Monterey. 5

Now here, now there, the shot it hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shout at Monterey. 10

And on, still on our column kept
Through walls of flame its withering way;
Where fell the dead, the living stept,
Still charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets of Monterey. 15

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
  When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And braving full their murderous blast,
  Stormed home the towers of Monterey. 20

Our banners on those turrets wave,
  And there our evening bugles play;
Where orange-boughs above their grave,
Keep green the memory of the brave
  Who fought and fell at Monterey. 25

We are not many, we who pressed
  Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
He 'd rather share their warrior rest
  Than not have been at Monterey? 30

1847? *Charles Fenno Hoffman.*

THE BLACK REGIMENT

MAY 27TH, 1863

Dark as the clouds of even,
Ranked in the western heaven,
Waiting the breath that lifts
All the dead mass, and drifts
Tempest and falling brand
Over a ruined land;—

So still and orderly,
Arm to arm, knee to knee,
Waiting the great event,
Stands the black regiment. 10

Down the long dusky line
Teeth gleam and eyeballs shine;
And the bright bayonet,
Bristling and firmly set,
Flashed with a purpose grand,
Long ere the sharp command
Of the fierce rolling drum
Told them their time had come,
Told them what work was sent
For the black regiment. 20

"Now," the flag-sergeant cried,
"Though death and hell betide,
Let the whole nation see
If we are fit to be
Free in this land; or bound
Down, like the whining hound—
Bound with red stripes of pain
In our cold chains again!"
Oh! what a shout there went
From the black regiment! 30

"Charge!" Trump and drum awoke,
Onward the bondmen broke;
Bayonet and sabre-stroke
Vainly opposed their rush,

Through the wild battle's crush,
With but one thought aflush,
Driving their lords like chaff,
In the guns' mouths they laugh;
Or at the slippery brands
Leaping with open hands,
Down they tear man and horse,
Down in their awful course;
Trampling with bloody heel
Over the crashing steel,
All their eyes forward bent,
Rushed the black regiment. 46

"Freedom!" their battle-cry,—
"Freedom! or leave to die!"
Ah! and they meant the word,
Not as with us 't is heard,
Not a mere party shout:
They gave their spirits out;
Trusted the end to God,
And on the gory sod
Rolled in triumphant blood.
Glad to strike one free blow,
Whether for weal or woe;
Glad to breathe one free breath,
Though on the lips of death.
Praying—alas! in vain!—
That they might fall again,
So they could once more see
That burst to liberty!
This was what "freedom" lent
To the black regiment. 65

Hundreds on hundreds fell;
But they are resting well;
Scourges and shackles strong
Never shall do them wrong.
Oh, to the living few,
Soldiers, be just and true!
Hail them as comrades tried;
Fight with them side by side;
Never, in field or tent,
Scorn the black regiment! 75

1864. *George Henry Boker.*

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland. 4

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde, 8

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall;

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town. 12

Barbara Frietchie

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one. 16

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down; 20

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead. 24

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast. 28

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf. 32

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said. 36

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word: 40

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet: 44

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well; 48

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more. 52

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave! 56

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town! 60

1863. *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow,
Oppressive with its mind. 8

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound. 16

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two. 24

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The marshal 's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire. 32

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I 'm killed, sire!" And his chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead. 40

1842. *Robert Browning.*

THE THREE TROOPERS

INTO the Devil tavern
  Three booted troopers strode,
From spur to feather spotted and splash'd
  With the mud of a winter road.
In each of their cups they dropp'd a crust,
  And star'd at the guests with a frown;
Then drew their swords, and roar'd for a toast,
"God send this Crum-well-down!" 8

A blue smoke rose from their pistol locks,
  Their sword blades were still wet;
There were long red smears on their jerkins of buff,
  As the table they overset.
Then into their cups they stirr'd the crusts,
  And curs'd old London town;
Then wav'd their swords, and drank with a stamp,
"God send this Crum-well-down!" 16

The 'prentice dropp'd his can of beer,
  The host turn'd pale as a clout;
The ruby nose of the toping squire
  Grew white at the wild men's shout.

Then into their cups they flung the crusts,
  And show'd their teeth with a frown;
They flash'd their swords as they gave the toast,
"God send this Crum-well-down!" 24

The gambler dropp'd his dog's-ear'd cards,
  The waiting-women scream'd,
As the light of the fire, like stains of blood,
  On the wild men's sabres gleam'd.
Then into their cups they splash'd the crusts,
  And curs'd the fool of a town,
And leap'd on the table, and roar'd a toast,
"God send this Crum-well-down!" 32

Till on a sudden fire-bells rang,
  And the troopers sprang to horse;
The eldest mutter'd between his teeth,
  Hot curses—deep and coarse.
In their stirrup cups they flung the crusts,
  And cried as they spurr'd through town,
With their keen swords drawn and their pistols cock'd,
"God send this Crum-well-down!" 40

Away they dash'd through Temple Bar,
  Their red cloaks flowing free,
Their scabbards clash'd, each back-piece shone—
  None lik'd to touch the three.
The silver cups that held the crusts
  They flung to the startled town,
Shouting again, with a blaze of swords,
"God send this Crum-well-down!" 48

1857. *George Walter Thornbury.*

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

HALF a league, half a league,
  Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred. 8

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
  Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred. 17

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
  Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;

Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
  Rode the six hundred. 26

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
  All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right through the line they broke:
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke,
  Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not—
  Not the six hundred. 38

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
  Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,—
All that was left of them,
  Left of six hundred. 49

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
  All the world wondered.

Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred! 55

1854. *Lord Tennyson.*

THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE AT BALACLAVA

OCTOBER 25, 1854

THE charge of the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade!
Down the hill, down the hill, thousands of Russians,
Thousands of horsemen, drew to the valley—and stay'd;
For Scarlett and Scarlett's three hundred were riding by
When the points of the Russian lances arose in the sky;
And he call'd "Left wheel into line!" and they wheel'd and obey'd.
Then he look'd at the host that had halted he knew not why,
And he turn'd half round, and he bade his trumpeter sound
To the charge, and he rode on ahead, as he waved his blade
To the gallant three hundred whose glory will never die—

"Follow," and up the hill, up the hill, up the hill,
Follow'd the Heavy Brigade. 12

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and the
might of the fight!
Thousands of horsemen had gather'd there on
the height,
With a wing push'd out to the left and a
wing to the right,
And who shall escape if they close? but he
dashed up alone
Thro' the great gray slope of men,
Sway'd his sabre, and held his own
Like an Englishman there and then;
All in a moment follow'd with force
Three that were next in their fiery course,
Wedged themselves in between horse and horse,
Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they
had made—
Four amid thousands! and up the hill, up the
hill,
Gallopt the gallant three hundred, the Heavy
Brigade. 25

Fell like a cannonshot,
Burst like a thunderbolt,
Crash'd like a hurricane,
Broke thro' the mass from below,
Drove thro' the midst of the foe,
Plunged up and down, to and fro,
Rode flashing blow upon blow,

Brave Inniskillens and Greys
Whirling their sabres in circles of light!
And some of us, all in amaze,
Who were held for a while from the fight,
And were only standing at gaze,
When the dark-muffled Russian crowd
Folded its wings from the left and the right,
And roll'd them around like a cloud,—
O mad for the charge and the battle were we,
When our own good redcoats sank from sight,
Like drops of blood in a dark-gray sea,
And we turn'd to each other, whispering, all
dismay'd,
'Lost are the gallant three hundred of Scarlett's
Brigade!" 45

'Lost one and all" were the words
Mutter'd in our dismay;
But they rode like Victors and Lords
Thro' the forest of lances and swords
In the heart of the Russian hordes,
They rode, or they stood at bay—
Struck with the sword-hand and slew,
Down with the bridle-hand drew
The foe from the saddle and threw
Underfoot there in the fray—
Ranged like a storm or stood like a rock
In the wave of a stormy day;
Till suddenly shock upon shock
Stagger'd the mass from without,
Drove it in wild disarray,

For our men gallopt up with a cheer and a shout,
And the foeman surged, and waver'd, and reel'd
Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out of the field,
And over the brow and away. 64

Glory to each and to all, and the charge that they made!
Glory to all the three hundred, and all the Brigade! 66

1882. *Lord Tennyson.*

THE REVENGE

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far away;
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I am no coward;
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,

And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but
follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with
fifty-three?" 7

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know
you are no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them
again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying
sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them,
my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of
Spain." 12

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of
war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer
heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men
from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were
not left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the
glory of the Lord. 21

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship
and to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the
Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the
weather bow.
"Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!
There 'll be little of us left by the time this sun
be set."
And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good
English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children
of the devil,
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil
yet." 31

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we
roar'd a hurrah, and so
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart
of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her
ninety sick below;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to
the left were seen,
And the little Revenge ran on thro' the long
sea-lane between. 36

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from
their decks and laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the
mad little craft

Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd. 42

And while now the great San Philip hung above us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all. 49

But anon the great San Philip, she bethought herself and went,
Having that within her womb that had left her ill content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musqueteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land. 55

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.

Ship after ship, the whole night long, their
high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her
battle-thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back
with her dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd,
and so could fight us no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the
world before? 68

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the short
summer night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left
the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it
suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side
and the head,
And he said, "Fight on! fight on!" 69

And the night went down, and the sun smiled
out far over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay
round us all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they
fear'd that we still could sting,
So they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain.

And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride:
"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!" 90

And the gunner said, "Ay, ay," but the seamen made reply:
"We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow."
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe. 96

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do.
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!"
And he fell upon their decks, and he died. 104

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honour down into the deep.
And they mann'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own;
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from sleep,

And the water began to heave and the weather
to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale
blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an
earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and
their masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the
shot-shatter'd navy of Spain,
And the little Revenge herself went down by
the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main. 119

1878. *Lord Tennyson.*

OF DEATH AND SORROW

FAIR HELEN OF KIRCONNELL

I WISH I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
  On fair Kirconnell Lee!

Curst be the heart that thought the
    thought, 5
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
  And died to succour me.

O thinkna ye my heart was sair,
When my love dropt down and spak nae
    mair! 10
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
  On fair Kirconnell Lee.

As I went down the water-side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide, 15
  On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I lighted down, my sword did draw,
I hacked him in pieces sma',
I hacked him in pieces sma',
  For her sake that died for me. 20

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I 'll make a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
  Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies! 25
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
  Says, "Haste, and come to me!"—

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee, I were blest, 30
Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest,
  On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my e'en,
And I in Helen's arms lying, 35
  On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
And I am weary of the skies,
  For her sake that died for me. 40

Scott, Minst. Scot. Bord.

ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH

When Robin Hood and Little John
  Down a down, a down, a down
Went o'er yon bank of broom,
  Said Robin Hood bold to Little John,

"We have shot for many a pound. 5
Hey, down, a down, a down.

"But I am not able to shoot one shot more,
My broad arrows will not flee;
But I have a cousin lives down below,
Please God, she will bleed me." 10

Now Robin he is to fair Kirkley gone,
As fast as he can win;
But before he came there, as we do hear,
He was taken very ill.

And when he came to fair Kirkley-hall, 15
He knocked all at the ring,
But none was so ready as his cousin herself
For to let bold Robin in.

"Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin,"
she said,
"And drink some beer with me?" 20
"No, I will neither eat nor drink,
Till I am blooded by thee."

"Well, I have a room, cousin Robin," she said.
"Which you did never see,
And if you please to walk therein, 25
You blooded by me shall be."

She took him by the lily-white hand,
And led him to a private room,
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,
While one drop of blood would run down. 30

She blooded him in the vein of the arm,
And locked him up in the room;
Then did he bleed all the live-long day,
Until the next day at noon.

He then bethought him of a casement there, 35
Thinking for to get down;
But was so weak he could not leap,
He could not get him down.

He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,
Which hung low down to his knee; 40
He set his horn unto his mouth,
And blew out weak blasts three.

Then Little John, when hearing him,
As he sat under a tree,
"I fear my master is now near dead, 45
He blows so wearily."

Then Little John to fair Kirkley is gone,
As fast as he can dree;
But when he came to Kirkley-hall,
He broke locks two or three: 50

Until he came bold Robin to see,
Then he fell on his knee;
"A boon, a boon," cries Little John,
"Master, I beg of thee."

"What is that boon," quoth Robin Hood, 55
"Little John, [thou] begs of me?"

"It is to burn fair Kirkley-hall,
And all their nunnery."

"Now nay, now nay," quoth Robin Hood,
"That boon I 'll not grant thee; 60
I never hurt woman in all my life,
Nor man in woman's company.

"I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
Nor at mine end shall it be;
But give me my bent bow in my hand, 65
And a broad arrow I 'll let flee;
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave digged be.

"Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet; 70
And lay my bent bow by my side,
Which was my music sweet;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet.

"Let me have length and breadth enough, 75
With a green sod under my head;
That they may say, when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood."

These words they readily granted him,
Which did bold Robin please: 80
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
Within the fair Kirkleys.

Child, Pop. Bal., No. 120B.

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL

HIE upon Hielands and low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell rade out on a day.

Saddled and bridled and gallant rade he;
Hame cam his guid horse, but never cam he.

Out cam his auld mither greeting fu' sair, 5
And out cam his bonnie bride rivin' her hair.

Saddled and bridled and booted rade he;
Toom hame cam the saddle, but never cam he.

"My meadow lies green, and my corn is unshorn,
My barn is to big, and my babie 's unborn." 10

Saddled and bridled and booted rade he;
Toom hame cam the saddle, but never cam he.

Child, No. 210 (Motherwell's Version).

LORD RANDAL

"O WHERE ha'e ye been, Lord Randal, my son?
O where ha'e ye been, my handsome young
man?"

"I ha'e been to the wild wood; mother, make my bed soon;
For I 'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down." 4

"Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man?"
"I dined wi' my true-love; mother, make my bed soon;
For I 'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down." 8

"What gat ye to your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
What gat ye to your dinner, my handsome young man?"
"I gat eels boiled in broo'; mother, make my bed soon;
For I 'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down." 12

"What became of your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my son?
What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young man?"
"O they swelled and they died; mother, make my bed soon;
For I 'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down." 16

"O I fear ye are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son!
O I fear ye are poisoned, my handsome young man!"
"O yes! I am poisoned; mother, make my bed soon;
For I 'm sick at the heart, and I fain wald lie down." 20

Scott, Minst. Scot. Bord.

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

There lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her, 5
A week but barely ane,
Whan word came to the carline wife,
That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three, 10
Whan word came to the carline wife,
That her sons she 'd never see.

"I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fishes in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me, 15
In earthly flesh and blood!"

It fell about the Martinmas,
  When nights are lang and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons came hame,
  And their hats were o' the birk. 20

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
  Nor yet in ony sheugh;
But at the gates o' Paradise,
  That birk grew fair eneugh.
  * * * * *
"Blow up the fire, my maidens! 25
  Bring water from the well!
For a' my house shall feast this night,
  Since my three sons are well."

And she has made to them a bed,
  She 's made it large and wide; 30
And she 's ta'en her mantle her about,
  Sat down at the bed-side.
  * * * * *
Up then crew the red, red cock,
  And up and crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said, 35
  "'T is time we were away."

The cock he hadna crawed but once,
  And clapped his wings at a',
Whan the youngest to the eldest said,
  "Brother, we must awa'. 40

"The cock doth craw, the day doth daw',
  The channerin' worm doth chide;

Gin we be missed out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide. 44

"Fare ye weel, my mother dear!
Fareweel to barn and byre!
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass,
That kindles my mother's fire." 48

* * * * *

Scott, Minst. Scot. Bord.

THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY

"Rise up, rise up, now, Lord Douglas," she says,
"And put on your armour so bright;
Let it never be said that a daughter of thine
Was married to a lord under night.

"Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons, 5
And put on your armour so bright,
And take better care of your youngest sister,
For your eldest 's awa' the last night."

He 's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey, 10
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they rode away.

Lord William lookit o'er his left shoulder,
To see what he could see,
And there he spied her seven brethren bold, 15
Come riding o'er the lee.

"Light down, light down, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brethren bold,
And your father, I mak a stand." 20

She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
And never shed one tear,
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa',
And her father hard fighting, who loved her so dear.

"O hold your hand, Lord William!" she said, 25
"For your strokes they are wond'rous sair;
True lovers I can get many a ane,
But a father I can never get mair."

O she 's ta'en out her handkerchief,
It was o' the holland sae fine, 30
And aye she dighted her father's bloody wounds,
That were redder than the wine.

"O chuse, O chuse, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"O whether will ye gang or bide?"
"I 'll gang, I 'll gang, Lord William," she said, 35
"For ye have left me no other guide."

He 's lifted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And slowly they baith rade away. 40

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they came to yon wan water,
And there they lighted down.

They lighted down to tak a drink
Of the spring that ran sae clear;
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,
And sair she 'gan to fear.

"Hold up, hold up, Lord William," she says,
"For I fear that you are slain!"
"'T is naething but the shadow of my scarlet cloak,
That shines in the water sae plain."

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they cam to his mother's ha' door,
And there they lighted down.

"Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
"Get up, and let me in!
Get up, get up, lady mother!" he says,
"For this night my fair lady I've win.

"O mak my bed, lady mother," he says,
"O mak it braid and deep!
And lay Lady Marg'ret close at my back,
And the sounder I will sleep."

Lord William was dead lang ere midnight, 65
  Lady Marg'ret lang ere day—
And all true lovers that go thegither,
  May they have mair luck than they!

Lord William was buried in St. Mary's kirk,
  Lady Margaret in Mary's quire; 70
Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,
  And out o' the knight's a brier.

And they twa met, and they twa plat,
  And fain they wad be near;
And a' the warld might ken right weel, 75
  They were twa lovers dear.

But bye and rade the Black Douglas,
  And wow but he was rough!
For he pulled up the bonny brier,
  And flang 't in St. Mary's Loch. 80

Scott, Minst. Scot. Bord.

THE TWA CORBIES

As I was walking all alane,
  I heard twa corbies making a mane:
  The tane unto the t' other say,
"Whar sall we gang and dine to-day?" 4

"—In behint yon auld fail dyke
  I wot there lies a new-slain knight;

And naebody kens that he lies there
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair. 8

"His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady 's ta'en another mate,
So we may mak our dinner sweet. 12

"Ye 'll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I 'll pike out his bonny blue e'en:
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair
"We 'll theek our nest when it grows bare. 16

"Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken whare he is gane:
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair." 20

Scott, Minst. Scot. Bord.

THE BRAES OF YARROW

LATE at een, drinkin' the wine,
Or early in a mornin',
They set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawnin'. 4

"O stay at hame, my noble lord!
O stay at hame, my marrow!
My cruel brother will you betray,
On the dowie houms o' Yarrow." 8

"O fare ye weel, my lady gay!
O fare ye weel, my Sarah!
For I maun gae, tho' I ne'er return
Frae the dowie banks o' Yarrow." 12

She kiss'd his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
As she had done before, O;
She belted on his noble brand,
An' he's awa to Yarrow. 16

O he's gane up yon high, high hill—
I wat he gaed wi' sorrow—
An' in a den spied nine arm'd men,
I' the dowie houms o' Yarrow. 20

"O are ye come to drink the wine,
As ye hae doon before, O?
Or are ye come to wield the brand,
On the bonnie banks o' Yarrow?" 24

"I am no come to drink the wine,
As I hae doon before, O,
But I am come to wield the brand,
On the dowie houms o' Yarrow." 28

Four he hurt, an' five he slew,
On the dowie houms o' Yarrow,
Till that stubborn knight came him behind,
An' ran his body thorrow. 32

"Gae hame, gae hame, good brother John,
An' tell your sister Sarah

To come an' lift her noble lord,
Who 's sleepin' sound on Yarrow." 36

"Yestreen I dream'd a dolefu' dream;
I kend there wad be sorrow;
I dream'd I pu'd the heather green,
On the dowie banks o' Yarrow." 40

She gaed up yon high, high hill—
I wat she gaed wi' sorrow—
An' in a den spied nine dead men,
On the dowie houms o' Yarrow. 44

She kiss'd his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
As oft she did before, O;
She drank the red blood frae him ran,
On the dowie houms o' Yarrow. 48

"O haud your tongue, my douchter dear,
For what needs a' this sorrow?
I 'll wed you on a better lord
Than him you lost on Yarrow." 52

"O haud your tongue, my father dear,
An' dinna grieve your Sarah;
A better lord was never born
Than him I lost on Yarrow. 56

"Tak hame your ousen, tak hame your kye,
For they hae bred our sorrow;
I wiss that they had a' gane mad
Whan they cam first to Yarrow." 60

Child, Pop. Bal., No. 214E.

THY BRAES WERE BONNY

"THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream,
When first on them I met my lover;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream,
When now thy waves his body cover!
For ever now, O Yarrow stream!
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my Love, the flower of Yarrow. 8

"He promised me a milk-white steed
To bear me to his father's bowers;
He promised me a little page
To 'squire me to his father's towers;
He promised me a wedding-ring,—
The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow;—
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas, his watery grave in Yarrow! 16

'Sweet were his words when last we met;
My passion I as freely told him;
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him!
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan thro' Yarrow. 24

"His mother from the window look'd
With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister weeping walk'd
The green-wood path to meet her brother;
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow. 32

"No longer from thy window look—
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!
No longer walk, thou lovely maid;
Alas, thou hast no more a brother!
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough;
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow. 40

"The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow—
I 'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I 'll sleep in Yarrow."
—The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow. 48

1781-2. *John Logan.*

A LAMENT FOR FLODDEN

I 've heard the lilting at our ewe-milking,
  Lasses a-lilting before the dawn of day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
  The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away. 4

At bughts, in the morning, nae blithe lads are scorning,
  Lasses are lonely and dowie and wae;
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing,
  Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away. 8

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
  Bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and gray:
At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching—
  The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away. 12

At e'en, at the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming,
  'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—
  The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away. 16

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the
Border!
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the
foremost,
The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay. 20

We hear nae mair lilting at our ewe-milking;
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away. 24

1755. *Jean Elliot.*

WE ARE SEVEN

—A SIMPLE Child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death? 4

I met a little cottage Girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head. 8

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
—Her beauty made me glad. 12

We are Seven

"Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said
And wondering looked at me. 16

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea. 20

"Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother." 24

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven!—I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be." 28

Then did the little Maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree." 32

"You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five." 36

"Their graves are green, they may be seen"
The little Maid replied,

"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side. 40

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them. 44

"And often after sunset, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there. 48

"The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away. 52

"So in the church-yard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I. 56

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side." 60

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"

Quick was the little Maid's reply,
"O Master! we are seven." 64

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'T was throwing words away; for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!" 68

1798. *William Wordsworth.*

LUCY GRAY

OR, SOLITUDE

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray:
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child. 4

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
—The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door! 8

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen. 12

"To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow." 16

"That, Father! will I gladly do:
'T is scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon!" 20

At this the Father raised his hook,
And snapped a fagot-band;
He plied his work;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand. 24

Not blither is the mountain roe:
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke. 28

The storm came on before its time:
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb:
But never reached the town. 32

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide. 36

At day-break on the hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;

And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door. 40

They wept—and, turning homeward,
cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet;"
—When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet. 44

Then downwards from the steep hill's
edge
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall; 48

And then an open field they crossed:
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came. 52

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none! 56

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild. 60

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind. 64

1800. *William Wordsworth.*

PROUD MAISIE

From *The Heart of* ***Mid-Lothian***

PROUD Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely. 4

"Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?"—
"When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye." 8

"Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?"—
"The gray-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly. 12

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady.
The owl from the steeple sing,
'Welcome, proud lady.'" 16

1818. *Sir Walter Scott.*

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A Chieftain to the Highlands bound
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I 'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry!"—

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O, I 'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.— 8

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we 've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather. 12

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"— 16

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight—
"I 'll go, my chief—I 'm ready:—
It is not for your silver bright;
But for your winsome lady: 20

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white,
I 'll row you o'er the ferry."— 24

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking. 28

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armèd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.— 32

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I 'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."— 36

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, O! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather'd o'er her. 40

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,—
His wrath was changed to wailing. 44

For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:—
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover. 48

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—O my daughter!" 52

'T was vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting. 56

1804. *Thomas Campbell.*

THE SANDS OF DEE

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee!"
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she. 6

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,

As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land:
And never home came she. 12

"Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress of golden hair,
A drownèd maiden's hair
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee." 18

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea:
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee. 24

1849. *Charles Kingsley.*

THE THREE FISHERS

Three fishers went sailing away to the West,
Away to the West as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there 's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour bar be moaning. 7

High-tide on Coast of Lincolnshire

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
  And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
  And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
  And the harbour bar be moaning. 14

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
  In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
  For those who will never come home to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it 's over, the sooner to sleep;
  And good-bye to the bar and its moaning. 21

1851. *Charles Kingsley.*

THE HIGH-TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE. [TIME, 1571.]

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
  The ringers ran by two, by three;
"Pull! if ye never pulled before;
  Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Ply all your changes, all your swells!
  Play uppe *The Brides of Enderby!*" 7

Men say it was a "stolen tyde,"—
  The Lord that sent it, he knows all,
But in myne ears doth still abide
  The message that the bells let fall;
And there was naught of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied,
  By millions crouched on the old sea-wall. 14

I sat and spun within the doore;
  My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes:
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
  Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,—
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth. 21

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
        Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth,
Faintly came her milking-song. 29

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dews will soone be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
        Mellow, mellow!
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow!
Come uppe, Whitefoot! come uppe, Lightfoot!
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
        Hollow, hollow!

Come uppe, Jetty! rise and follow;
From the clovers lift your head!
Come uppe, Whitefoot! come uppe, Lightfoot!
Come uppe, Jetty! rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed." 42

If it be long—aye, long ago—
When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong;
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of *Enderby*. 49

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where, full fyve good miles away,
The steeple towered from out the greene.
And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide. 56

The swannerds, where their sedges are,
Moved on in sunset's golden breath;
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till, floating o'er the grassy sea,
Came downe that kyndly message free,
The Brides of Mavis Enderby. 63

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows

To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, "And why should this thing be,
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of *Enderby*. 70

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys, warping down,—
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne;
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring *The Brides of Enderby?*" 77

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main;
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again:
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.) 84

"The olde sea-wall (he cryed) is downe!
The rising tide comes on apace;
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place!"
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he sayth;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?" 91

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away
With her two bairns I marked her long;

And ere yon bells beganne to play,
  Afar I heard her milking-song."
He looked across the grassy sea,
To right, to left, *Ho, Enderby!*
They rang *The Brides of Enderby.* 98

With that he cried and beat his breast;
  For lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
  And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud, —
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud. 105

And rearing Lindis, backward pressed,
  Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
  Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout, —
Then beaten foam flew round about, —
Then all the mighty floods were out. 112

So farre, so fast, the eygre drave,
  The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
  Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee, —
And all the world was in the sea. 119

Upon the roofe we sate that night;
  The noise of bells went sweeping by;

I marked the lofty beacon light
  Stream from the church-tower, red and high,—
A lurid mark, and dread to see;
And awsome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang *Enderby.* 126

They rang the sailor lads to guide,
  From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
And I, — my sonne was at my side,
  And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"O come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth!" 133

And didst thou visit him no more?
  Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
  Ere the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place. 140

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
  That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea, —
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
  To manye more than myne and mee;
But each will mourne his own (she saith)
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth. 147

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,

High-tide on Coast of Lincolnshire

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along,
Where the sunny Lindis floweth;
Goeth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth,
Where the water, winding down,
Onward floweth to the town. 158

I shall never see her more,
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver,
Stand beside the sobbing river, —
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling,
To the sandy, lonesome shore;
I shall never hear her calling,
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow!
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow!
Come uppe, Whitefoot! come uppe, Lightfoot!
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow!
Come uppe, Lightfoot! rise and follow;
Lightfoot! Whitefoot!
From your clovers lift the head;
Come uppe, Jetty! follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed!" 176

1863. *Jean Ingelow.*

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE

Come hither, Evan Cameron!
  Come, stand behind my knee —
I hear the river roaring down
  Towards the wintry sea.
There 's shouting on the mountain-side,
  There 's war within the blast —
Old faces look upon me,
  Old forms go trooping past:
I hear the pibroch wailing
  Amidst the din of fight,
And my dim spirit wakes again
  Upon the verge of night. 12

'T was I that led the Highland host
  Through wild Lochaber's snows,
What time the plaided clans came down
  To battle with Montrose.
I 've told thee how the Southrons fell
  Beneath the broad claymore,
And how we smote the Campbell clan
  By Inverlochy's shore.
I 've told thee how we swept Dundee,
  And tamed the Lindsays' pride;
But never have I told thee yet
  How the great Marquis died. 24

A traitor sold him to his foes;
  O deed of deathless shame!
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet
  With one of Assynt's name —
Be it upon the mountain's side,
  Or yet within the glen,
Stand he in martial gear alone,
  Or backed by armèd men —
Face him, as thou wouldst face the man
  Who wronged thy sire's renown;
Remember of what blood thou art,
  And strike the caitiff down! 36

They brought him to the Watergate,
  Hard bound with hempen span,
As though they held a lion there,
  And not a fenceless man.
They set him high upon a cart —
  The hangman rode below —
They drew his hands behind his back,
  And bared his noble brow.
Then, as a hound is slipped from leash,
  They cheered the common throng,
And blew the note with yell and shout,
  And bade him pass along. 48

It would have made a brave man's heart
  Grow sad and sick that day,
To watch the keen malignant eyes
  Bent down on that array.
There stood the Whig west-country lords,
  In balcony and bow;

There sat their gaunt and withered dames,
  And their daughters all a-row.
And every open window
  Was full as full might be
With black-robed Covenanting carles,
  That goodly sport to see! 60

But when he came, though pale and wan,
  He looked so great and high,
So noble was his manly front,
  So calm his steadfast eye; —
The rabble rout forbore to shout;
  And each man held his breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul
  Was face to face with death.
And then a mournful shudder
  Through all the people crept,
And some that came to scoff at him
  Now turned aside and wept. 72

But onward — always onward,
  In silence and in gloom,
The dreary pageant laboured,
  Till it reached the house of doom.
Then first a woman's voice was heard
  In jeer and laughter loud,
And an angry cry and a hiss arose
  From the heart of the tossing crowd:
Then as the Græme looked upward,
  He saw the ugly smile
Of him who sold his king for gold —
  The master-fiend Argyle! 84

The Marquis gazed a moment,
  And nothing did he say,
But the cheek of Argyle grew ghastly pale,
  And he turned his eyes away.
The painted harlot by his side,
  She shook through every limb,
For a roar like thunder swept the street,
  And hands were clenched at him;
And a Saxon soldier cried aloud,
"Back, coward, from thy place!
For seven long years thou hast not dared
  To look him in the face." 96

Had I been there with sword in hand,
  And fifty Camerons by,
That day through high Dunedin's streets
  Had pealed the slogan-cry.
Not all their troops of trampling horse,
  Nor might of mailèd men —
Not all the rebels in the south
  Had borne us backwards then!
Once more his foot on Highland heath
  Had trod as free as air,
Or I, and all who bore my name,
  Been laid around him there! 108

It might not be. They placed him next
  Within the solemn hall,
Where once the Scottish kings were throned
  Amidst their nobles all.
But there was dust of vulgar feet
  On that polluted floor,

And perjured traitors filled the place
  Where good men sate before.
With savage glee came Warristoun
  To read the murderous doom;
And then uprose the great Montrose
  In the middle of the room. 120

"Now, by my faith as belted knight,
  And by the name I bear,
And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross
  That waves above us there —
Yea, by a greater, mightier oath —
  And Oh, that such should be! —
By that dark stream of royal blood
  That lies 'twixt you and me —
I have not sought in battle-field
  A wreath of such renown,
Nor dared I hope on my dying day
  To win the martyr's crown! 132

"There is a chamber far away
  Where sleep the good and brave,
But a better place ye have named for me
  Than by my father's grave.
For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might,
  This hand hath always striven,
And ye raise it up for a witness still
  In the eye of earth and heaven.
Then nail my head on yonder tower —
  Give every town a limb —
And God who made shall gather them:
  I go from you to Him!" 144

The morning dawned full darkly,
  The rain came flashing down,
And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt
  Lit up the gloomy town:
The thunder crashed across the heaven,
  The fatal hour was come;
Yet aye broke in with muffled beat,
  The 'larum of the drum.
There was madness on the earth below
  And anger in the sky,
And young and old, and rich and poor,
  Came forth to see him die. 156

Ah, God! that ghastly gibbet!
  How dismal 't is to see
The great tall spectral skeleton,
  The ladder and the tree!
Hark! hark! it is the clash of arms—
  The bells begin to toll—
"He is coming! he is coming!
  God's mercy on his soul!"
One last long peal of thunder—
  The clouds are cleared away,
And the glorious sun once more looks down
  Amidst the dazzling day. 168

"He is coming! he is coming!"
  Like a bridegroom from his room,
Came the hero from his prison
  To the scaffold and the doom.
There was glory on his forehead,
  There was lustre in his eye,

And he never walked to battle
  More proudly than to die:
There was colour in his visage,
  Though the cheeks of all were **wan;**
And they marvelled as they saw him pass,
  That great and goodly man! 180

He mounted up the scaffold,
  And he turned him to the crowd;
But they dared not trust the people,
  So he might not speak aloud.
But he looked upon the heavens,
  And they were clear and blue,
And in the liquid ether
  The eye of God shone through!
Yet a black and murky battlement
  Lay resting on the hill,
As though the thunder slept within—
  All else was calm and still. 192

The grim Geneva ministers
  With anxious scowl drew near,
As you have seen the ravens flock
  Around the dying deer.
He would not deign them word nor sign,
  But alone he bent the knee;
And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace
  Beneath the gallows-tree.
Then radiant and serene he rose,
  And cast his cloak away:
For he had ta'en his latest look
  Of earth and sun and day. 204

A beam of light fell o'er him,
  Like a glory round the shriven,
And he climbed the lofty ladder
  As it were the path to heaven.
Then came a flash from out the cloud,
  And a stunning thunder-roll;
And no man dared to look aloft,
  For fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound,
  A hush and then a groan;
And darkness swept across the sky—
  The work of death was done! 216

1848. *William Edmondstoune Aytoun.*

THE SHAMEFUL DEATH

THERE were four of us about that bed;
  The mass-priest knelt at the side,
I and his mother stood at the head,
  Over his feet lay the bride;
We were quite sure that he was dead,
  Though his eyes were open wide. 6

He did not die in the night,
  He did not die in the day,
But in the morning twilight
  His spirit pass'd away,
When neither sun nor moon was bright,
  And the trees were merely gray. 12

He was not slain with the sword,
  Knight's axe, or the knightly spear,
Yet spoke he never a word
  After he came in here;
I cut away the cord
  From the neck of my brother dear. 18

He did not strike one blow,
  For the recreants came behind,
In the place where the hornbeams grow,
  A path right hard to find,
For the hornbeam boughs swing so,
  That the twilight makes it blind. 24

They lighted a great torch then,
  When his arms were pinion'd fast,
Sir John the knight of the Fen,
  Sir Guy of the Dolorous Blast,
With knights threescore and ten,
  Hung brave Lord Hugh at last. 30

I am threescore and ten,
  And my hair is all turn'd grey,
But I met Sir John of the Fen
  Long ago on a summer day,
And am glad to think of the moment when
  I took his life away. 36

I am threescore and ten,
  And my strength is mostly pass'd,
But long ago I and my men,
  When the sky was overcast,

And the smoke roll'd over the reeds of the fen,
Slew Guy of the Dolorous Blast. 42

And now, knights all of you,
I pray you pray for Sir Hugh,
A good knight and a true,
And for Alice, his wife, pray too. 46

1858. *William Morris.*

RIZPAH

17—

WAILING, wailing, wailing, the wind over land and sea—
And Willy's voice in the wind, "O mother, come out to me!"
Why should he call me to-night, when he knows that I cannot go?
For the downs are as bright as day, and the full moon stares at the snow. 4

We should be seen, my dear; they would spy us out of the town.
The loud black nights for us, and the storm rushing over the down,
When I cannot see my own hand, but am led by the creak of the chain,
And grovel and grope for my son till I find myself drenched with the rain. 8

Anything fallen again? nay—what was there
left to fall?
I have taken them home, I have number'd the
bones, I have hidden them all.
What am I saying? and what are *you?* do you
come as a spy?
Falls? what falls? who knows? As the tree
falls so must it lie. 12

Who let her in? how long has she been? you—
what have you heard?
Why did you sit so quiet? you never have
spoken a word.
O—to pray with me—yes—a lady—none of
their spies—
But the night has crept into my heart, and
begun to darken my eyes. 16

Ah—you, that have lived so soft, what should
you know of the night,
The blast and the burning shame and the bitter
frost and the fright?
I have done it, while you were asleep—you
were only made for the day.
I have gather'd my baby together—and now
you may go your way. 20

Nay—for it's kind of you, Madam, to sit by an
old dying wife.
But say nothing hard of my boy, I have only an
hour of life.

I kiss'd my boy in the prison, before he went
out to die.
"They dared me to do it," he said, and he never
has told me a lie.
I whipt him for robbing an orchard once when
he was but a child—
"The farmer dared me to do it," he said; he was
always so wild—
And idle—and could n't be idle—my Willy—
he never could rest.
The King should have made him a soldier, he
would have been one of his best. 28

But he lived with a lot of wild mates, and they
never would let him be good;
They swore that he dare not rob the mail, and
he swore that he would;
And he took no life, but he took one purse, and
when all was done
He flung it among his fellows—"I 'll none of
it," said my son. 32

I came into court to the Judge and the lawyers.
I told them my tale,
God's own truth—but they kill'd him, they
kill'd him for robbing the mail.
They hang'd him in chains for a show—we had
always borne a good name—
To be hang'd for a thief—and then put away—
is n't that enough shame?
Dust to dust—low down—let us hide! but
they set him so high

That all the ships of the world could stare at
    him, passing by.
God 'll pardon the hell-black raven and horrible
    fowls of the air,
But not the black heart of the lawyer who
    kill'd him and hang'd him there. 40

And the jailer forced me away. I had bid him
    my last good bye;
They had fasten'd the door of his cell. "O
    mother!" I heard him cry.
I could n't get back tho' I tried, he had some-
    thing further to say,
And now I never shall know it. The jailer
    forced me away. 44

Then since I could n't but hear that cry of my
    boy that was dead,
They seized me and shut me up: they fasten'd
    me down on my bed.
"Mother, O mother!"—he call'd in the dark to
    me year after year—
They beat me for that, they beat me—you know
    that I could n't but hear;
And then at the last they found I had grown so
    stupid and still
They let me abroad again—but the creatures
    had worked their will. 50

Flesh of my flesh was gone, but bone of my
    bone was left—
I stole them all from the lawyers—and you
    will you call it a theft?—

My baby, the bones that had suck'd me, the
bones that had laugh'd and had cried—
Theirs? O, no! they are mine—not theirs—
they had moved in my side. 54

Do you think I was scared by the bones? I
kiss'd 'em, I buried 'em all—
I can't dig deep, I am old—in the night by the
churchyard wall.
My Willy 'll rise up whole when the trumpet
of judgment 'll sound;
But I charge you never to say that I laid him
in holy ground. 58

They would scratch him up—they would hang
him again on the cursed tree.
Sin? O yes, we are sinners, I know—let all
that be,
And read me a Bible verse of the Lord's good-
will toward men—
"Full of compassion and mercy, the Lord"—let
me hear it again;
"Full of compassion and mercy—long-suffering."
Yes, O yes!
For the lawyer is born but to murder—the
Saviour lives but to bless.
He 'll never put on the black cap except for the
worst of the worst,
And the first may be last—I have heard it in
church—and the last may be first.

Suffering—O, long-suffering—yes, as the Lord
must know,
Year after year in the mist and the wind and
the shower and the snow. 68

Heard, have you? what? they have told you he
never repented his sin.
How do they know it? are *they* his mother?
are *you* of his kin?
Heard! have you ever heard, when the storm
on the downs began,
The wind that 'ill wail like a child and the sea
that 'ill moan like a man? 72

Election, Election, and Reprobation—it 's all
very well.
But I go to-night to my boy, and I shall not find
him in Hell.
For I cared so much for my boy that the Lord
has look'd into my care,
And He means me I 'm sure to be happy with
Willy, I know not where. 76

And if *he* be lost—but to save *my* soul, that is
all your desire—
Do you think that I care for *my* soul if my boy
be gone to the fire?
I have been with God in the dark—go, go, you
may leave me alone—
You never have borne a child—you are just as
hard as a stone. 80

Madam, I beg your pardon! I think that you
mean to be kind,
But I cannot hear what you say for my Willy's
voice is in the wind—
The snow and the sky so bright—he used but
to call in the dark,
And he calls to me now from the church and
not from the gibbet—for hark!
Nay—you can hear it yourself—it is coming—
shaking the walls—
Willy—the moon's in a cloud——Good night.
I am going. He calls. 86

1880. *Lord Tennyson.*

THE RAVEN

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered,
weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of for-
gotten lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there
came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my
chamber door.
"'T is some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my
chamber door;
Only this, and nothing more." 6

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow,—sorrow for the lost Lenore,—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels named Lenore,—
Nameless here for evermore. 12

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me,—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'T is some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
That it is, and nothing more." 18

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you"—Here I
opened wide the door;
Darkness there, and nothing more. 24

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood
there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever
dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness
gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whis-
pered word "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back
the word "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more. 30

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul
within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder
than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my
window-lattice;
Let me see then what thereat is, and this mys-
tery explore,—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mys-
tery explore;—
'T is the wind, and nothing more." 36

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many
a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly
days of yore.

Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant
stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above
my chamber door,—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my
chamber door,—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more. 42

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy
into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the counte-
nance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,"
I said, "art sure no craven;
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering
from the Nightly shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's
Plutonian shore?"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!" 48

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear
discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little rele-
vancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living
human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his
chamber door,
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above
his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore!" 54

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered,—not a feather then he fluttered,—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before,—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore!"

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his song one burden bore,
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore,—
Of 'Never—nevermore!'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door,
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—

What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and
ominous bird of yore—
Meant in croaking "Nevermore!" 72

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable
expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into
my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at
ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-
light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-
light gloating o'er,
She shall press—ah! nevermore! 78

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed
from an unseen censer,
Swung by Seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on
the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee,—by
these angels he hath sent thee
Respite,—respite and nepenthe from thy memo-
ries of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget
this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!" 84

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet
still, if bird or devil!
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest
tossed thee here ashore,

Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted,—
On this home by Horror haunted,—tell me truly, I implore,—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me,—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!" 90

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us,—by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore,
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!" 96

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting,—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!" 102

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting,
still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my
chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's
that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws
his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies
floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—*nevermore!* 108

1845. *Edgar Allan Poe.*

SELECTIONS FROM THE LATER POETRY

Ballads

Love
The Sea
War
Death and Sorrow

THE BALLAD OF CAMDEN TOWN

I WALKED with Maisie long years back
  The streets of Camden Town,
I splendid in my suit of black,
  And she divine in brown. 4

Hers was a proud and noble face,
  A secret heart and eyes
Like water in a lonely place
  Beneath unclouded skies. 8

A bed, a chest, a faded mat,
  And broken chairs a few.
Were all we had to grace our flat
  In Hazel Avenue. 12

But I could walk to Hampstead Heath,
  And crown her head with daisies,
And watch the streaming world beneath,
  And men with other Maisies. 16

When I was ill and she was pale
  And empty stood our store,
She left the latch key on its nail,
  And saw me nevermore. 20

Perhaps she cast herself away
  Lest both of us should drown:
Perhaps she feared to die, as they
  Who die in Camden Town. 24

What 'came of her? The bitter nights
  Destroy the rose and lily,
And souls are lost among the lights
  Of painted Piccadilly. 28

What 'came of her? The river flows
  So deep and wide and stilly,
And waits to catch the fallen rose
  And clasp the broken lily. 32

I dream she dwells in London still
  And breathes the evening air,
And often walk to Primrose Hill,
  And hope to meet her there. 36

Once more together we will live,
  For I will find her yet;
I have so little to forgive;
  So much I can't forget. 40

James Elroy Flecker.

THE PROUD LADY

WHEN Stävoren town was in its prime
  And queened the Zuyder Zee,
Its ships went out to every clime
  With costly merchantry. 4

The Proud Lady

A lady dwelt in that rich town,
  The fairest in all the land;
She walked abroad in a velvet gown,
  With many rings on her hand. 8

Her hair was bright as the beaten gold,
  Her lips as coral red,
Her roving eyes were blue and bold,
  And her heart with pride was fed. 12

For she was proud of her father's ships,
  As she watched them gayly pass;
And pride looked out of her eyes and lips
  When she saw herself in the glass. 16

"Now come," she said to the captains ten,
  Who were ready to put to sea,
"Ye are all my men and my father's men,
  And what will ye do for me?" 20

"Go north and south, go east and west,
  And get me gifts," she said.
"And he who bringeth me home the best,
  With that man will I wed." 24

So they all fared forth, and sought with care
  In many a famous mart,
For satins and silks and jewels rare,
  To win that lady's heart. 28

She looked at them all with never a thought,
  And careless put them by;

"I am not fain of the things ye brought,
  Enough of these have I." 32

The last that came was the head of the fleet,
  His name was Jan Borel;
He bent his knee at the lady's feet,—
  In truth he loved her well. 36

"I've brought thee home the best i' the world,
  A shipful of Danzig corn!"
She stared at him long; her red lips curled,
  Her blue eyes filled with scorn. 40

"Now out on thee, thou feckless kerl,
  A loon thou art," she said.
"Am I a starving beggar girl?
  Shall I ever lack for bread? 44

"Go empty all thy sacks of grain
  Into the nearest sea,
And never show thy face again
  To make a mock of me." 48

Young Jan Borel, he answered naught,
  But in the harbor cast
The sacks of golden corn he brought,
  And groaned when fell the last. 52

Then Jan Borel, he hoisted sail,
  And out to sea he bore;
He passed the Helder in a gale
  And came again no more. 56

The Proud Lady

But the grains of corn went drifting down
  Like devil-scattered seed,
To sow the harbor of the town
  With a wicked growth of weed. 60

The roots were thick and the silt and sand
  Were gathered day by day,
  ill not a furlong out from land
  A shoal had barred the way. 64

The Stävoren town saw evil years,
  No ships could out or in,
The boats lay rotting at the piers,
  And the mouldy grain in the bin. 68

The grass-grown streets were all forlorn,
  The town in ruin stood,
The lady's velvet gown was torn,
  Her rings were sold for food. 72

Her father had perished long ago,
  But the lady held her pride,
She walked with a scornful step and slow,
  Till at last in her rags she died. 76

Yet still on the crumbling piers of the town,
  When the midnight moon shines free,
A woman walks in a velvet gown
  And scatters corn in the sea. 80

Henry van Dyke.

THE EARL O' QUARTERDECK*

A New Old Ballad

THE wind it blew, and the ship it flew;
  And it was "Hey for hame!
And ho for hame!" But the skipper cried,
  "Haud her oot o'er the saut sea faem." 4

Then up and spoke the King himsel':
  "Haud on for Dunfermline!"
Quo the skipper, "Ye're king upon' the land—
  I'm king upo' the brine." 8

And he took the helm intil his hand,
  And he steered the ship sae free;
Wi' the wind astarn, he crowded sail,
  And stood right out to sea. 12

Quo the king, "There's treason in this I vow;
  This is something underhand!
'Bout ship!" Quo the skipper, "Yer grace forgets
  Ye are king but o' the land!" 16

*Used by permission of Dr. Greville Macdonald and of the publishers, Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd.

And still he held to the open sea;
  And the east-wind sank behind;
And the west had a bitter word to say,
  Wi' a white-sea roarin' wind. 20

And he turned her head into the north.
  Said the king: "Gar fling him o'er."
Quo the fearless skipper: "It's a' ye're worth!
  Ye'll ne'er see Scotland more." 24

The king crept down the cabin-stair,
  To drink the gude French wine.
And up she came, his daughter fair,
  And luikit ower the brine. 28

She turned her face to the drivin' hail,
  To the hail but and the weet;
Her snood it brak, and, as lang's hersel',
  Her hair drave out i' the sleet. 32

She turned her face frae the drivin' win'—
  "What's that ahead?" quo she.
The skipper he threw himsel' frae the win',
  And he drove the helm a-lee. 36

"Put to yer hand, my lady fair!
  Put to yer hand," quo he:
"Gin she dinna face the win' the mair,
  It's the waur for you and me." 40

For the skipper kenned that strength is strength
  Whether woman's or man's at last.

To the tiller the lady she laid her han',
  And the ship laid her cheek to the blast. 44

For that slender body was full o' soul,
  And the will is mair than shape;
As the skipper saw when they cleared the berg,
  And he heard her quarter scrape. 48

Quo the skipper: "Ye are a lady fair,
  And a princess grand to see;
But ye are a woman, and a man wad sail 52
  To hell in yer company."

She liftit a pale and queenly face;
  Her een flashed, and syne they swim.
"And what for no to heaven?" she says,
  And she turned awa' frae him. 56

But she took na her han' frae the good ship's helm,
  Until the day did daw;
And the skipper he spak, but what he said
  It was said atween them twa. 60

And then the good ship she lay to,
  With the land far on the lee;
And up came the king upo' the deck,
  Wi' wan face and bluidshot ee. 64

The skipper he louted to the king:
  "Gae wa', gae wa'," said the king.
Said the king, like a prince, "I was a' wrang,
  Put on this ruby ring." 68

And the wind blew lowne, and the stars cam' oot,
  And the ship turned to the shore;
And, afore the sun was up again,
  They saw Scotland ance more. 72

That day the ship hung at the pier-heid,
  And the king he stept on the land.
"Skipper, kneel down," the king he said.
  "Hoo daur ye afore me stand?" 76

The skipper he louted on his knee,
  The king his blade he drew:
Said the king, "How daured ye contre me?
  I'm aboard my ain ship noo. 80

"I canna mak ye a king," said he,
  "For the Lord alone can do that;
And besides ye took it intil yer ain han'
  And crooned yersel' sae pat! 84

"But wi' what ye will I redeem my ring;
  For ance I am at your beck.
And first, as ye loutit Skipper o' Doon,
  Rise up Yerl o' Quarterdeck." 88

The skipper he rose and looked at the king
  In his een for all his croon;
Said the skipper, "Here is yer grace's ring,
  And yer daughter is my boon." 92

The reid blude sprang into the king's face,—
  A wrathful man to see:

"The rascal loon abuses our grace;
  Gae hang him upon yon tree." 96

But the skipper he sprang aboard his ship,
  And he drew his biting blade;
And he struck the chain that held her fast,
  But the iron was over weel made. 100

And the king he blew a whistle loud;
  And tramp, tramp, down the pier,
Cam' twenty riders on twenty steeds,
  Clankin' wi' spur and spear. 104

"He saved your life!" cried the lady fair;
  "His life ye daurna spill!"
"Will ye come atween me and my hate?"
  Quo the lady, "And that I will!" 108

And on cam' the knights wi' spur and spear,
  For they heard the iron ring.
"Gin ye care na for yer father's grace,
  Mind ye that I am the king." 112

"I kneel to my father for his grace,
  Right lowly on my knee;
But I stand and look the king in the face,
  For the skipper is king o' me." 116

She turned and she sprang upo' the deck,
  And the cable splashed in the sea.
The good ship spread her wings sae white,
  And away with the skipper goes she. 120

The Maid

Now was not this a king's daughter,
  And a brave lady beside?
And a woman with whom a man might sail
  Into the heaven wi' pride? 124

George Macdonald.

HEROES OF THE "TITANIC"

HONOUR the brave who sleep
  Where the lost *Titanic* lies,
The men who knew what a man must do
  When he looks Death in the eyes. 4

"Women and children first,"—
  Ah, strong and tender cry!
The sons whom women had borne and nursed,
  Remembered,—and dared to die. 8

The boats crept off in the dark:
  The great ship groaned: and then, —
O stars of the night, who saw that sight,
  Bear witness, *These were men!* 12

November 9, 1912. *Henry van Dyke.*

THE MAID

THUNDER of riotous hoofs over the
  quaking sod;
Clash of reeking squadrons, steel-capped,
  iron-shod;
The White Maid and white horse, and the flapping banner of God.

Black hearts riding for money; red hearts
riding for fame;
The Maid who rides for France and the
King who rides for shame— 5
Gentlemen, fools, and a saint riding in
Christ's high name!

"Dust to dust!" it is written. Wind-scattered
are lance and bow.
Dust, the Cross of Saint George; dust, the
banner of snow.
The bones of the King are crumbled,
and rotted the shafts of the foe.

Forgotten the young knight's valor;
forgotten, the captain's skill; 10
Forgotten, the fear and the hate and
the mailed hands raised to kill;
Forgotten, the shields that clashed and
the arrows that cried so shrill.

Like a story from some old book, that
battle of long ago:
Shadows, the poor French King and the
might of his English foe;
Shadows, the charging nobles and the
archers kneeling a-row— 15
But a flame in my heart and my eyes,
the Maid with her banner of snow!

Theodore Goodridge Roberts.

THE STANDARD-BEARER

I

"How can I tell," Sir Edward said,
  "Who has the right or the wrong o' this thing?
  Cromwell stands for the people's cause,
  Charles is crowned by the ancient laws;
English meadows are sopping red,
Englishmen striking each other dead,—
  Times are black as a raven's wing.
Out of the ruck and the mirk I see
      Only one thing!
The King has trusted his banner to me,
  And I must fight for the King." 11

II

Into the thick of the Edgehill fight
  Sir Edward rode with a shout; and the ring
  Of grim-faced, hard-hitting Parliament men
  Swallowed him up,—it was one against ten!
He fought for the standard with all his might,
Never again did he come to sight—
  Victor, hid by the raven's wing!
After the battle had passed we found
      Only one thing,—
The hand of Sir Edward gripped around
  The banner-staff of his King. 22

Henry van Dyke.

THE FORGOTTEN SOUL

'TWAS I that cried against the pane on All
Souls' Night
(O pulse of my heart's life, how could you
never hear?)
You filled the room I knew with yellow
candle-light
And cheered the lass beside you when she
cried in fear,

'Twas I that went beside you in the gray
woodmist
(O core of my heart's heart, how could you
never know?)
You only frowned and shuddered as you bent
and kissed
The lass hard by you, handfast, as I used
to go. 8

'Twas I that stood to greet you on the church-
yard pave
(O fire of my heart's grief, how could you
never see?)
You smiled in careless dreaming as you crossed
my grave
And hummed a little love-song where
they buried me! 12

Margaret Widdemer.

THE UNKNOWN BELOVÈD*

I DREAMED I passed a doorway
  Where, for a sign of death,
White ribbons one was binding
  About a flowery wreath. 4

What drew me so I know not,
  But drawing near I said,
"Kind sir, and can you tell me
  Who is it here lies dead?" 8

Said he, "Your most belovèd
  Died here this very day,
That had known twenty Aprils
  Had she but lived till May." 12

Astonished I made answer,
  "Good sir, how say you so!
Here have I no belovèd,
  This house I do not know." 16

Quoth he, "Who from the world's end
  Was destined unto thee
Here lies, thy true belovèd
  Whom thou shalt never see." 20

*From the author's "Dust and Light," Scribner, 1919.

I dreamed I passed a doorway
  Where, for a sign of death,
White ribbons one was binding
  About a flowery wreath. 24

John Hall Wheelock.

BALLAD OF THREE

UPON the river's brink she stands
  And tastes the dawn's white breath.
She wrings her slender, silver hands,
  "God's curse on love," she saith.
"Love binds me with his cruel bands
  That break not save with death." 6

"Now Geoffrey is a huntsman bold
  And slays the mountain deer,
And Hugh plows up the fragrant mold
  And plucks the ripened ear.
In friendship would these twain grow old
  Did I not dwell anear. 12

"Hugh brings me grapes with sunlight sweet,
  Like globes of amethyst,
While Geoffrey's fawn with snowflake feet
  Is corded to my wrist.
They mutter curses when they meet,
  Their sight dims with red mist. 18

"And it is love hath done this thing;
  Yea, Geoffrey loves my hair,

Ballad of Three

And Hugh lifts up his voice to sing
  That my sad face is fair,
And love strews poison in the spring
  And fouls the pleasant air. 24

"But not for my poor loveliness
  Shall blood of brothers flow.
What is one woman, more or less?
  And what is love but woe!
I want no murderer's caress,
  So for love's sake—I go." 30

Lads, sheathe your knives, no use to fight,
  The lady you would wed
Shall sleep alone in state to-night
  With candles at her head.
Lift, friends, this figure still and white
  And bear her to her bed. 36

Joyce Kilmer.

THE RIDE TO THE LADY*

"Now since mine even is come at last,—
For I have been the sport of steel,
And hot life ebbeth from me fast,
And I in saddle roll and reel,—
Come bind me, bind me on my steed!
Of fingering leech I have no need!"

*From "A Chant of Love for England and Other Poems," published by E. P. Dutton, New York City.

The chaplain clasped his mailèd knee.
"Nor need I more thy whine and thee!
No time is left my sins to tell;
But look ye bind me, bind me well!" 10
They bound him strong with leathern thong,
For the ride to the lady should be long.

Day was dying; the poplars fled,
Thin as ghosts, on a sky blood-red;
Out of the sky the fierce hue fell,
And made the streams as the streams of hell.
All his thoughts as a river flowed,
Flowed aflame as fleet he rode,
Onward flowed to her abode,
Ceased at her feet, mirrored her face. 20
(Viewless Death apace, apace,
Rode behind him in that race.)

"Face, mine own, mine alone,
Trembling lips my lips have known,
Birdlike stir of the dove-soft eyne
Under the kisses that make them mine!
Only of thee, of thee, my need!
Only to thee, to thee, I speed!"
The Cross flashed by at the highway's turn;
In a beam of the moon the Face shone stern. 30

Far behind had the fight's din died;
The shuddering stars in the welkin wide
Crowded, crowded, to see him ride.
The beating hearts of the stars aloof
Kept time to the beat of the horse's hoof.

"What is the throb that thrills so sweet?
Heart of my lady, I feel it beat!"
But his own strong pulse the fainter fell,
Like the failing tongue of a hushing bell.
The flank of the great-limbed steed was wet 40
Not alone with the started sweat.

Fast, and fast, and the thick black wood
Arched its cowl like a black friar's hood;
Fast, and fast, and they plunged therein,—
But the viewless rider rode to win.
Out of the wood to the highway's light
Galloped the great-limbed steed in fright;
The mail clashed cold, and the sad owl cried,
And the weight of the dead oppressed his side.

Fast, and fast, by the road he knew; 50
And slow, and slow, the stars withdrew;
And the waiting heaven turned weirdly blue,
As a garment worn of a wizard grim.
He neighed at the gate in the morning dim.

She heard no sound before her gate,
Though very quiet was her bower.
All was as her hand had left it late:
The needle slept on the broidered vine,
Where the hammer and spikes of the passion-flower
Her fashioning did wait. 60

On the couch lay something fair,
With steadfast lips and veilèd eyne;

But the lady was not there.
On the wings of shrift and prayer,
Pure as winds that winnow snow,
Her soul had risen twelve hours ago.
The burdened steed at the barred gate stood,
No whit the nearer to his goal.
Now God's great grace assoil the soul
That went out in the wood! 70

Helen Gray Cone.

THE BALLAD OF FATHER GILLIGAN*

THE old priest Peter Gilligan
Was weary night and day;
For half his flock were in their beds,
Or under green sods lay. 4

Once, while he nodded on a chair,
At the moth-hour of eve,
Another poor man sent for him,
And he began to grieve. 8

"I have no rest, nor joy, nor peace,
For people die and die";
And after cried he, "God forgive!
My body spake, not I!" 12

*Used by arrangement with the author's agents, A. P. Watt and Son, London, and with his American publishers, The Macmillan Company.

The Ballad of Father Gilligan

He knelt, and leaning on the chair
He prayed and fell asleep;
And the moth-hour went from the fields,
And stars began to peep. 16

They slowly into millions grew,
And leaves shook in the wind;
And God covered the world with shade,
And whispered to mankind. 20

Upon the time of sparrow chirp
When the moths came once more,
The old priest Peter Gilligan
Stood upright on the floor. 24

"Mavrone, mavrone! the man has died,
While I slept on the chair";
He roused his horse out of his sleep,
And rode with little care. 28

He rode now as he never rode,
By rocky lane and fen;
The sick man's wife opened the door;
"Father! you come again!" 32

"And is the poor man dead?" he cried.
"He died an hour ago."
The old priest Peter Gilligan
In grief swayed to and fro. 36

"When you were gone, he turned and died
As merry as a bird."

The old priest Peter Gilligan
He knelt him at the word. 40

"He who hath made the night of stars
For souls who tire and bleed,
Sent one of His great angels down
To help me in my need. 44

"He who is wrapped in purple robes,
With planets in His care,
Had pity on the least of things
Asleep upon a chair." 48

William Butler Yeats.

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INTRODUCTION

INTRODUCTION

THIS volume of *Little Masterpieces of English Poetry* contains idyls and stories in verse. It covers a region lying between the ballad, which is almost, if not altogether, objective and impersonal, and the descriptive and reflective lyric, in which the personal thought and feeling of the poet is the main element. The poems in this volume are marked by a blending of the two elements. They are narratives which have in them something of the reflective and descriptive element. Of course this must not be taken as a hard and fast classification, nor are the divisions within the volume to be so regarded. Many of the poems here have aspects and relations which connect them with the poems in other groups.

The idyls have been separated from the rest on the principle of classification, that they are poems which call up pictures of life and landscape for the sake of the pictures themselves. There is emotional coloring and usually a human figure or figures in the foreground. The difficulty arises with poems like Shelley's *Sensitive Plant* and Lowell's *Rhœcus*. The former, which has in it something of the elegy and something of the allegory, has been put with the idyls because the picture which it calls up seems to be the principal

thing. On the other hand, *Rhœcus* is in many respects truly an idyl, but finds place among poems of another class where the legendary and symbolic element is thought to predominate.

Longfellow's *The Building of the Ship* and several others are not mere stories. They are allegorical and symbolic. Their purpose is to teach a lesson or to indicate a similitude. Most of the stories also which deal with real or invented myth and legend are of the same general class, so that we have thought it convenient and fitting to put these legendary and allegorical pieces together in one group within the volume.

Another variety of story in verse, mainly very recent in composition, bears striking resemblance in its aim and effect, its intensified unity, to the now pretty generally recognized prose-form, the short story,—as distinguished from the story which happens to be short. An incident is narrated, as in Sill's *The Fool's Prayer* and Bret Harte's *Ramon,* or a situation is described in narrative form, as in Hood's *The Dream of Eugene Aram,* not for the story, but for its emotional value. This class is closely connected with the dramatic monologue and the character-piece. Arnold's *The Forsaken Merman* and Mrs. Browning's *Mother and Poet* have been considered far enough over the border to be included here. Such stories may be said to differ from idyls mainly in their more dramatic quality. Three or four poems of death and bereavement, pointing out a connection with elegiac verse, have

been put together in this section, because they seemed dramatic and single in their emotional appeal.

After the idyls, the legendary and allegorical pieces, and the short-stories in verse have been taken out, there yet remain a large number of tales and brief epics. There is no word to denote the short epic, though the epic quality manifests itself quite as plainly in short poems as in long ones. There are, besides, short romances and plain tales of every-day life. These poems have been grouped together in the largest section of the volume and stand third in the arrangement. Some of the poems, as Byron's *The Destruction of Sennacherib,* are ballad-like. *The Heathen Chinee* has in it perhaps something of the ballad and something of the character-piece. It has been put here with other poems of a homely nature rather than elsewhere. The same may be said of Holmes's *The One-Hoss Shay,* which is also a hard poem to classify.

The arrangement of this section and of the whole volume, aside from the tentative and rather difficult boundaries, has been made with a view to harmonious juxtaposition and easy transition. Far greater difficulties than those of arrangement have confronted us in the matter of selection. Much of the finest poetry in the language is short narrative; and some inevitable choices have been debarred, because they were considered somewhat too long to be included in a collection of little masterpieces.

HARDIN CRAIG.

IDYLS

A KING LIVED LONG AGO

From *Pippa Passes*

A KING lived long ago,
In the morning of the world,
When earth was nigher heaven than now;
And the king's locks curled,
Disparting o'er a forehead full
As the milk-white space 'twixt horn and horn
Of some sacrificial bull—
Only calm as a babe new-born:
For he was got to a sleepy mood,
So safe from all decrepitude, 10
Age with its bane, so sure gone by,
(The gods so loved him while he dreamed)
That, having lived thus long, there seemed
No need the king should ever die.
Among the rocks his city was:
Before his palace, in the sun,
He sat to see his people pass,
And judge them every one
From its threshold of smooth stone.
They haled him many a valley-thief 20
Caught in the sheep-pens, robber-chief
Swarthy and shameless, beggar-cheat,

Spy-prowler, or rough pirate found
On the sea-sand left aground;
And sometimes clung about his feet,
With bleeding lip and burning cheek,
A woman, bitterest wrong to speak
Of one with sullen thickset brows:
And sometimes from the prison-house
The angry priests a pale wretch brought, 30
Who through some chink had pushed and
pressed
On knees and elbows, belly and breast,
Worm-like into the temple,—caught
He was by the very god,
Who ever in the darkness strode
Backward and forward, keeping watch
O'er his brazen bowls, such rogues to catch!
These, all and every one,
The king judged, sitting in the sun.
His councillors, on left and right, 40
Looked anxious up,—but no surprise
Disturbed the king's old smiling eyes
Where the very blue had turned to white.
'T is said, a Python scared one day
The breathless city, till he came,
With forky tongue and eyes on flame,
Where the old king sat to judge alway;
But when he saw the sweepy hair
Girt with a crown of berries rare
Which the god will hardly give to wear 50
To the maiden who singeth, dancing bare
In the altar-smoke by the pine-torch lights,
At his wondrous forest rites,—

Seeing this he did not dare
Approach that threshold in the sun,
Assault the old king smiling there.
Such grace had kings when the world began!

1841. *Robert Browning.*

DORA

With farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son,
And she his niece. He often look'd at them,
And often thought, "I'll make them man and wife."
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
And yearn'd toward William; but the youth, because
He had always been with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora.
Then there came a day
When Allan call'd his son, and said: "My son,
I married late, but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I die;
And I have set my heart upon a match.
Now therefore look to Dora; she is well
To look to; thrifty too beyond her age.
She is my brother's daughter; he and I
Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
In foreign lands; but for his sake I bred
His daughter Dora. Take her for your wife;

For I have wish'd this marriage night and day,
For many years." But William answered
short: 20
"I cannot marry Dora; by my life,
I will not marry Dora!" Then the old man
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said:
"You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!
But in my time a father's word was law,
And so it shall be now for me. Look to it;
Consider, William, take a month to think,
And let me have an answer to my wish;
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
And never more darken my doors again." 30
But William answer'd madly, bit his lips,
And broke away. The more he look'd at her
The less he liked her; and his ways were harsh;
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
The month was out he left his father's house,
And hired himself to work within the fields;
And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed
A laborer's daughter, Mary Morrison.
Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd
His niece and said: "My girl, I love you
well; 40
But if you speak with him that was my son,
Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
My home is none of yours. My will is law."
And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,
"It cannot be; my uncle's mind will change!"
And days went on, and there was born a boy
To William; then distresses came on him;

And day by day he passed his father's gate,
Heart-broken, and his father helped him not.
But Dora stored what little she could save, 50
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
Who sent it; till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvest time he died.
Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
And look'd with tears upon her boy, and thought
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said:
"I have obey'd my uncle until now,
And I have sinn'd, for it was all thro' me
This evil came on William at the first.
But, Mary, for the sake of him that 's gone, 60
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
And for this orphan, I am come to you.
You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvest. Let me take the boy,
And I will set him in my uncle's eye
Among the wheat; that when his heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that 's gone."
And Dora took the child, and went her way
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound 70
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
Far off the farmer came into the field
And spied her not, for none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,
But her heart fail'd her; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.
But when the morrow came, she rose and took

The child once more, and sat upon the mound;
And made a little wreath of all the flowers 80
That grew about, and tied it round his hat
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
Then when the farmer pass'd into the field
He spied her, and he left his men at work,
And came and said: "Where were you yesterday?
Whose child is that? What are you doing here?"
So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
And answer'd softly, "This is William's child!"
"And did I not," said Allan, "did I not
Forbid you, Dora?" Dora said again: 90
"Do with me as you will, but take the child,
And bless him for the sake of him that 's gone!"
And Allan said, "I see it is a trick
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
I must be taught my duty, and by you!
You knew my word was law, and yet you dared
To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy;
But go you hence, and never see me more."
So saying, he took the boy that cried aloud
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell 100
At Dora's feet. She bow'd upon her hands,
And the boy's cry came to her from the field
More and more distant. She bow'd down her head,
Remembering the day when first she came,
And all the things that had been. She bow'd down

And wept in secret; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.
Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise 110
To God, that help'd her in her widowhood.
And Dora said, "My uncle took the boy;
But, Mary, let me live and work with you:
He says that he will never see me more."
Then answer'd Mary, "This shall never be,
That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself;
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
His mother. Therefore thou and I will go,
And I will have my boy, and bring him
home; 120
And I will beg of him to take thee back:
But if he will not take thee back again,
Then thou and I will live within one house,
And work for William's child, until he grows
Of age to help us."
So the women kiss'd
Each other, and set out, and reach'd the farm.
The door was off the latch; they peep'd, and
saw
The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,
And clapped him on the hands and on the
cheeks, 130
Like one that loved him; and the lad stretch'd
out
And babbled for the golden seal, that hung

From Allan's watch and sparkled by the fire.
Then they came in; but when the boy beheld
His mother, he cried out to come to her;
And Allan set him down, and Mary said:
"O father!—if you let me call you so—
I never came a-begging for myself,
Or William, or this child; but now I come
For Dora; take her back, she loves you well. 140
O Sir, when William died, he died at peace
With all men; for I ask'd him, and he said
He could not ever rue his marrying me—
I had been a patient wife: but, Sir, he said
That he was wrong to cross his father thus:
'God bless him!' he said, 'and may he never know
The troubles I have gone thro'!' Then he turn'd
His face and pass'd—unhappy that I am!
But now, Sir, let me have my boy, for you
Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight 150
His father's memory; and take Dora back,
And let all this be as it was before."
So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
By Mary. There was silence in the room;
And all at once the old man burst in sobs:—
"I have been to blame—to blame. I have kill'd my son.
I have kill'd him—but I loved him—my dear son.
May God forgive me!—I have been to blame.
Kiss me, my children."

Then they clung about
The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many
times. 160
And all the man was broken with remorse;
And all his love came back a hundred-fold;
And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's
child
Thinking of William.
So those four abode
Within one house together; and as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

1842. *Lord Tennyson.*

THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER

OR, THE PICTURES

This morning is the morning of the day,
When I and Eustace from the city went
To see the Gardener's Daughter; I and he,
Brothers in Art; a friendship so complete
Portion'd in halves between us, that we grew
The fable of the city where we dwelt.
My Eustace might have sat for Hercules;
So muscular he spread, so broad of breast.
He, by some law that holds in love, and draws
The greater to the lesser, long desired 10
A certain miracle of symmetry,
A miniature of loveliness, all grace

Summ'd up and closed in little;—Juliet, she
So light of foot, so light of spirit—oh, she
To me myself, for some three careless moons,
The summer pilot of an empty heart
Unto the shores of nothing! Know you not
Such touches are but embassies of love,
To tamper with the feelings, ere he found
Empire for life? but Eustace painted her, 20
And said to me, she sitting with us then,
"When will *you* paint like this?" and I replied,
(My words were half in earnest, half in jest,)
"'T is not your work, but Love's. Love, unperceived,
A more ideal Artist he than all,
Came, drew your pencil from you, made those eyes
Darker than darkest pansies, and that hair
More black than ashbuds in the front of March."
And Juliet answer'd laughing, "Go and see
The Gardener's Daughter: trust me, after that, 30
You scarce can fail to match his masterpiece."
And up we rose, and on the spur we went.
Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.
News from the humming city comes to it
In sound of funeral or of marriage bells;
And, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear
The windy clanging of the minster clock;
Although between it and the garden lies
A league of grass, wash'd by a slow broad stream, 40

That, stirr'd with languid pulses of the oar,
Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,
Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge
Crown'd with the minster-towers.
The fields between
Are dewy-fresh, browsed by deep-udder'd kine,
And all about the large lime feathers low,
The lime a summer home of murmurous wings.
In that still place she, hoarded in herself,
Grew, seldom seen; not less among us lived
Her fame from lip to lip. Who had not heard
Of Rose, the Gardener's Daughter? Where was he,
So blunt in memory, so old at heart,
At such a distance from his youth in grief,
That, having seen, forgot? The common mouth,
So gross to express delight, in praise of her
Grew oratory. Such a lord is Love,
And Beauty such a mistress of the world.
And if I said that Fancy, led by Love,
Would play with flying forms and images,
Yet this is also true, that, long before
I look'd upon her, when I heard her name
My heart was like a prophet to my heart,
And told me I should love. A crowd of hopes
That sought to sow themselves like winged seeds,
Born out of everything I heard and saw,
Flutter'd about my senses and my soul;

And vague desires, like fitful blasts of balm
To one that travels quickly, made the air
Of Life delicious, and all kinds of thought,
That verged upon them, sweeter than the dream 70
Dream'd by a happy man, when the dark East,
Unseen, is brightening to his bridal morn.
And sure this orbit of the memory folds
For ever in itself the day we went
To see her. All the land in flowery squares,
Beneath a broad and equal-blowing wind,
Smelt of the coming summer, as one large cloud
Drew downward: but all else of heaven was pure
Up to the Sun, and May from verge to verge,
And May with me from head to heel. And now, 80
As tho' 't were yesterday, as tho' it were
The hour just flown, that morn with all its sound,
(For those old Mays had thrice the life of these,)
Rings in mine ears. The steer forgot to graze,
And, where the hedge-row cuts the pathway, stood,
Leaning his horns into the neighbor field,
And lowing to his fellows. From the woods
Came voices of the well-contented doves.
The lark could scarce get out his notes for joy.
But shook his song together as he near'd 90

His happy home, the ground. To left and right,
The cuckoo told his name to all the hills;
The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm;
The redcap whistled; and the nightingale
Sang loud, as tho' he were the bird of day.
And Eustace turn'd, and smiling said to me,
"Hear how the bushes echo! by my life,
These birds have joyful thoughts. Think you they sing
Like poets, from the vanity of song?
Or have they any sense of why they sing? 100
And would they praise the heavens for what they have?"
And I made answer, "Were there nothing else
For which to praise the heavens but only love,
That only love were cause enough for praise."
Lightly he laugh'd, as one that read my thought,
And on we went; but ere an hour had pass'd,
We reach'd a meadow slanting to the North;
Down which a well-worn pathway courted us
To one green wicket in a privet hedge;
This, yielding, gave into a grassy walk 110
Thro' crowded lilac-ambush trimly pruned;
And one warm gust, full-fed with perfume, blew
Beyond us, as we enter'd in the cool.
The garden stretches southward. In the midst
A cedar spread his dark-green layers of shade.

The garden-glasses glanced, and momently
The twinkling laurel scatter'd silver lights.
"Eustace," I said, "this wonder keeps the house."
He nodded, but a moment afterwards
He cried, "Look! look!" Before he ceased I turn'd, 120
And, ere a star can wink, beheld her there.
For up the porch there grew an Eastern rose,
That, flowering high, the last night's gale had caught,
And blown across the walk. One arm aloft—
Gown'd in pure white, that fitted to the shape—
Holding the bush, to fix it back, she stood,
A single stream of all her soft brown hair
Pour'd on one side: the shadow of the flowers
Stole all the golden gloss, and, wavering
Lovingly lower, trembled on her waist— 130
Ah, happy shade—and still went wavering down,
But, ere it touch'd a foot, that might have danced
The greensward into greener circles, dipt,
And mix'd with shadows of the common ground!
But the full day dwelt on her brows, and sunn'd
Her violet eyes, and all her Hebe bloom,
And doubled his own warmth against her lips,
And on the bounteous wave of such a breast

As never pencil drew. Half light, half shade,
She stood, a sight to make an old man
young. 140
So rapt, we near'd the house; but she, a
Rose
In roses, mingled with her fragrant toil,
Nor heard us come, nor from her tendance
turn'd
Into the world without; till close at hand,
And almost ere I knew mine own intent,
This murmur broke the stillness of that air
Which brooded round about her:
"Ah, one rose,
One rose, but one, by those fair fingers cull'd,
Were worth a hundred kisses press'd on lips
Less exquisite than thine."
She look'd: but all 150
Suffused with blushes—neither self-possess'd
Nor startled, but betwixt this mood and that,
Divided in a graceful quiet—paused,
And dropt the branch she held, and turning,
wound
Her looser hair in braid, and stirr'd her lips
For some sweet answer, tho' no answer came,
Nor yet refused the rose, but granted it,
And moved away, and left me, statue-like,
In act to render thanks.
I, that whole day,
Saw her no more, altho' I linger'd there 160
Till every daisy slept, and Love's white star
Beam'd thro' the thicken'd cedar in the dusk.
So home we went, and all the livelong way

With solemn gibe did Eustace banter me.
"Now," said he, "will you climb the top of Art.
You cannot fail but work in hues to dim
The Titianic Flora. Will you match
My Juliet? you, not you,—the Master, Love,
A more ideal Artist he than all."
So home I went, but could not sleep for joy, 170
Reading her perfect features in the gloom,
Kissing the rose she gave me o'er and o'er,
And shaping faithful record of the glance
That graced the giving—such a noise of life
Swarm'd in the golden present, such a voice
Call'd to me from the years to come, and such
A length of bright horizon rimm'd the dark.
And all that night I heard the watchman peal
The sliding season: all that night I heard
The heavy clocks knolling the drowsy hours. 180
The drowsy hours, dispensers of all good,
O'er the mute city stole with folded wings,
Distilling odors on me as they went
To greet their fairer sisters of the East.
Love at first sight, first-born, and heir to all,
Made this night thus. Henceforward squall nor storm
Could keep me from that Eden where she dwelt.
Light pretexts drew me; sometimes a Dutch love
For tulips; then for roses, moss or musk,
To grace my city rooms; or fruits and cream 190

Served in the weeping elm; and more and
more
A word could bring the color to my cheek;
A thought would fill my eyes with happy dew;
Love trebled life within me, and with each
The year increased.
The daughters of the year.
One after one, thro' that still garden pass'd,
Each garlanded with her peculiar flower
Danced into light, and died into the shade;
And each in passing touch'd with some new
grace
Or seem'd to touch her, so that day by day, 209
Like one that never can be wholly known,
Her beauty grew; till Autumn brought an
hour
For Eustace, when I heard his deep "I will,"
Breathed, like the covenant of a God, to hold
From thence thro' all the worlds: but I rose up
Full of his bliss, and following her dark eyes
Felt earth as air beneath me, till I reach'd
The wicket-gate, and found her standing there.
There sat we down upon a garden mound,
Two mutually enfolded; Love, the third, 210
Between us, in the circle of his arms
Enwound us both; and over many a range
Of waning lime the gray cathedral towers,
Across a hazy glimmer of the west,
Reveal'd their shining windows: from them
clash'd
The bells; we listen'd; with the time we
play'd,
We spoke of other things; we coursed about

The subject most at heart, more near and
near,
Like doves about a dovecote, wheeling round
The central wish, until we settled there. 220
Then, in that time and place, I spoke to her,
Requiring, tho' I knew it was mine own,
Yet for the pleasure that I took to hear,
Requiring at her hand the greatest gift,
A woman's heart, the heart of her I loved;
And in that time and place she answer'd me,
And in the compass of three little words,
More musical than ever came in one,
The silver fragments of a broken voice,
Made me most happy, faltering, "I am
thine." 230
Shall I cease here? Is this enough to say
That my desire, like all strongest hopes,
By its own energy fulfill'd itself,
Merged in completion? Would you learn at
full
How passion rose thro' circumstantial grades
Beyond all grades develop'd? and indeed
I had not staid so long to tell you all,
But while I mused came Memory with sad
eyes,
Holding the folded annals of my youth;
And while I mused, Love with knit brows
went by, 240
And with a flying finger swept my lips,
And spake, "Be wise: not easily forgiven
Are those who, setting wide the doors that
bar

The secret bridal chambers of the heart,
Let in the day." Here, then, my words have
end.
Yet might I tell of meetings, of farewells—
Of that which came between, more sweet than
each,
In whispers, like the whispers of the leaves
That tremble round a nightingale—in sighs
Which perfect Joy, perplex'd for utterance, 250
Stole from her sister Sorrow. Might I not tell
Of difference, reconcilement, pledges given,
And vows, where there was never need of
vows,
And kisses, where the heart on one wild leap
Hung tranced from all pulsation, as above
The heavens between their fairy fleeces pale
Sow'd all their mystic gulfs with fleeting
stars;
Or while the balmy glooming, crescent-lit,
Spread the light haze along the river-shores,
And in the hollows; or, as once we met 260
Unheedful, tho' beneath a whispering rain
Night slid down one long stream of sighing
wind,
And in her bosom bore the baby, Sleep.
But this whole hour your eyes have been
intent
On that veil'd picture—veil'd, for what it
holds
May not be dwelt on by the common day.
This prelude has prepared thee. Raise thy
soul;

Make thine heart ready with thine eyes: the time
Is come to raise the veil.
Behold her there,
As I beheld her ere she knew my heart, 270
My first, last love; the idol of my youth,
The darling of my manhood, and, alas!
Now the most blessed memory of mine age.

1842. *Lord Tennyson.*

LOVE AMONG THE RUINS

WHERE the quiet-colored end of evening smiles
Miles and miles
On the solitary pastures where our sheep
Half-asleep
Tinkle homeward through the twilight, stray or stop
As they crop—
Was the site once of a city great and gay,
(So they say)
Of our country's very capital, its prince
Ages since
Held his court in, gathered councils, wielding far
Peace or war. 12

Now,—the country does not even boast a tree,
As you see,
To distinguish slopes of verdure, certain rills
From the hills

Love Among the Ruins

Intersect and give a name to, (else they run
Into one,)
Where the domed and daring palace shot its spires
Up like fires
O'er the hundred-gated circuit of a wall
Bounding all,
Made of marble, men might march on nor be pressed,
Twelve abreast. 24

And such plenty and perfection, see, of grass
Never was!
Such a carpet as, this summer-time, o'erspreads
And embeds
Every vestige of the city, guessed alone,
Stock or stone—
Where a multitude of men breathed joy and woe
Long ago;
Lust of glory pricked their hearts up, dread of shame
Struck them tame;
And that glory and that shame alike, the gold
Bought and sold. 36

Now,—the single little turret that remains
On the plains,
By the caper overrooted, by the gourd
Overscored,
While the patching houseleek's head of blossom winks
Through the chinks—

Marks the basement whence a tower in ancient time
Sprang sublime,
And a burning ring, all round, the chariots traced
As they raced,
And the monarch and his minions and his dames
Viewed the games. 48

And I know, while thus the quiet-colored eve
Smiles to leave
To their folding, all our many-tinkling fleece
In such peace,
And the slopes and rills in undistinguished gray
Melt away—
That a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair
Waits me there
In the turret whence the charioteers caught soul
For the goal,
When the king looked, where she looks now, breathless, dumb
Till I come. 60

But he looked upon the city, every side,
Far and wide,
All the mountains topped with temples, all the grades'
Colonnades,
All the causeys, bridges, aqueducts,—and then,
All the men!

When I do come, she will speak not, she will
stand,
Either hand
On my shoulder, give her eyes the first embrace
Of my face,
Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight and speech
Each on each. 72

In one year they sent a million fighters forth
South and North,
And they built their gods a brazen pillar high
As the sky,
Yet reserved a thousand chariots in full force—
Gold, of course.
Oh heart! oh blood that freezes, blood that burns!
Earth's returns
For whole centuries of folly, noise and sin!
Shut them in,
With their triumphs and their glories and the
rest!
Love is best.

1855. *Robert Browning.*

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER

I SEE the wealthy miller yet,
His double chin, his portly size,
And who that knew him could forget
The busy wrinkles round his eyes?

The slow wise smile that, round about
  His dusty forehead dryly curl'd,
Seem'd half-within and half-without,
  And full of dealings with the world? 8

In yonder chair I see him sit,
  Three fingers round the old silver cup—
I see his gray eyes twinkle yet
  At his own jest—gray eyes lit up
With summer lightnings of a soul
  So full of summer warmth, so glad,
So healthy, sound, and clear and whole,
  His memory scarce can make me sad. 16

Yet fill my glass: give me one kiss:
  My own sweet Alice, we must die.
There 's somewhat in this world amiss
  Shall be unriddled by and by.
There 's somewhat flows to us in life,
  But more is taken quite away.
Pray, Alice, pray, my darling wife,
  That we may die the self-same day. 24

Have I not found a happy earth?
  I least should breathe a thought of pain.
Would God renew me from my birth
  I 'd almost live my life again.
So sweet it seems with thee to walk,
  And once again to woo thee mine—
It seems in after-dinner talk
  Across the walnuts and the wine— 32

The Miller's Daughter

To be the long and listless boy
  Late-left an orphan of the squire,
Where this old mansion mounted high
  Looks down upon the village spire:
For even here, where I and you
  Have lived and loved alone so long,
Each morn my sleep was broken thro'
  By some wild skylark's matin song. 40

And oft I heard the tender dove
  In firry woodlands making moan;
But ere I saw your eyes, my love,
  I had no motion of my own.
For scarce my life with fancy play'd
  Before I dream'd that pleasant dream—
Still hither thither idly sway'd
  Like those long mosses in the stream. 48

Or from the bridge I lean'd to hear
  The milldam rushing down with noise,
And see the minnows everywhere
  In crystal eddies glance and poise,
The tall flag-flowers when they sprung
  Below the range of stepping-stones,
Or those three chestnuts near, that hung
  In masses thick with milky cones. 56

But, Alice, what an hour was that,
  When after roving in the woods
('T was April then), I came and sat
  Below the chestnuts, when their buds

Were glistening to the breezy blue;
  And on the slope, an absent fool,
I cast me down, nor thought of you,
  But angled in the higher pool. 64

A love-song I had somewhere read,
  An echo from a measured strain,
Beat time to nothing in my head
  From some odd corner of the brain.
It haunted me, the morning long,
  With weary sameness in the rhymes,
The phantom of a silent song,
  That went and came a thousand times. 72

Then leapt a trout. In lazy mood
  I watch'd the little circles die;
They past into the level flood,
  And there a vision caught my eye;
The reflex of a beauteous form,
  A glowing arm, a gleaming neck,
As when a sunbeam wavers warm
  Within the dark and dimpled beck. 80

For you remember, you had set,
  That morning, on the casement-edge
A long green box of mignonette,
  And you were leaning from the ledge:
And when I raised my eyes, above
  They met with two so full and bright—
Such eyes! I swear to you, my love,
  That these have never lost their light. 88

I loved, and love dispell'd the fear
  That I should die an early death:
For love possess'd the atmosphere,
  And fill'd the breast with purer breath.
My mother thought, "What ails the boy?"
  For I was alter'd, and began
To move about the house with joy,
  And with the certain step of man. 96

I loved the brimming wave that swam
  Thro' quiet meadows round the mill,
The sleepy pool above the dam,
  The pool beneath it never still,
The meal-sacks on the whiten'd floor,
  The dark round of the dripping wheel,
The very air about the door
  Made misty with the floating meal. 104

And oft in ramblings on the wold,
  When April nights began to blow,
And April's crescent glimmer'd cold,
  I saw the village lights below;
I knew your taper far away,
  And full at heart of trembling hope,
From off the wold I came, and lay
  Upon the freshly-flower'd slope. 112

The deep brook groan'd beneath the mill;
  And "by that lamp," I thought, "she sits!"
The white chalk-quarry from the hill
  Gleam'd to the flying moon by fits.

"O that I were beside her now!
  O will she answer if I call?
O would she give me vow for vow,
  Sweet Alice, if I told her all?" 126

Sometimes I saw you sit and spin:
  And, in the pauses of the wind,
Sometimes I heard you sing within;
  Sometimes your shadow cross'd the blind.
At last you rose and moved the light,
  And the long shadow of the chair
Flitted across into the night,
  And all the casement darken'd there. 128

But when at last I dared to speak,
  The lanes, you know, were white with May,
Your ripe lips moved not, but your cheek
  Flush'd like the coming of the day;
And so it was—half-sly, half-shy,
  You would, and would not, little one!
Although I pleaded tenderly,
  And you and I were all alone. 136

And slowly was my mother brought
  To yield consent to my desire:
She wish'd me happy, but she thought
  I might have look'd a little higher;
And I was young—too young to wed:
"Yet must I love her for your sake;
Go fetch your Alice here," she said:
  Her eyelid quiver'd as she spake. 144

And down I went to fetch my bride:
  But, Alice, you were ill at ease;
This dress and that by turns you tried,
  Too fearful that you should not please.
I loved you better for your fears,
  I knew you could not look but well;
And dews, that would have fall'n in tears,
  I kiss'd away before they fell. 152

I watch'd the little flutterings,
  The doubt my mother would not see;
She spoke at large of many things,
  And at the last she spoke of me;
And turning look'd upon your face,
  As near this door you sat apart,
And rose, and, with a silent grace
  Approaching, press'd you heart to
    heart. 160

Ah, well—but sing the foolish song
  I gave you, Alice, on the day
When, arm in arm, we went along,
  A pensive pair, and you were gay
With bridal flowers—that I may seem,
  As in the nights of old, to lie
Beside the mill-wheel in the stream,
  While those full chestnuts whisper by. 168

It is the miller's daughter,
  And she is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
  That trembles in her ear:
For hid in ringlets day and night,
I'd touch her neck so warm and white. 174

And I would be the girdle
About her dainty, dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me,
In sorrow and in rest:
And I should know if it beat right,
I 'd clasp it round so close and tight. 180

And I would be the necklace,
And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom,
With her laughter or her sighs,
And I would lie so light, so light,
I scarce should be unclasp'd at night. 186

A trifle, sweet! which true love spells—
True love interprets—right alone.
His light upon the letter dwells,
For all the spirit is his own.
So, if I waste words now, in truth
You must blame Love. His early rage
Had force to make me rhyme in youth,
And makes me talk too much in age. 194

And now those vivid hours are gone,
Like mine own life to me thou art,
Where Past and Present, wound in one,
Do make a garland for the heart:
So sing that other song I made,
Half-anger'd with my happy lot,
The day, when in the chestnut shade
I found the blue Forget-me-not. 202

Love that hath us in the net,
Can he pass, and we forget?
Many suns arise and set.
Many a chance the years beget.
Love the gift is Love the debt.
Even so. 208

Love is hurt with jar and fret.
Love is made a vague regret.
Eyes with idle tears are wet.
Idle habit links us yet.
What is love? for we forget:
Ah, no! no! 214

Look thro' mine eyes with thine. True wife,
Round my true heart thine arms intwine
My other dearer life in life,
Look thro' my very soul with thine!
Untouch'd with any shade of years,
May those kind eyes for ever dwell!
They have not shed a many tears,
Dear eyes, since first I knew them well. 222

Yet tears they shed: they had their part
Of sorrow: for when time was ripe,
The still affection of the heart
Became an outward breathing type,
That into stillness past again,
And left a want unknown before;
Although the loss has brought us pain,
That loss but made us love the more, 230

With farther lookings on. The kiss,
The woven arms, seem but to be
Weak symbols of the settled bliss,
The comfort, I have found in thee:
But that God bless thee, dear—who wrought
Two spirits to one equal mind—
With blessings beyond hope or thought,
With blessings which no words can find. 238

Arise, and let us wander forth,
  To yon old mill across the wolds;
For look, the sunset, south and north,
  Winds all the vale in rosy folds,
And fires your narrow casement glass,
  Touching the sullen pool below;
On the chalk-hill the bearded grass
  Is dry and dewless. Let us go. 246

1832. 1842. . . . . *Lord Tennyson.*

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

INSCRIBED TO R. AIKEN, ESQ.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
  Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
  The short but simple annals of the poor."—GRAY.

My loved, my honored, much-respected friend,
  No mercenary bard his homage pays:
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end;
  My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise.
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
  The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
  What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there,
  I ween. 9

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
  The shortening winter-day is near a close;

The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The blackening trains o' craws to their repose:
The toilworn cotter frae his labor goes,—
This night his weekly moil is at an end,—
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend. 18

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin', stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise and glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary kiaugh and cares beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil. 27

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town;
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,

Comes hame; perhaps, to shew a braw new
gown,
Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be. 36

With joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet,
And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears.
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view;
The mother, wi' her needle and her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel 's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due. 45

Their master's and their mistress's command,
The younkers a' are warnèd to obey;
And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
And ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or play:
"And O, be sure to fear the Lord alway!
An' mind your duty, duly, morn and night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might;
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord
aright!" 54

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door.
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;

With heart-struck anxious care enquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleased the mother hears it 's nae wild, worthless rake. 63

With kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;
A strappin' youth; he taks the mother's eye;
Blithe Jenny sees the visit 's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate and laithefu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave;
Weel pleased to think her bairn 's respected like the lave. 72

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I 've pacèd much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare:—
"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'T is when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale." 81

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth,

That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling, smooth!
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child,
Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild? 90

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The healsome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food;
The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood;
The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck, fell;
And aft he 's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 't was a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell. 99

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride.
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare:
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says with solemn air. 108

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild-warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name;
Or noble "Elgin" beets the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise. 117

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,—
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre. 126

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,—
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:
How his first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command. 135

Then, kneeling down, to heaven's eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal
sphere. 144

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the
soul;
And in His Book of Life the inmates poor en-
roll. 153

Then homeward all take off their several way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But, chiefly, in their hearts with Grace Divine
preside. 162

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God!"
And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp?—a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of humankind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined! 171

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent,
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, O, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle. 180

O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide,
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)

O never, never Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot and the patriot bard
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard! 189

1786. *Robert Burns.*

RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE

THERE was a roaring in the wind all night;
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright;
The birds are singing in the distant woods;
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods;
The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters;
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters. 7

All things that love the sun are out of doors;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with rain-drops;—on the moors
The hare is running races in her mirth;
And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run. 14

I was a Traveller then upon the moor,
I saw the hare that raced about with joy;
I heard the woods and distant waters roar;
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy:

Resolution and Independence

The pleasant season did my heart employ:
My old remembrances went from me wholly;
And all the ways of men, so vain and melan-
choly. 21

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
Of joy in minds that can no further go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low;
To me that morning did it happen so;
And fears and fancies thick upon me came;
Dim sadness—and blind thoughts, I knew not,
nor could name. 28

I heard the skylark warbling in the sky;
And I bethought me of the playful hare:
Even such a happy Child of earth am I;
Even as these blissful creatures do I fare;
Far from the world I walk, and from all care;
But there may come another day to me—
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty. 35

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood;
As if all needful things would come unsought
To genial faith, still rich in genial good;
But how can He expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed
at all? 42

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,
The sleepless Soul that perished in his pride;
Of Him who walked in glory and in joy
Following his plough, along the mountain-side:
By our own spirits are we deified:
We Poets in our youth begin in gladness;
But thereof come in the end despondency and
madness. 49

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,
A leading from above, a something given,
Yet it befell, that, in this lonely place,
When I with these untoward thoughts had
striven,
Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven
I saw a Man before me unawares:
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore gray
hairs. 56

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence;
Wonder to all who do the same espy,
By what means it could thither come, and
whence;
So that it seems a thing endued with sense:
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf
Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun itself; 63

Such seemed this Man, not all alive nor dead,
Nor all asleep, in his extreme old age:
His body was bent double, feet and head
Coming together in life's pilgrimage;

As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage
Of sickness felt by him in times long past,
A more than human weight upon his frame had
cast. 70

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and pale face,
Upon a long gray staff of shaven wood:
And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,
Upon the margin of that moorish flood
Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood,
That heareth not the loud winds when they call
And moveth all together, if it move at all. 77

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond
Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look
Upon the muddy water, which he conned,
As if he had been reading in a book:
And now a stranger's privilege I took;
And, drawing to his side, to him did say,
"This morning gives us promise of a glorious
day." 84

A gentle answer did the old Man make,
In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew:
And him with further words I thus bespake,
"What occupation do you there pursue?
This is a lonesome place for one like you."
Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet-vivid
eyes, 91

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,
But each in solemn order followed each,
With something of a lofty utterance drest—
Choice word and measured phrase, above the reach
Of ordinary men; a stately speech;
Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use,
Religious men, who give to God and man their dues. 98

He told, that to these waters he had come
To gather leeches, being old and poor:
Employment hazardous and wearisome!
And he had many hardships to endure:
From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor;
Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance,
And in this way he gained an honest maintenance. 105

The old Man still stood talking by my side;
But now his voice to me was like a stream
Scarce heard; nor word from word could I divide;
And the whole body of the Man did seem
Like one whom I had met with in a dream;
Or like a man from some far region sent,
To give me human strength, by apt admonishment. 112

My former thoughts returned: the fear that
kills;
And hope that is unwilling to be fed;
Cold, pain, and labor, and all fleshly ills;
And mighty Poets in their misery dead.
—Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,
My question eagerly did I renew,
"How is it that you live, and what is it you
do?" 119

He with a smile did then his words repeat;
And said that, gathering leeches, far and wide
He travelled; stirring thus about his feet
The waters of the pools where they abide.
"Once I could meet with them on every side;
But they have dwindled long by slow decay;
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I
may." 126

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
The old Man's shape, and speech—all troubled
me:
In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace
About the weary moors continually,
Wandering about alone and silently.
While I these thoughts within myself pursued,
He, having made a pause, the same discourse
renewed. 133

And soon with this he other matter blended,
Cheerfully uttered, with demeanor kind,

But stately in the main; and when he ended,
I could have laughed myself to scorn, to find
In that decrepit Man so firm a mind.
"God," said I, "be my help and stay secure;
I'll think of the Leech-gatherer on the lonely
moor!" 140

1802. 1807. *William Wordsworth.*

THE SENSITIVE PLANT

PART I

A Sensitive Plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night. 4

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the Spirit of Love felt everywhere;
And each flower and herb on Earth's dark
breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest. 8

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet
want,
As the companionless Sensitive Plant. 12

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,

And their breath was mixed with fresh odor, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument. 16

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness; 20

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green; 24

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odor within the sense; 28

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addrest,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare: 32

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-colored cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky; 36

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;

And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime. 40

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom
Was prankt under boughs of embowering
blossom,
With golden and green light, slanting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue, 44

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmered by,
And around them the soft stream did glide
and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance. 48

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,
Which led through the garden, along and across,
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees, 52

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,
And flowrets which drooping as day drooped too
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glow-worm from the evening
dew. 57

And from this undefiled Paradise
The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it), 61

When Heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to Heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun; 65

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odor its neighbor shed,
Like young lovers whom youth and love make dear
Wrapped and filled by their mutual atmosphere. 69

But the Sensitive Plant, which could give small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
Received more than all, it loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver, 73

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower;
Radiance and odor are not its dower;
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart is full,
It desires what it has not, the beautiful! 77

The light winds which, from unsustaining wings,
Shed the music of many murmurings;
The beams which dart from many a star
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar; 81

The plumèd insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,

Laden with light and odor, which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass; 85

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,
Then wander like spirits among the spheres,
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears; 89

The quivering vapors of dim noontide,
Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,
In which every sound, and odor, and beam,
Move, as reeds in a single stream; 93

Each and all like ministering angels were
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky. 97

And when evening descended from heaven above,
And the Earth was all rest, and the air was all love,
And delight, tho' less bright, was far more deep,
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep, 101

And the beasts, and the birds, and the insects were drowned
In an ocean of dreams without a sound;
Whose waves never mark, tho' they ever impress
The light sand which paves it, consciousness; 105

(Only overhead the sweet nightingale
Ever sang more sweet as the day might fail,
And snatches of its Elysian chant
Were mixed with the dreams of the Sensitive
Plant). 109

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest
Up-gathered into the bosom of rest;
A sweet child weary of its delight,
The feeblest and yet the favorite,
Cradled within the embrace of night. 114

PART II

There was a Power in this sweet place,
An Eve in this Eden; a ruling grace
Which to the flowers, did they waken or dream,
Was as God is to the starry scheme. 118

A Lady, the wonder of her kind,
Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind
Which, dilating, had moulded her mien and
motion
Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the
ocean, 122

Tended the garden from morn to even:
And the meteors of that sublunar heaven,
Like the lamps of the air when night walks
forth,
Laughed round her footsteps up from the
Earth! 126

She had no companion of mortal race,
But her tremulous breath and her flushing face
Told, whilst the morn kissed the sleep from her eyes,
That her dreams were less slumber than Paradise: 130

As if some bright Spirit for her sweet sake
Had deserted heaven while the stars were awake,
As if yet around her he lingering were,
Tho' the veil of daylight concealed him from her. 134

Her step seemed to pity the grass it pressed;
You might hear by the heaving of her breast,
That the coming and going of the wind
Brought pleasure there and left passion behind. 138

And wherever her airy footstep trod,
Her trailing hair from the grassy sod
Erased its light vestige, with shadowy sweep,
Like a sunny storm o'er the dark green deep. 142

I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet
Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet;
I doubt not they felt the spirit that came
From her glowing fingers thro' all their frame. 146

She sprinkled bright water from the stream
On those that were faint with the sunny beam;
And out of the cups of the heavy flowers
She emptied the rain of the thunder showers. 150

She lifted their heads with her tender hands,
And sustained them with rods and osier bands;
If the flowers had been her own infants she
Could never have nursed them more
tenderly. 154

And all killing insects and gnawing worms,
And things of obscene and unlovely forms,
She bore in a basket of Indian woof,
Into the rough woods far aloof, 158

In a basket, of grasses and wild-flowers full,
The freshest her gentle hands could pull
For the poor banished insects, whose intent,
Although they did ill, was innocent. 162

But the bee and the beamlike ephemeris
Whose path is the lightning's, and soft moths
that kiss
The sweet lips of the flowers, and harm not,
did she
Make her attendant angels be. 166

And many an antenatal tomb,
Where butterflies dream of the life to come,
She left clinging round the smooth and dark
Edge of the odorous cedar bark. 170

This fairest creature from earliest spring
Thus moved through the garden ministering
All the sweet season of summer tide,
And ere the first leaf looked brown—she
died! 174

PART III

Three days the flowers of the garden fair,
Like stars when the moon is awakened, were,
Or the waves of Baiæ, ere luminous
She floats up through the smoke of Vesuvius. 178

And on the fourth, the Sensitive Plant
Felt the sound of the funeral chant,
And the steps of the bearers, heavy and slow,
And the sobs of the mourners deep and low; 182

The weary sound and the heavy breath,
And the silent motions of passing death,
And the smell, cold, oppressive, and dank,
Sent through the pores of the coffin plank; 186

The dark grass, and the flowers among the
grass,
Were bright with tears as the crowd did pass;
From their sighs the wind caught a mournful
tone,
And sate in the pines, and gave groan for
groan. 190

The garden, once fair, became cold and foul,
Like the corpse of her who had been its soul,
Which at first was lovely as if in sleep,
Then slowly changed, till it grew a heap
To make men tremble who never weep. 195

Swift summer into the autumn flowed,
And frost in the mist of the morning rode,
Though the noonday sun looked clear and bright,
Mocking the spoil of the secret night. 199

The rose leaves, like flakes of crimson snow,
Paved the turf and the moss below.
The lilies were drooping, and white, and wan,
Like the head and the skin of a dying man. 203

And Indian plants, of scent and hue
The sweetest that ever were fed on dew,
Leaf by leaf, day after day,
Were massed into the common clay. 207

And the leaves, brown, yellow, and gray, and red,
And white with the whiteness of what is dead,
Like troops of ghosts on the dry wind past;
Their whistling noise made the birds aghast. 211

And the gusty winds waked the winged seeds,
Out of their birthplace of ugly weeds,
Till they clung round many a sweet flower's stem,
Which rotted into the earth with them. 215

The water-blooms under the rivulet
Fell from the stalks on which they were set;
And the eddies drove them here and there,
As the winds did those of the upper air. 219

Then the rain came down, and the broken stalks
Were bent and tangled across the walks;
And the leafless network of parasite bowers
Massed into ruin; and all sweet flowers. 223

Between the time of the wind and the snow,
All loathliest weeds began to grow,
Whose coarse leaves were splashed with many
a speck,
Like the water-snake's belly and the toad's
back. 227

And thistles, and nettles, and darnels rank,
And the dock, and henbane, and hemlock dank,
Stretched out its long and hollow shank,
And stifled the air till the dead wind stank. 231

And plants, at whose names the verse feels
loath,
Filled the place with a monstrous undergrowth,
Prickly, and pulpous, and blistering, and blue,
Livid, and starred with a lurid dew. 235

And agarics, and fungi, with mildew and
mould
Started like mist from the wet ground cold;
Pale, fleshy, as if the decaying dead
With a spirit of growth had been animated! 239

Spawn, weeds, and filth, a leprous scum,
Made the running rivulet thick and dumb,
And at its outlet flags huge as stakes
Dammed it up with roots knotted like water
snakes. 243

And hour by hour, when the air was still,
The vapors arose which have strength to kill:
At morn they were seen, at noon they were felt,
At night they were darkness no star could
melt. 247

And unctuous meteors from spray to spray
Crept and flitted in broad noonday
Unseen; every branch on which they alit
By a venomous blight was burned and bit. 251

The Sensitive Plant like one forbid
Wept, and the tears within each lid
Of its folded leaves which together grew
Were changed to a blight of frozen glue. 255

For the leaves soon fell, and the branches soon
By the heavy axe of the blast were hewn;
The sap shrank to the root through every pore
As blood to a heart that will beat no more. 259

For Winter came: the wind was his whip:
One choppy finger was on his lip:
He had torn the cataracts from the hills
And they clanked at his girdle like manacles; 263

His breath was a chain which without a sound
The earth, and the air, and the water bound;
He came, fiercely driven, in his chariot-throne
By the tenfold blasts of the arctic zone. 267

Then the weeds which were forms of living
death
Fled from the frost to the earth beneath.
Their decay and sudden flight from frost
Was but like the vanishing of a ghost! 271

And under the roots of the Sensitive Plant
The moles and the dormice died for want:
The birds dropped stiff from the frozen air
And were caught in the branches naked and
bare. 275

First there came down a thawing rain
And its dull drops froze on the boughs again,
Then there steamed up a freezing dew
Which to the drops of the thaw-rain grew; 279

And a northern whirlwind, wandering about
Like a wolf that had smelt a dead child out,
Shook the boughs thus laden, and heavy and
stiff,
And snapped them off with his rigid griff. 283

When winter had gone and spring came back
The Sensitive Plant was a leafless wreck;

But the mandrakes, and toadstools, and docks,
and darnels,
Rose like the dead from their ruined
charnels. 287

CONCLUSION

Whether the Sensitive Plant, or that
Which within its boughs like a spirit sat
Ere its outward form had known decay,
Now felt this change, I cannot say. 291

Whether that lady's gentle mind,
No longer with the form combined
Which scattered love, as stars do light,
Found sadness, where it left delight, 295

I dare not guess; but in this life
Of error, ignorance, and strife,
Where nothing is, but all things seem,
And we the shadows of the dream, 299

It is a modest creed, and yet
Pleasant if one considers it,
To own that death itself must be,
Like all the rest, a mockery. 303

That garden sweet, that lady fair,
And all sweet shapes and odors there,
In truth have never passed away:
'T is we, 't is ours, are changed; not they. 307

For love, and beauty, and delight,
There is no death nor change: their might
Exceeds our organs, which endure
No light, being themselves obscure. 311

1820. *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

St. Agnes' Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith. 9

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:
The sculptur'd dead, on each side, seem to freeze,
Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails:
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,

He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and
mails. 18

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden
tongue
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor;
But no—already hath his death-bell rung;
The joys of all his life were said and sung:
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to
grieve. 27

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft;
And so it chanc'd, for many a door was wide,
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide:
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests:
The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,
Star'd where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put cross-
wise on their breasts. 36

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting fairily
The brain, new-stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs
gay

Of old romance. These let us wish away,
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times
declare. 45

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honey'd middle of the night
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they
desire. 54

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline;
The music, yearning like a God in pain,
She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,
Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by—she heeded not at all: in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retir'd; not cool'd by high disdain,
But she saw not: her heart was otherwhere;
She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of
the year. 63

She danc'd along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short:
The hallow'd hour was near at hand: she sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd resort

Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwink'd with faery fancy; all amort,
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow
morn. 72

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She linger'd still. Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he, and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth
such things have been. 81

He ventures in: let no buzz'd whisper tell:
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous citadel:
For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage: not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in
soul. 90

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,

To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland:
He startled her; but soon she knew his face,
And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied hand,
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;
They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty race! 99

"Get hence! get hence! there 's dwarfish Hilde-brand;
He had a fever late, and in the fit
He cursed thee and thine, both house and land:
Then there 's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
More tame for his gray hairs—Alas me! flit!
Flit like a ghost away."—"Ah, Gossip dear,
We 're safe enough; here in this armchair sit,
And tell me how"—"Good Saints! not here, not here;
Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier." 108

He follow'd through a lowly archèd way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume;
And as she mutter'd "Well-a—well-a-day!"
He found him in a little moonlight room,
Pale, lattic'd, chill, and silent as a tomb.
"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
"O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously." 117

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve—
Yet men will murder upon holy days:
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays,
To venture so: it fills me with amaze
To see thee, Porphyro!—St. Agnes' Eve!
God's help! my lady fair the conjurer plays
This very night; good angels her deceive!
But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to
grieve." 126

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth clos'd a wond'rous riddle-book,
As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments
cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old. 135

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow, and in his painèd heart
Made purple riot: then doth he propose
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start:
"A cruel man and impious thou art:
Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep, and dream
Alone with her good angels, far apart
From wicked men like thee. Go, go!—I deem
Thou canst not surely be the same that thou
didst seem." 144

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"
Quoth Porphyro: "O may I ne'er find grace
When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her face:
Good Angela, believe me by these tears;
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
And beard them, though they be more fang'd than wolves and bears." 153

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken churchyard thing,
Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
Were never miss'd." Thus plaining, doth she bring
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
So woful, and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe. 162

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legion'd fairies pac'd the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.

Never on such a night have lovers met,
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous
debt. 171

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the Dame:
"All cates and dainties shall be storèd there
Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambour-
frame
Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare,
For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
Wait here, my child, with patience; kneel in
prayer
The while: Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
Or may I never leave my grave among the
dead." 180

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.
The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd;
The dame return'd, and whisper'd in his ear
To follow her; with aged eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd, and
chaste;
Where Porphyro took covert, pleas'd amain.
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her
brain. 189

Her falt'ring hand upon the balustrade,
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,

When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,
Rose, like a mission'd spirit, unaware:
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turn'd, and down the aged gossip led
To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;
She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove
fray'd and fled. 198

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died:
She clos'd the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide:
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her
dell. 207

A casement high and triple arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imag'ries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-
grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of
queens and kings. 216

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair
breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven: Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal
taint. 225

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
Of all its wreathèd pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmèd jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees;
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in seaweed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is
fled. 234

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay.
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her soothèd limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;
Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray;

Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud
again. 243

Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breath'd himself: then from the closet
crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hush'd carpet, silent, stepped,
And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where, lo!—
how fast she slept. 252

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half-anguish'd, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet:—
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:—
The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise is
gone. 261

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanchèd linen, smooth, and lavender'd,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,

And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
From Fez; and spicèd dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon. 270

These delicates he heap'd with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathed silver: sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light.—
"And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite:
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth
ache." 279

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains:—'t was a midnight
charm
Impossible to melt as icèd stream:
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam:
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:
It seem'd he never, never could redeem
From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;
So mus'd awhile, entoil'd in woofèd phan-
tasies. 288

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—
Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be,
He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence call'd, "La belle dame sans
mercy:"

Close to her ear touching the melody;—
Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft moan:
He ceased—she panted quick—and suddenly
Her blue affrayèd eyes wide open shone:
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculp-
tured stone. 297

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:
There was a painful change, that nigh expell'd
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep;
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many a
sigh;
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep;
Who knelt, with joinèd hands and piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dream-
ingly. 306

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
Made tuneable with every sweetest vow;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear;
How chang'd thou art! how pallid, chill, and
drear!
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complainings
dear!
Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where
to go." 315

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star
Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odor with the violet,—
Solution sweet: meantime the frost wind blows
Like Love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet
Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon
hath set. 324

'T is dark: quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet:
"This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!"
'T is dark: the icèd gusts still rave and beat:
"No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.—
Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
Though thou forsakest a deceivèd thing;—
A dove forlorn and lost with sick unprunèd
wing." 333

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shap'd and vermeil
dyed?
Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famish'd pilgrim,—saved by miracle.
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest
Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel. 342

"Hark! 't is an elfin-storm from faery land,
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
Arise—arise! the morning is at hand;—
The bloated wassaillers will never heed:—
Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,—
Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead:
Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee." 351

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears—
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found.—
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-droop'd lamp was flickering by each door;
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor. 360

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;
Like phantoms, to the iron porch, they glide;
Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side:
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,

But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide:—
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones;—
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges
groans. 369

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmar'd. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform;
The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought for slept among his ashes
cold. 378

1820. *John Keats.*

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP

"They made her grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she 's gone to the Lake of the Dismal
Swamp,
Where all night long, by a firefly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe. 5

And her firefly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear;

Long and loving our life shall be,
And I 'll hide the maid in a cypress-tree
When the footstep of death is near!" 10

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds,—
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before! 15

And when on earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew! 20

And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
"O when shall I see the dusky Lake,
And the white canoe of my dear?" 25

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface played,—
"Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light!"
And the dim shore echoed for many a night
The name of the death-cold maid! 30

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from the shore;
Far he followed the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat returned no more. 35

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp,
  This lover and maid so true
Are seen, at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the Lake by a firefly lamp,
  And paddle their white canoe! 40

1806. *Thomas Moore.*

ALLEGORIES AND LEGENDS

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

"Build me straight, O worthy Master!
  Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
  And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

The merchant's word
Delighted the Master heard;
For his heart was in his work, and the heart
Giveth grace unto every Art.

A quiet smile played round his lips,
As the eddies and dimples of the tide 10
Play round the bows of ships,
That steadily at anchor ride.
And with a voice that was full of glee,
He answered, "Erelong we will launch
A vessel as goodly, and strong, and stanch,
As ever weathered a wintry sea!"
And first with nicest skill and art,
Perfect and finished in every part,
A little model the Master wrought,
Which should be to the larger plan 20
What the child is to the man,
Its counterpart in miniature;

That with a hand more swift and sure
The greater labor might be brought
To answer to his inward thought.
And as he labored, his mind ran o'er
The various ships that were built of yore,
And above them all, and strangest of all,
Towered the Great Harry, crank and tall,
Whose picture was hanging on the wall, 30
With bows and stern raised high in air,
And balconies hanging here and there,
And signal lanterns and flags afloat,
And eight round towers, like those that frown
From some old castle, looking down
Upon the drawbridge and the moat.
And he said with a smile, "Our ship, I wis,
Shall be of another form than this!"

It was of another form, indeed;
Built for freight, and yet for speed, 40
A beautiful and gallant craft;
Broad in the beam, that the stress of the blast,
Pressing down upon sail and mast,
Might not the sharp bows overwhelm;
Broad in the beam, but sloping aft
With graceful curve and slow degrees,
That she might be docile to the helm,
And that the currents of parted seas,
Closing behind, with mighty force,
Might aid and not impede her course. 50

In the ship-yard stood the Master,
With the model of the vessel,

That should laugh at all disaster,
  And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!

Covering many a rood of ground,
Lay the timber piled around;
Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak,
And scattered here and there, with these,
The knarred and crooked cedar knees;
Brought from regions far away, 60
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,
And the banks of the roaring Roanoke!
Ah! what a wondrous thing it is
To note how many wheels of toil
One thought, one word, can set in motion!
There's not a ship that sails the ocean,
But every climate, every soil,
Must bring its tribute, great or small,
And help to build the wooden wall!

The sun was rising o'er the sea, 70
And long the level shadows lay,
As if they, too, the beams would be
Of some great, airy argosy,
Framed and launched in a single day.
That silent architect, the sun,
Had hewn and laid them every one,
Ere the work of man was yet begun.
Beside the Master, when he spoke,
A youth, against an anchor leaning,
Listened, to catch his slightest meaning. 80
Only the long waves, as they broke

In ripples on the pebbly beach,
Interrupted the old man's speech.

Beautiful they were, in sooth,
The old man and the fiery youth!
The old man, in whose busy brain
Many a ship that sailed the main
Was modelled o'er and o'er again;—
The fiery youth, who was to be
The heir of his dexterity, 90
The heir of his house, and his daughter's hand,
When he had built and launched from land
What the elder head had planned.

"Thus," said he, "will we build this ship!
Lay square the blocks upon the slip,
And follow well this plan of mine.
Choose the timbers with greatest care;
Of all that is unsound beware;
For only what is sound and strong
To this vessel shall belong. 100
Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine
Here together shall combine.
A goodly frame, and a goodly fame,
And the UNION be her name!
For the day that gives her to the sea
Shall give my daughter unto thee!"

The Master's word
Enraptured the young man heard;

And as he turned his face aside,
With a look of joy and a thrill of pride, 110
Standing before
Her father's door,
He saw the form of his promised bride.
The sun shone on her golden hair,
And her cheek was glowing fresh and fair,
With the breath of morn and the soft sea air.
Like a beauteous barge was she,
Still at rest on the sandy beach,
Just beyond the billow's reach;
But he 120
Was the restless, seething, stormy sea!

Ah, how skilful grows the hand
That obeyeth Love's command!
It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain,
And he who followeth Love's behest
Far excelleth all the rest!

Thus with the rising of the sun
Was the noble task begun,
And soon throughout the ship-yard's
bounds 130
Were heard the intermingled sounds
Of axes and of mallets, plied
With vigorous arms on every side;
Plied so deftly and so well,
That, ere the shadows of evening fell,
The keel of oak for a noble ship,
Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong,

Was lying ready, and stretched along
The blocks, well placed upon the slip.
Happy, thrice happy, every one 140
Who sees his labor well begun,
And not perplexed and multiplied,
By idly waiting for time and tide!

And when the hot, long day was o'er,
The young man at the Master's door
Sat with the maiden calm and still.
And within the porch, a little more
Removed beyond the evening chill,
The father sat, and told them tales
Of wrecks in the great September gales, 150
Of pirates coasting the Spanish Main,
And ships that never came back again,
The chance and change of a sailor's life,
Want and plenty, rest and strife,
His roving fancy, like the wind,
That nothing can stay and nothing can bind,
And the magic charm of foreign lands,
With shadows of palms, and shining sands,
Where the tumbling surf,
O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar, 160
Washes the feet of the swarthy Lascar,
As he lies alone and asleep on the turf.
And the trembling maiden held her breath
At the tales of that awful, pitiless sea,
With all its terror and mystery,
The dim, dark sea, so like unto Death,
That divides and yet unites mankind!
And whenever the old man paused, a gleam

From the bowl of his pipe would awhile
illume
The silent group in the twilight gloom, 170
And thoughtful faces, as in a dream;
And for a moment one might mark
What had been hidden by the dark,
That the head of the maiden lay at rest,
Tenderly, on the young man's breast!

Day by day the vessel grew,
With timbers fashioned strong and true,
Stemson and keelson and sternson-knee,
Till, framed with perfect symmetry,
A skeleton ship rose up to view! 180
And around the bows and along the side
The heavy hammers and mallets plied,
Till after many a week, at length,
Wonderful for form and strength,
Sublime in its enormous bulk,
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk!
And around it columns of smoke, up-
wreathing,
Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething
Caldron, that glowed,
And overflowed 190
With the black tar, heated for the sheathing.
And amid the clamors
Of clattering hammers,
He who listened heard now and then
The song of the Master and his men:—

"Build me straight, O worthy Master,
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,

That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

With oaken brace and copper band, 200
Lay the rudder on the sand,
That, like a thought, should have control
Over the movement of the whole;
And near it the anchor, whose giant hand
Would reach down and grapple with the land,
And immovable and fast
Hold the great ship against the bellowing
blast!
And at the bows an image stood,
By a cunning artist carved in wood,
With robes of white, that far behind 210
Seemed to be fluttering in the wind.
It was not shaped in a classic mould,
Not like a Nymph or Goddess of old,
Or Naiad rising from the water,
But modelled from the Master's daughter!
On many a dreary and misty night,
'T will be seen by the rays of the signal light,
Speeding along through the rain and the dark,
Like a ghost in its snow-white sark,
The pilot of some phantom bark, 220
Guiding the vessel, in its flight,
By a path none other knows aright!
Behold, at last,
Each tall and tapering mast
Is swung into its place;
Shrouds and stays
Holding it firm and fast!

Long ago,
In the deer-haunted forests of Maine,
When upon mountain and plain 230
Lay the snow,
They fell,—those lordly pines!
Those grand, majestic pines!
'Mid shouts and cheers
The jaded steers,
Panting beneath the goad,
Dragged down the weary, winding road
Those captive kings so straight and tall,
To be shorn of their streaming hair,
And, naked and bare, 240
To feel the stress and the strain
Of the wind and the reeling main,
Whose roar
Would remind them forevermore
Of their native forests they should not see again.

And everywhere
The slender, graceful spars
Poise aloft in the air,
And at the mast-head,
White, blue, and red, 250
A flag unrolls the stripes and stars.
Ah! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,
In foreign harbors shall behold
That flag unrolled,
'T will be as a friendly hand
Stretched out from his native land,
Filling his heart with memories sweet and endless!

All is finished! and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength. 260
To-day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold. 270
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.
He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage day, 280
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray old sea.

On the deck another bride
Is standing by her lover's side.
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,
Like the shadows cast by clouds,

Broken by many a sunny fleck,
Fall around them on the deck. 290

The prayer is said,
The service read,
The joyous bridegroom bows his head;
And in tears the good old Master
Shakes the brown hand of his son,
Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek
In silence, for he cannot speak,
And ever faster
Down his own the tears begin to run.
The worthy pastor— 300
The shepherd of that wandering flock,
That has the ocean for its wold,
That has the vessel for its fold,
Leaping ever from rock to rock—
Spake, with accents mild and clear,
Words of warning, words of cheer,
But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.
He knew the chart
Of the sailor's heart,
All its pleasures and its griefs, 310
All its shallows and rocky reefs,
All those secret currents, that flow
With such resistless undertow,
And lift and drift, with terrible force,
The will from its moorings and its
course.
Therefore he spake, and thus said he:—
"Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound, are we.

Before, behind, and all around,
Floats and swings the horizon's bound, 320
Seems at its distant rim to rise
And climb the crystal wall of the skies,
And then again to turn and sink,
As if we could slide from its outer brink.
Ah! it is not the sea,
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,
But ourselves
That rock and rise
With endless and uneasy motion,
Now touching the very skies, 330
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.
Ah! if our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do,
We shall sail securely, and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,
Will be those of joy and not of fear!"

Then the Master, 340
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!

She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel, 350
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!"

How beautiful she is! How fair 360
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity 370
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years, 380
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'T is of the wave and not the rock;
'T is but the flapping of the sail, 390
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

1849. *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

DARKNESS

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth

Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came and went—and came, and brought
no day,
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation: and all hearts
Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light;
And they did live by watchfires—and the
thrones, 10
The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,
And men were gather'd round their blazing
homes
To look once more into each other's face;
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanoes, and their mountain-torch:
A fearful hope was all the world contain'd;
Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour
They fell and faded—and the crackling
trunks 20
Extinguish'd with a crash—and all was black.
The brows of men by the despairing light
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them; some lay down
And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and
smiled;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world; and then again 30
With curses cast them down upon the dust,

And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd: the wild
birds shriek'd
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawl'd
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for
food!
And War, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again:—a meal was bought
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart 40
Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;
All earth was but one thought—and that was
death
Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails—men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their
flesh;
The meagre by the meagre were devour'd,
Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds and beasts and famish'd men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead 50
Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no
food,
But with a piteous and perpetual moan,
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answer'd not with a caress—he died.
The crowd was famish'd by degrees; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies: they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place

Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage; they raked up, 60
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects—saw, and shriek'd, and died—
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,
The populous and the powerful was a lump, 70
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless,
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,
And nothing stirr'd within their silent depths;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal: as they dropp'd
They slept on the abyss without a surge—
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,
The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air, 80
And the clouds perish'd; Darkness had no need
Of aid from them—She was the Universe.

1816. *Lord Byron.*

OPPORTUNITY

THIS I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:—
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears,—but this
Blunt thing—!" he snapt and flung it from his hand, 10
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

1887. *Edward Rowland Sill.*

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

PRELUDE TO PART FIRST

Over his keys the musing organist,
  Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
  And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay;
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
  Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
  Along the wavering vista of his dream.

  Not only around our infancy
  Doth heaven with all its splendors lie; . . . 10
  Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
  We Sinais climb and know it not;

Over our manhood bend the skies;
  Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
  With our faint hearts the mountain strives;

Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
  Waits with its benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
  Still shouts the inspiring sea. 20

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;
  The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
  We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the Devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
  For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
  'T is heaven alone that is given away,
'T is only God may be had for the asking; 30
There is no price set on the lavish summer;
And June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
  Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
  And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
  An instinct within it that reaches and towers, 40
And, groping blindly above it for light,
  Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
  Thrilling back over hills and valleys;

The cowslip startles in meadows green,
  The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there 's never a leaf or a blade too mean
  To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
  Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
  With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and
    sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her
    nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the
    best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
  And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back, with a ripply cheer,
  Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'T is enough for us now that the leaves are
    green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help
    knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,

That dandelions are blossoming near, 70
  That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
  We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
  Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how; 80
Everything is happy now,
  Everything is upward striving;
'T is as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green, or skies to be blue,—
  'T is the natural way of living:
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
  In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
  The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth, 90
  And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
  Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.
What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remembered the keeping of his vow?

The Vision of Sir Launfal

PART FIRST

I

"My golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail;
Shall never a bed for me be spread, 100
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew."
Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

II

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees, 110
The little birds sang as if it were
The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees:
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray;
'T was the proudest hall in the North Countree,

And never its gates might opened be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree;
Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied; 120
She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though around it for leagues her pavilions tall
Stretched left and right,
Over the hills and out of sight;
  Green and broad was every tent,
  And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

III

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight, 130
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
  In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
  Had cast them forth: so, young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust-leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

IV

It was morning on hill and stream and tree, 140
  And morning in the young knight's heart;

Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
  And gloomed by itself apart;
The season brimmed all other things up
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

V

As Sir Launfal made morn through the dark-
    some gate,
  He was ware of a leper, crouched by the
    same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he
    sate;
  And a loathing over Sir Launfal came; 150
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
  The flesh 'neath his armor did shrink and
    crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
  Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer
    morn,—
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

VI

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
"Better to me the poor man's crust, 160
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;

That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
  Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives but a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
  That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms, 170
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness
    before."

PRELUDE TO PART SECOND

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain
    peak,
  From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hill-top bleak
  It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's
    cheek;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures
    bare; 180
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars:
He sculptured every summer delight

In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt, 190
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through,
and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops, 200
That crystalled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one:
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter-palace of ice;
'T was as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost. 210

Within the hall are song and laughter,
The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
With lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide;
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap

And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind; 220
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks
Like herds of startled deer.

But the wind without was eager and sharp,
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
And rattles and wrings
The icy strings,
Singing, in dreary monotone,
A Christmas carol of its own, 230
Whose burden still, as he might guess,
Was—"Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"
The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch
As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch,
And he sat in the gateway and saw all night
The great hall-fire so cheery and bold,
Through the window-slits of the castle old,
Build out its piers of ruddy light
Against the drift of the cold.

PART SECOND

I

There was never a leaf on bush or tree. 240
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;

The river was dumb and could not speak,
  For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;
A single crow on the tree-top bleak
  From his shining feathers shed off the cold
    sun.
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitly
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

II

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate, 250
For another heir in his earldom sate;
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

III

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbèd air,
For it was just at the Christmas time; 260
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long ago;
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,

Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the
shade, 270
And with its own self like an infant played,
And waved its signal of palms.

IV

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms;"—
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing,
The leper, lank as the rain-blanched bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

V

And Sir Launfal said,—"I behold in thee 280
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,—
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and
scorns,—
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to thee!"

VI

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
  And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise 290
  He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink;
'T was a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
  'T was water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed, 300
  And 't was red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

VII

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

VIII

His words were shed softer than leaves from
the pine, 310
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the
brine,
Which mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was calmer than silence
said,
"Lo it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee, 320
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

IX

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swound:—
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor up on the wall, 330
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall;

He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

X

The castle gate stands open now,
  And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough;
  No longer scowl the turrets tall,
The summer's long siege at last is o'er;
When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
She entered with him in disguise, 340
And mastered the fortress by surprise;
There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
She lingers and smiles there the whole year
    round;
The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
Has hall and bower at his command; 345
And there's no poor man in the North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

1848. *James Russell Lowell.*

ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,

And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord." 10
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,—
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

1844. *Leigh Hunt.*

MERLIN AND THE GLEAM

O YOUNG Mariner,
You from the haven
Under the sea-cliff,
You that are watching
The gray Magician
With eyes of wonder,
I am Merlin,
And *I* am dying,
I am Merlin
Who follow the Gleam. 10

Mighty the Wizard
Who found me at sunrise
Sleeping and woke me
And learn'd me Magic!
Great the Master,
And sweet the Magic,
When over the valley,
In early summers,
Over the mountain,
On human faces,
And all around me,
Moving to melody,
Floated the Gleam. 23

Once at the croak of a Raven who crossed it,
A barbarous people,
Blind to the magic,
And deaf to the melody,
Snarl'd at and cursed me.
A demon vexed me,
The light retreated,
The landskip darken'd,
The melody deaden'd,
The Master whisper'd,
"Follow the Gleam." 34

Then to the melody,
Over a wilderness
Gliding, and glancing at
Elf of the woodland,
Gnome of the cavern,
Griffin and Giant,

And dancing of Fairies
In desolate hollows,
And wraiths of the mountain,
And rolling of dragons
By warble of water,
Or cataract music
Of falling torrents,
Flitted the Gleam... 48

Down from the mountain
And over the level,
And streaming and shining on
Silent river,
Silvery willow,
Pasture and plowland,
Innocent maidens,
Garrulous children,
Homestead and harvest,
Reaper and gleaner,
And rough-ruddy faces
Of lowly labor,
Slided the Gleam— 61

Then, with a melody
Stronger and statelier,
Led me at length
To the city and palace
Of Arthur the King;
Touch'd at the golden
Cross of the churches,
Flash'd on the Tournament,

Flicker'd and bicker'd
From helmet to helmet,
And last on the forehead
Of Arthur the blameless
Rested the Gleam. 74

Clouds and darkness
Closed upon Camelot;
Arthur had vanish'd
I knew not whither,
The king who loved me,
And cannot die;
For out of the darkness
Silent and slowly
The Gleam, that had waned to a wintry glimmer
On icy fallow
And faded forest,
Drew to the valley
Named of the shadow,
And slowly brightening
Out of the glimmer,
And slowly moving again to a melody
Yearningly tender,
Fell on the shadow,
No longer a shadow,
But clothed with the Gleam. 94

And broader and brighter
The Gleam flying onward,

Wed to the melody,
Sang thro' the world;
And slower and fainter,
Old and weary,
But eager to follow,
I saw, whenever
In passing it glanced upon
Hamlet or city,
That under the Crosses
The dead man's garden,
The mortal hillock,
Would break into blossom;
And so to the land's
Last limit I came—
And can no longer,
But die rejoicing,
For thro' the Magic
Of Him the Mighty,
Who taught me in childhood
There on the border
Of boundless Ocean,
And all but in Heaven
Hovers the Gleam. 119

Not of the sunlight,
Not of the moonlight,
Not of the starlight!
O young Mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel

And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the Gleam. 131

1889. *Lord Tennyson.*

RHŒCUS

God sends his teachers unto every age,
To every clime, and every race of men,
With revelations fitted to their growth
And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of Truth
Into the selfish rule of one sole race:
Therefore each form of worship that hath swayed
The life of man, and given it to grasp
The master-key of knowledge, reverence,
Enfolds some germs of goodness and of right;
Else never had the eager soul, which loathes 10
The slothful down of pampered ignorance,
Found in it even a moment's fitful rest.

There is an instinct in the human heart
Which makes that all the fables it hath coined,
To justify the reign of its belief
And strengthen it by beauty's right divine,

Veil in their inner cells a mystic gift,
Which, like the hazel twig, in faithful hands,
Points surely to the hidden springs of truth.
For, as in nature naught is made in vain, 20
But all things have within their hull of use
A wisdom and a meaning which may speak
Of spiritual secrets to the ear
Of spirit; so, in whatsoe'er the heart
Hath fashioned for a solace to itself,
To make its inspirations suit its creed,
And from the niggard hands of falsehood wring
Its needful food of truth, there ever is
A sympathy with Nature, which reveals,
Not less than her own works, pure gleams of light 30
And earnest parables of inward lore.
Hear now this fairy legend of old Greece,
As full of freedom, youth, and beauty still
As the immortal freshness of that grace
Carved for all ages on some Attic frieze.

A youth named Rhœcus, wandering in the wood,
Saw an old oak just trembling to its fall,
And, feeling pity of so fair a tree,
He propped its gray trunk with admiring care,
And with a thoughtless footstep loitered on. 40
But, as he turned, he heard a voice behind
That murmured "Rhœcus!" 'T was as if the leaves,
Stirred by a passing breath, had murmured it.

And, while he paused bewildered, yet again
It murmured "Rhœcus!" softer than a breeze.
He started and beheld with dizzy eyes
What seemed the substance of a happy dream
Stand there before him, spreading a warm glow
Within the green glooms of the shadowy oak.
It seemed a woman's shape, yet all too fair 50
To be a woman, and with eyes too meek
For any that were wont to mate with gods.
All naked like a goddess stood she there,
And like a goddess all too beautiful
To feel the guilt-born earthliness of shame.
"Rhœcus, I am the Dryad of this tree,"
Thus she began, dropping her low-toned words
Serene, and full, and clear, as drops of dew,
"And with it I am doomed to live and die;
The rain and sunshine are my caterers, 60
Nor have I other bliss than simple life;
Now ask me what thou wilt, that I can give,
And with a thankful joy it shall be thine."

Then Rhœcus, with a flutter at the heart,
Yet, by the prompting of such beauty, bold,
Answered: "What is there that can satisfy
The endless craving of the soul but love?
Give me thy love, or but the hope of that
Which must be evermore my spirit's goal."
After a little pause she said again, 70
But with a glimpse of sadness in her tone,
"I give it, Rhœcus, though a perilous gift;
An hour before the sunset meet me here."
And straightway there was nothing he could see

But the green glooms beneath the shadowy oak,
And not a sound came to his straining ears
But the low trickling rustle of the leaves,
And far away upon an emerald slope
The falter of an idle shepherd's pipe.

Now, in those days of simpleness and faith, 80
Men did not think that happy things were dreams
Because they overstepped the narrow bourne
Of likelihood, but reverently deemed
Nothing too wondrous or too beautiful
To be the guerdon of a daring heart.
So Rhœcus made no doubt that he was blest,
And all along unto the city's gate
Earth seemed to spring beneath him as he walked,
The clear, broad sky looked bluer than its wont,
And he could scarce believe he had not wings, 90
Such sunshine seemed to glitter through his veins
Instead of blood, so light he felt and strange.

Young Rhœcus had a faithful heart enough,
But one that in the present dwelt too much
And, taking with blithe welcome whatsoe'er
Chance gave of joy, was wholly bound in that,
Like the contented peasant of a vale,
Deemed it the world, and never looked beyond.
So, haply meeting in the afternoon

Some comrades who were playing at the dice,
He joined them and forgot all else beside.

The dice were rattling at the merriest,
And Rhœcus, who had met but sorry luck,
Just laughed in triumph at a happy throw,
When through the room there hummed a yellow bee
That buzzed about his ear with down-dropped legs
As if to light. And Rhœcus laughed and said,
Feeling how red and flushed he was with loss,
"By Venus! does he take me for a rose?"
And brushed him off with rough, impatient hand.
But still the bee came back, and thrice again
Rhœcus did beat him off with growing wrath.
Then through the window flew the wounded bee,
And Rhœcus, tracking him with angry eyes,
Saw a sharp mountain-peak of Thessaly
Against the red disk of the setting sun,—
And instantly the blood sank from his heart,
As if its very walls had caved away.
Without a word he turned, and, rushing forth,
Ran madly through the city and the gate,
And o'er the plain, which now the wood's long shade,
By the low sun thrown forward broad and dim,
Darkened well-nigh unto the city's wall.

Quite spent and out of breath he reached the tree,
And, listening fearfully, he heard once more
The low voice murmur "Rhœcus!" close at hand:
Whereat he looked around him, but could see
Naught but the deepening glooms beneath the oak.
Then sighed the voice, "O Rhœcus! nevermore
Shalt thou behold me or by day or night, 130
Me, who would fain have blessed thee with a love
More ripe and bounteous than ever yet
Filled up with nectar any mortal heart:
But thou didst scorn my humble messenger,
And sent'st him back to me with bruisèd wings.
We spirits only show to gentle eyes.
We ever ask an undivided love,
And he who scorns the least of Nature's works
Is thenceforth exiled and shut out from all.
Farewell! for thou canst never see me more." 140

Then Rhœcus beat his breast, and groaned aloud,
And cried, "Be pitiful! forgive me yet
This once, and I shall never need it more!"
"Alas!" the voice returned, "'t is thou art blind,
Not I unmerciful; I can forgive,
But have no skill to heal thy spirit's eyes;
Only the soul hath power o'er itself."

With that again there murmured "Nevermore!"
And Rhœcus after heard no other sound,
Except the rattling of the oak's crisp leaves, 150
Like the long surf upon a distant shore,
Raking the sea-worn pebbles up and down.
The night had gathered round him: o'er the plain
The city sparkled with its thousand lights,
And sounds of revel fell upon his ear
Harshly and like a curse; above, the sky,
With all its bright sublimity of stars,
Deepened, and on his forehead smote the breeze:
Beauty was all around him and delight,
But from that eve he was alone on earth. 160

1843. *James Russell Lowell.*

THE BOY AND THE ANGEL

Morning, evening, noon and night,
"Praise God!" sang Theocrite.

Then to his poor trade he turned,
Whereby the daily meal was earned. 4

Hard he labored, long and well;
O'er his work the boy's curls fell.

But ever, at each period,
He stopped and sang, "Praise God!"

Then back again his curls he threw,
And cheerful turned to work anew.

Said Blaise, the listening monk, "Well done;
I doubt not thou art heard, my son:" 12

"As well as if thy voice to-day
Were praising God, the Pope's great way.

"This Easter Day, the Pope at Rome
Praises God from Peter's dome." 16

Said Theocrite, "Would God that I
Might praise him that great way, and die!"

Night passed, day shone,
And Theocrite was gone. 20

With God a day endures alway,
A thousand years are but a day.

God said in heaven, "Nor day nor night
Now brings the voice of my delight." 24

Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,
Spread his wings and sank to earth;

Entered, in flesh, the empty cell,
Lived there, and played the craftsman well; 28

And morning, evening, noon and night,
Praised God in place of Theocrite.

And from a boy, to youth he grew:
The man put off the stripling's hue; 32

The man matured and fell away
Into the season of decay:

And ever o'er the trade he bent,
And ever lived on earth content. 36

(He did God's will; to him, all one
If on the earth or in the sun.)

God said, "A praise is in mine ear;
There is no doubt in it, no fear: 40

"So sing old worlds, and so
New worlds that from my footstool go.

"Clearer loves sound other ways:
I miss my little human praise." 44

Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings, off fell
The flesh disguise, remained the cell.

'T was Easter Day: he flew to Rome,
And paused above Saint Peter's dome. 48

In the tiring-room close by
The great outer gallery,

With his holy vestments dight,
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite: 52

And all his past career
Came back upon him clear,

Since when, a boy, he plied his trade,
Till on his life the sickness weighed; 56

And in his cell, when death drew near,
An angel in a dream brought cheer:

And rising from the sickness drear,
He grew a priest, and now stood here. 60

To the East with praise he turned,
And on his sight the angel burned.

"I bore thee from thy craftsman's cell,
And set thee here; I did not well. 64

"Vainly I left my angel-sphere,
Vain was thy dream of many a year.

"Thy voice's praise seemed weak; it dropped—
Creation's chorus stopped! 68

"Go back and praise again
The early way, while I remain.

"With that weak voice of our disdain,
Take up creation's pausing strain. 72

"Back to the cell and poor employ:
Resume the craftsman and the boy!"

Theocrite grew old at home;
A new Pope dwelt in Peter's dome. 76

One vanished as the other died:
They sought God side by side.

1844. *Robert Browning.*

SAINT BRANDAN

SAINT BRANDAN sails the northern main;
The brotherhoods of saints are glad.
He greets them once, he sails again;
So late!—such storms!—The Saint is mad! 4

He heard, across the howling seas,
Chime convent-bells on wintry nights;
He saw, on spray-swept Hebrides,
Twinkle the monastery-lights. 8

But north, still north, Saint Brandan steer'd—
And now no bells, no convents more!
The hurtling Polar lights are near'd,
The sea without a human shore. 12

At last—(it was the Christmas night;
Stars shone after a day of storm)—
He sees float past an iceberg white,
And on it—Christ!—a living form. 16

That furtive mien, that scowling eye,
  Of hair that red and tufted fell—
It is—Oh, where shall Brandan fly?—
  The traitor Judas, out of hell! 20

Palsied with terror, Brandan sate;
  The moon was bright, the iceberg near.
He hears a voice sigh humbly: "Wait!
  By high permission I am here. 24

"One moment wait, thou holy man!
  On earth my crime, my death, they knew;
My name is under all men's ban—
  Ah, tell them of my respite too! 28

"Tell them, one blessed Christmas-night—
  (It was the first after I came,
Breathing self-murder, frenzy, spite,
  To rue my guilt in endless flame) 32

"I felt, as I in torment lay
  'Mid the souls plagued by heavenly power,
An angel touch mine arm, and say:
  Go hence and cool thyself an hour! 36

"'Ah, whence this mercy, Lord?' I said.
  The Leper recollect, said he,
Who ask'd the passers-by for aid,
  In Joppa, and thy charity. 40

"Then I remember'd how I went,
  In Joppa, through a public street,

One morn when the sirocco spent
  Its storms of dust with burning heat; 44

"And in the street a leper sate,
  Shivering with fever, naked, old;
Sand raked his sores from heel to pate,
  The hot wind fever'd him five-fold. 48

"He gaz'd upon me as I pass'd,
  And murmur'd: *Help me, or I die!*—
To the poor wretch my cloak I cast,
  Saw him look eased, and hurried by. 52

"Oh, Brandan, think what grace divine,
  What blessing must full goodness shower,
When fragment of it small, like mine,
  Hath such inestimable power! 56

"Well-fed, well-clothed, well-friended, I
  Did that chance act of good, that one!
Then went my way to kill and lie—
  Forgot my good as soon as done. 60

"That germ of kindness, in the womb
  Of mercy caught, did not expire;
Outlives my guilt, outlives my doom,
  And friends me in the pit of fire. 64

"Once every year, when carols wake,
  On earth, the Christmas-night's repose,
Arising from the sinners' lake,
  I journey to these healing snows. 68

"I stanch with ice my burning breast,
With silence balm my whirling brain.
O Brandan! to this hour of rest
That Joppan leper's ease was pain."— 72

Tears started to Saint Brandan's eyes;
He bow'd his head, he breathed a prayer—
Then look'd, and lo, the frosty skies!
The iceberg, and no Judas there! 76

1867. *Matthew Arnold.*

ARETHUSA

ARETHUSA arose
From her couch of snows
In the Acroceraunian mountains,—
From cloud and from crag,
With many a jag,
Shepherding her bright fountains.
She leapt down the rocks,
With her rainbow locks
Streaming among the streams;—
Her steps paved with green
The downward ravine
Which slopes to the western gleams:
And gliding and springing
She went, ever singing,
In murmurs as soft as sleep;
The Earth seemed to love her,
And Heaven smiled above her,
As she lingered towards the deep. 18

Then Alpheus bold,
On his glacier cold,
With his trident the mountains strook
And opened a chasm
In the rocks;—with the spasm
All Erymanthus shook.
And the black south wind
It concealed behind
The urns of the silent snow,
And earthquake and thunder
Did rend in sunder
The bars of the springs below.
The beard and the hair
Of the River-god were
Seen through the torrent's sweep,
As he followed the light
Of the fleet nymph's flight
To the brink of the Dorian deep. 36

"Oh, save me! Oh, guide me!
And bid the deep hide me,
For he grasps me now by the hair!"
The loud Ocean heard,
To its blue depth stirred,
And divided at her prayer;
And under the water
The Earth's white daughter
Fled like a sunny beam;
Behind her descended
Her billows, unblended
With the brackish Dorian stream:—

Like a gloomy stain
On the emerald main
Alpheus rushed behind,—
As an eagle pursuing
A dove to its ruin
Down the streams of the cloudy wind. 54

Under the bowers
Where the Ocean Powers
Sit on their pearlèd thrones,
Through the coral woods
Of the weltering floods,
Over heaps of unvalued stones;
Through the dim beams
Which amid the streams
Weave a network of colored light;
And under the caves,
Where the shadowy waves
Are as green as the forest's night;—
Outspeeding the shark,
And the sword-fish dark,
Under the ocean foam,
And up through the rifts
Of the mountain clifts
They passed to their Dorian home. 72

And now from their fountains
In Enna's mountains,
Down one vale where the morning basks,
Like friends once parted
Grown single-hearted,
They ply their watery tasks.

At sunrise they leap
From their cradles steep
In the cave of the shelving hill;
At noontide they flow
Through the woods below
And the meadows of Asphodel;
And at night they sleep
In the rocking deep
Beneath the Ortygian shore;—
Like spirits that lie
In the azure sky
When they love but live no more. 90

1820. 1824. *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

LAODAMIA

WITH sacrifice before the rising morn
Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired;
And from the infernal Gods, 'mid shades forlorn
Of night, my slaughtered Lord have I required:
Celestial pity I again implore;—
Restore him to my sight—great Jove, restore!" 6

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
With faith, the Suppliant heavenward lifts her hands;
While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
Her countenance brightens—and her eye expands;

Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows;
And she expects the issue in repose. 12

O terror! what hath she perceived?—O joy!
What doth she look on?—whom doth she behold?
Her Hero slain upon the beach of Troy?
His vital presence? his corporeal mould?
It is—if sense deceive her not—'t is He!
And a God leads him, wingèd Mercury! 18

Mild Hermes spake—and touched her with his wand
That calms all fear; "Such grace hath crowned thy prayer,
Laodamía! that at Jove's command
Thy Husband walks the paths of upper air:
He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space;
Accept the gift, behold him face to face!" 24

Forth sprang the impassioned Queen her Lord to clasp;
Again that consummation she essayed;
But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp
As often as that eager grasp was made.
The Phantom parts—but parts to re-unite,
And re-assume his place before her sight. 30

"Protesiláus, lo! thy guide is gone!
Confirm, I pray the vision with thy voice:

This is our palace,—yonder is thy throne;
Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will
rejoice.
Not to appal me have the gods bestowed
This precious boon; and blest a sad abode." 36

"Great Jove, Laodamía! doth not leave
His gifts imperfect:—Spectre though I be,
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;
But in reward of thy fidelity.
And something also did my worth obtain;
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain. 42

"Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle foretold
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan
strand
Should die; but me the threat could not with-
hold;
A generous cause a victim did demand;
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;
A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain." 48

"Supreme of Heroes—bravest, noblest, best!
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,
Which then, when tens of thousands were
deprest
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;
Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—here thou
art—
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart. 54

"But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;
And he, whose power restores thee, hath decreed
Thou should'st elude the malice of the grave:
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enriched Thessalian
air. 60

"No Spectre greets me,—no vain Shadow this;
Come, blooming Hero, place thee by my side!
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss
To me, this day, a second time thy bride!"
Jove frowned in heaven: the conscious Parcæ
threw
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue. 66

"This visage tells thee that my doom is past:
Nor should the change be mourned, even if
the joys
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys
Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains:
Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains. 72

"Be taught, O faithful Consort, to control
Rebellious passion: for the Gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul;
A fervent, not ungovernable, love.
Thy transports moderate; and meekly mourn
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn—" 78

"Ah, wherefore?—Did not Hercules by force
Wrest from the guardian Monster of the tomb
Alcestis, a reanimated corse,
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom?
Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,
And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful peers. 84

"The Gods to us are merciful—and they
Yet further may relent: for mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's
breast. 90

"But if thou goest, I follow—" "Peace!" he
said;—
She looked upon him and was calmed and
cheered;
The ghastly color from his lips had fled;
In his deportment, shape, and mien, appeared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place. 96

He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—
The past unsighed for, and the future sure;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued; 102

Of all that is most beauteous—imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey. 108

Yet there the Soul shall enter which hath earned
That privilege by virtue.—"Ill," said he,
"The end of man's existence I discerned,
Who from ignoble games and revelry
Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,
While tears were thy best pastime, day and night; 114

"And while my youthful peers before my eyes
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports,—or, seated in the tent,
Chieftains and kings in council were detained;
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained. 120

"The wished-for wind was given:—I then revolved
The oracle, upon the silent sea;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand,—
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand. 126

"Yet bitter, oft-times bitter was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, belovèd Wife!
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life,—
The paths which we had trod—these fountains, flowers,
My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers. 132

"But should suspense permit the Foe to cry,
'Behold they tremble!—haughty their array,
Yet of their number no one dares to die?'
In soul I swept the indignity away:
Old frailties then recurred:—but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought. 138

"And Thou, though strong in love, art all too weak
In reason, in self-government too slow;
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blest reunion in the shades below.
The invisible world with thee hath sympathized;
Be thy affections raised and solemnized. 144

"Learn by a mortal yearning, to ascend—
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end;
For this the passion to excess was driven—
That self might be annulled: her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love."— 150

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes reappears!
Round the dear Shade she would have clung—
    't is vain:
The hours are past—too brief had they been
    years;
And him no mortal effort can detain:
Swift, toward the realms that know not earthly
    day,
He through the portal takes his silent way,
And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse she
    lay. 157

Thus, all in vain exhorted and reproved,
She perished; and, as for a wilful crime,
By the just Gods whom no weak pity moved,
Was doomed to wear out her appointed time,
Apart from happy Ghosts, that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers. 163

—Yet tears to human suffering are due;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,
As fondly he believes.—Upon the side
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom she died;
And ever, when such stature they had gained
That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,
The trees' tall summits withered at the sight:
A constant interchange of growth and
    blight! 174

1815. *William Wordsworth.*

KILMENY

From *The Queen's Wake*

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring,—
The scarlet hypp, and the hindberrye,
And the nut that hung frae the hazel-tree;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
And lang may she seek i' the green-wood shaw;
Lang the laird of Duneira blame,
And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame. 13

When many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the bedesman had prayed, and the dead-bell rung;
Late, late in a gloamin, when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain,—
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;
When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme,
Late, late in the gloamin Kilmeny came hame! 24

"Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Lang hae we sought baith holt and dean,—
By linn, by ford, and green-wood tree;
Yet you are halesome and fair to sée.
Where gat you that joup o' the lily sheen?
That bonny snood of the birk sae green?
And these roses, the fairest that ever was seen?
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?" 32

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still was her ee,
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare.
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew;
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been,—
A land of love, and a land of light,
Withouten sun or moon or night;
Where the river swa'd a living stream,
And the light a pure celestial beam:
The land of vision it would seem,
A still, an everlasting dream.

In yon green-wood there is a waik,
And in that waik there is a wene,
And in that wene there is a maike
That neither has flesh, blood, nor bane;
And down in yon green-wood he walks his
lane.
In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
Her bosom happed wi' the flowerets gay;
But the air was soft, and the silence deep,
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep;
She kend nae mair, nor opened her ee,
Till waked by the hymns of a far countrye. 62

She wakened on a couch of the silk sae slim,
All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim;
And lovely beings around were rife,
Who erst had travelled mortal life;
And aye they smiled, and 'gan to speer:
"What spirit has brought this mortal here?" 68

"Lang have I journeyed the world wide,"
A meek and reverend fere replied;
"Baith night and day I have watched the fair
Eident a thousand years and mair.
Yes, I have watched o'er ilk degree,
Wherever blooms femenitye;
But sinless virgin, free of stain,
In mind and body, fand I nane.
Never, since the banquet of time,
Found I a virgin in her prime,
Till late this bonny maiden I saw,
As spotless as the morning snaw. 80

Full twenty years she has lived as free
As the spirits that sojourn in this countrye.
I have brought her away frae the snares of men,
That sin or death she may never ken." 84

They clasped her waist and her hands sae fair;
They kissed her cheek, and they kemed her hair;
And round came many a blooming fere,
Saying, "Bonny Kilmeny, ye 're welcome here;
Women are freed of the littand scorn;
O, blest be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken, what a woman may be!
Many a lang year in sorrow and pain,
Many a lang year through the world we 've gane
Commissioned to watch fair womankind,
For it 's they who nurice the immortal mind.
We have watched their steps as the dawning shone,
And deep in the greenwood walks alone;
By lily bower and silken bed
The viewless tears have o'er them shed;
Have soothed their ardent minds to sleep,
Or left the couch of love to weep.
We have seen! we have seen! but the time must come,
And the angels will weep at the day of doom! 104

"O, would the fairest of mortal kind
Aye keep the holy truths in mind,

That kindred spirits their motions see,
Who watch their ways with anxious ee,
And grieve for the guilt of humanitye!
O, sweet to Heaven the maiden's prayer,
And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair!
And dear to Heaven the words of truth
And the praise of virtue frae beauty's mouth!
And dear to the viewless forms of air
The minds that kythe as the body fair! 115

"O bonny Kilmeny! free frae stain,
If ever you seek the world again,—
That world of sin, of sorrow and fear,—
O, tell of the joys that are waiting here;
And tell of the signs you shall shortly see;
Of the times that are now, and the times that
shall be." 121

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
And she walked in the light of a sunless day;
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
The fountain of vision, and fountain of light;
The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
That her youth and beauty never might fade;
And they smiled on heaven, when they saw her
lie
In the stream of life that wandered by.
And she heard a song,—she heard it sung,
She kend not where; but sae sweetly it rung,

It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn,—
"O, blest be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken, what a woman may be!
The sun that shines on the world sae bright,
A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light;
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
Like a gowden bow, or a beamless sun,
Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair;
And the angels shall miss them, travelling the
air.
But lang, lang after baith night and day,
When the sun and the world have elyed away,
When the sinner has gane to his waesome doom,
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!" 147

They bore her away, she wist not how,
For she felt not arm nor rest below;
But so swift they wained her through the light,
'T was like the motion of sound or sight;
They seemed to split the gales of air,
And yet nor gale nor breeze was there.
Unnumbered groves below them grew;
They came, they past, and backward flew,
Like floods of blossoms gliding on,
In moment seen, in moment gone.
O, never vales to mortal view
Appeared like those o'er which they flew,
That land to human spirits given,
The lowermost vales of the storied heaven;
From whence they can view the world below

And heaven's blue gates with sapphires glow,—
More glory yet unmeet to know. 164

They bore her far to a mountain green,
To see what mortal never had seen;
And they seated her high on a purple sward,
And bade her heed what she saw and heard,
And note the changes the spirits wrought;
For now she lived in the land of thought.—
She looked, and she saw nor sun nor skies,
But a crystal dome of a thousand dyes;
She looked, and she saw nae land aright,
But an endless whirl of glory and light;
And radiant beings went and came,
Far swifter than wind or the linkèd flame;
She hid her een frae the dazzling view;
She looked again, and the scene was new. 178

She saw a sun on a summer sky,
And clouds of amber sailing by;
A lovely land beneath her lay,
And that land had glens and mountains gray;
And that land had valleys and hoary piles,
And marlèd seas, and a thousand isles;
Its fields were speckled, its forests green,
And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,
Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay
The sun and the sky and the cloudlet gray,
Which heaved and trembled and gently swung;
On every shore they seemed to be hung;
For there they were seen on their downward
plain

A thousand times and a thousand again;
In winding lake and placid firth,—
Little peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth. 194

Kilmeny sighed and seemed to grieve,
For she found her heart to that land did cleave;
She saw the corn wave on the vale;
She saw the deer run down the dale;
She saw the plaid and the broad claymore,
And the brows that the badge of freedom bore;
And she thought she had seen the land
before. 201

She saw a lady sit on a throne,
The fairest that ever the sun shone on:
A lion licked her hand of milk,
And she held him in a leish of silk;
And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee,
With a silver wand and melting ee;
Her sovereign shield till love stole in,
And poisoned all the fount within. 209

Then a gruff untoward bedesman came,
And hundit the lion on his dame;
And the guardian maid wi' the dauntless ee,
She dropped a tear, and left her knee;
And she saw till the queen frae the lion fled,
Till the bonniest flower of the world lay dead;
A coffin was set on a distant plain,
And she saw the red blood fall like rain:

Then bonny Kilmeny's heart grew sair,
And she turned away, and could look nae
mair. 219

Then the gruff grim carle girnèd amain,
And they trampled him down, but he rose again;
And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,
Till he lapped the blood to the kingdom dear;
And weening his head was danger-preef,
When crowned with the rose and clover leaf,
He gowled at the carle, and chased him away
To feed wi' the deer on the mountain gray.
He gowled at the carle, and he gecked at
Heaven;
But his mark was set, and his arles given.
Kilmeny a while her een withdrew;
She looked again, and the scene was new. 231

She saw below her fair unfurled
One half of all the glowing world,
Where oceans rolled, and rivers ran,
To bound the aims of sinful man.
She saw a people, fierce and fell,
Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell;
There lilies grew, and the eagle flew,
And she herked on her ravening crew,
Till the cities and towers were wrapt in a blaze,
And the thunder it roared o'er the lands and the
seas.
The widows they wailed, and the red blood ran,
And she threatened an end to the race of man:

She never lened, nor stood in awe,
Till caught by the lion's deadly paw.
Oh! then the eagle swinked for life,
And brainzelled up a mortal strife;
But flew she north, or flew she south,
She met wi' the gowl of the lion's mouth. 249

With a mooted wing and waefu' maen,
The eagle sought her eiry again;
But lang may she cower in her bloody nest,
And lang, lang sleek her wounded breast,
Before she sey another flight,
To play wi' the norland lion's might. 255

But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw,
So far surpassing nature's law,
The singer's voice wad sink away,
And the string of his harp wad cease to play.
But she saw till the sorrows of man were by,
And all was love and harmony;—
Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,
Like the flakes of snaw on a winter's day. 263

Then Kilmeny begged again to see
The friends she had left in her own countrye,
To tell the place where she had been,
And the glories that lay in the land unseen;
To warn the living maidens fair,
The loved of heaven, the spirits' care,
That all whose minds unmeled remain
Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane. 271

With distant music, soft and deep,
They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;
And when she awakened, she lay her lane,
All happed with flowers in the green-wood wene.
When seven long years had come and fled;
When grief was calm, and hope was dead;
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
Late, late in the gloamin, Kilmeny came hame!
And O, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and steadfast was her ee!
Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there;
And the soft desire of maidens' een
In that mild face could never be seen.
Her seymar was the lily flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;
And her voice like the distant melodye
That floats along the twilight sea.
But she loved to raike the lanely glen,
And keeped afar frae the haunts of men;
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
To suck the flowers and drink the spring.
But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
The wild beasts of the hills were cheered;
The wolf played blythely round the field;
The lordly byson lowed and kneeled;
The dun deer wooed with manner bland,
And cowered aneath her lily hand.
And when at even the woodlands rung,
When hymns of other worlds she sung
In ecstasy of sweet devotion,
O, then the glen was all in motion!

The wild beasts of the forest came,
Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,
And goved around, charmed and amazed;
Even the dull cattle crooned, and gazed,
And murmured, and looked with anxious pain
For something the mystery to explain.
The buzzard came with the throstle-cock,
The corby left her houf in the rock;
The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew;
The hind came tripping o'er the dew;
The wolf and the kid their raike began;
And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran;
The hawk and the hern attour them hung,
And the merl and the mavis forhooyed their
young;
And all in a peaceful ring were hurled:
It was like an eve in a sinless world! 319

When a month and a day had come and gane,
Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene;
There laid her down on the leaves sae green,
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.
But O the words that fell from her mouth
Were words of wonder, and words of truth!
But all the land were in fear and dread,
For they kendna whether she was living or
dead.
It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain;
She left this world of sorrow and pain,
And returned to the land of thought again. 330

1813. *James Hogg.*

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

A CHILD'S STORY

HAMELIN Town 's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity. 9

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats. 20

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'T is clear," cried they, "our Mayor 's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What 's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you 're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we 'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sat in council;
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I 'd my ermine gown sell,
I wish I were a mile hence!
It 's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I 'm sure my poor head aches again,
I 've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber-door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what 's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous)

"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!" 54

"Come in!"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tomb-
stone!" 69

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck

A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats:
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation. 97

Into the street the Piper stepped,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
  Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
  Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!
—Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary:
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe:
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks:
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, 'O rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast dry-saltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!'
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone

Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!'
—I found the Weser rolling o'er me." 145

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!"—when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand
guilders!" 154

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what 's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke

Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!" 173

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the Head-Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor:
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion." 184

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d' ye think I brook
Being worse treated than a Cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!" 190

Once more he stepped into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;

Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter. 207

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
—Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He 's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"

When, lo, as they reached the mountain-side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—
"It 's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I 'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!" 255

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
  There came into many a burgher's pate
  A text which says that heaven's gate
  Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North and South,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
  Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
  And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 't was a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
  Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
  On the Twenty second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six":
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
  To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
  They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church-window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,

And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there 's a tribe
Of alien people who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand. 299

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers!
And, whether they pipe us free fróm rats or
fróm mice,
If we 've promised them aught, let us keep our
promise! 303

1843. *Robert Browning.*

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS

The Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!
Bishop and abbot and prior were there;
Many a monk, and many a friar,
Many a knight, and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree,—
In sooth, a goodly company;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended
knee.

Never, I ween,
Was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams, 10
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!
In and out,
Through the motley rout,
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;
Here and there,
Like a dog in a fair,
Over comfits and cates,
And dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
Mitre and crosier,—he hopped upon all. 20
With a saucy air,
He perched on the chair
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat,
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
And he peered in the face
Of his Lordship's Grace,
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
"We two are the greatest folks here to-day!"
And the priests, with awe,
As such freaks they saw, 30
Said, "The Devil must be in that little Jackdaw!"

The feast was over, the board was cleared,
The flawns and the custards had all disappeared,
And six little Singing-boys,—dear little souls
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,—
Came, in order due,
Two by two,

Marching that grand refectory through!
A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Embossed and filled with water, as pure 40
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender-water and eau-de-Cologne;
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope!
One little boy more
A napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink, 50
And a cardinal's Hat marked in "permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dressed all in white;
From his finger he draws
His costly turquoise:
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight
By the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;
Till, when nobody 's dreaming of any such
thing, 60
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring!

. . . . .

There 's a cry and a shout,
And a deuce of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they 're about,
But the monks have their pockets all turned
inside out;

The friars are kneeling,
And hunting and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
The Cardinal drew
Off each plum-colored shoe, 70
And left his red stockings exposed to the view:
He peeps, and he feels
In the toes and the heels.
They turn up the dishes,—they turn up the plates,—
They take up the poker and poke out the grates,
—They turn up the rugs,
They examine the mugs;
But, no!—no such thing,—
They can't find THE RING!
And the Abbot declared that "when nobody twigged it, 80
Some rascal or other had popped in and prigged it!"
The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He called for his candle, his bell, and his book!
In holy anger and pious grief
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the Devil, and wake in a fright.
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking, 90

He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in
winking;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying;
He cursed him living, he cursed him dying!—
Never was heard such a terrible curse!!
But what gave rise
To no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse!

The day was gone,
The night came on,
The monks and the friars they searched till
dawn;
When the sacristan saw,
On crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw!
No longer gay,
As on yesterday;
His feathers all seemed to be turned the wrong
way;—
His pinions drooped,—he could hardly stand,—
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;
His eye so dim,
So wasted each limb,
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried,
"THAT'S HIM!—
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous
thing,
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's
Ring!"

The poor little Jackdaw,
When the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;
And turned his bald head as much as to say,
"Pray be so good as to walk this way!" 120
Slower and slower
He limped on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry-door,
Where the first thing they saw,
Midst the sticks and the straw,
Was the RING, in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal called for his
book,
And off that terrible curse he took:
The mute expression
Served in lieu of confession, 130
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!
—When those words were heard,
That poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 't was really
absurd:
He grew sleek and fat;
In addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!
His tail waggled more
Even than before; 140
But no longer it wagged with an impudent air,
No longer he perched on the Cardinal's chair:
He hopped now about
With a gait devout;

At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seemed telling the Confessor's beads.
If any one lied, or if any one swore,
Or slumbered in prayer-time and happened to snore,
That good Jackdaw
Would give a great "Caw!"
As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"
While many remarked, as his manners they saw,
That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"
He long lived the pride
Of that country side,
And at last in the odor of sanctity died;
When, as words were too faint
His merits to paint,
The Conclave determined to make him a Saint.
And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you know,
It's the custom of Rome new names to bestow,
So they cannonized him by the name of Jim Crow!

1840. *Richard Harris Barham*
(Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq.).

BRIEF EPICS AND TALES

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee. 4

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown. 8

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still! 12

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his
pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf. 16

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his
mail:
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown. 20

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the
sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the
Lord! 24

1815. *Lord Byron.*

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW

Oh, that last day in Lucknow fort!
We knew that it was the last;
That the enemy's lines crept surely on,
And the end was coming fast. 4

To yield to that foe meant worse than death:
And the men and we all worked on;
It was one day more of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done. 8

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
  A fair, young, gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
  And her mind was wandering. 12

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,
  And I took her head on my knee;
"When my father comes hame frae the pleugh,"
    she said,
  "Oh! then please wauken me." 16

She slept like a child on her father's floor,
  In the flecking of woodbine-shade,
When the house dog sprawls by the open door,
  And the mother's wheel is stayed. 20

It was smoke and roar and powder stench,
  And hopeless waiting for death;
And the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
  Seemed scarce to draw her breath. 24

I sank to sleep; and I had my dream
  Of an English village-lane,
And wall and garden;—but one wild scream
  Brought me back to the roar again. 28

There Jessie Brown stood listening
  Till a sudden gladness broke
All over her face; and she caught my hand
  And drew me near as she spoke:— 32

"The Hielanders! O! dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa?
The McGregor's. O! I ken it weel;
It 's the grandest o' them a'! 36

"God bless the bonny Hielanders!
We 're saved! we 're saved!" she cried;
And fell on her knees; and thanks to God
Flowed forth like a full flood-tide. 40

Along the battery-line her cry
Had fallen among the men,
And they started back;—they were there to die;
But was life so near them, then? 44

They listened for life; the rattling fire
Far off, and the far-off roar,
Were all; and the colonel shook his head,
And they turned to their guns once more. 48

But Jessie said, "The slogan 's done;
But winna ye hear it noo,
The Campbells are comin'? It 's no a dream;
Our succors hae broken through!" 52

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
But the pipes we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
And knew that the end was near. 56

It was not long ere it made its way,—
A thrilling, ceaseless sound:

It was no noise from the strife afar,
  Or the sappers under the ground. 60

It *was* the pipes of the Highlanders!
  And now they played *Auld Lang Syne.*
It came to our men like the voice of God,
  And they shouted along the line. 64

And they wept, and shook one another's hands,
  And the women sobbed in a crowd;
And every one knelt down where he stood,
  And we all thanked God aloud. 68

That happy time, when we welcomed them,
  Our men put Jessie first;
And the general gave her his hand, and cheers
  Like a storm from the soldiers burst. 72

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan streamed,
  Marching round and round our line;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
  As the pipes played *Auld Lang Syne.* 76

1860. *Robert Traill Spence Lowell.*

MARCO BOZZARIS

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
  The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
  Should tremble at his power.

In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
  In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring,
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
  As Eden's garden bird. 11

At midnight, in the forest shades,
  Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,—
True as the steel of their tried blades,
  Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
  On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
  As quick, as far as they. 22

An hour passed on, the Turk awoke:
  That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the
    Greek!"
He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
  And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
  Bozzaris cheer his band:

"Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God, and your native land!" 36

They fought—like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain:
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun. 46

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death,
Come to the mother, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessèd seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet song and dance and wine,—
And thou art terrible; the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine. 60

But to the hero, when his sword
  Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
  The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come when his task of fame is wrought;
Come with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought;
  Come in her crowning hour,—and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
  Of sky and stars to prisoned men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
  To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
  Blew o'er the Haytian seas. 79

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
  Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee; there is no prouder grave,
  Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral-weeds for thee,
  Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
  The heartless luxury of the tomb.
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone.

For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babe's first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed.
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.
  And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
  The memory of her buried joys,—
And even she who gave thee birth,—
Will, by her pilgrim-circled hearth,
  Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,—
One of the few, the immortal names,
  That were not born to die. 111

1825. *Fitz-Greene Halleck.*

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

My hair is gray, but not with years,
    Nor grew it white
    In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears;
My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,
  But rusted with a vile repose,

For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
  And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd, and barr'd—forbidden fare;
But this was for my father's faith
I suffer'd chains and courted death;
That father perish'd at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place;
We were seven—who now are one,
  Six in youth, and one in age,
Finish'd as they had begun,
  Proud of Persecution's rage;
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have seal'd,
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last. 26

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor-lamp:
And in each pillar there is a ring,
  And in each ring there is a chain;

That iron is a cankering thing,
  For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years—I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score,
When my last brother droop'd and died,
And I lay living by his side. 47

They chain'd us each to a column stone,
And we were three—yet, each alone;
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight:
And thus together—yet apart,
Fetter'd in hand, but join'd in heart,
'T was still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each
With some new hope, or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon stone,
  A grating sound, not full and free,
  As they of yore were wont to be:
  It might be fancy, but to me
They never sounded like our own. 68

I was the eldest of the three,
  And to uphold and cheer the rest
  I ought to do—and did my best—
And each did well in his degree.
  The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him, with eyes as blue as heaven—
  For him my soul was sorely moved;
And truly might it be distress'd
To see such bird in such a nest;
For he was beautiful as day—
  (When day was beautiful to me
  As to young eagles, being free)—
  A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer 's gone,
  Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun:
  And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for nought but others' ills,
And then they flow'd like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorr'd to view below. 91

The other was as pure of mind,
But form'd to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perish'd in the foremost rank
  With joy:—but not in chains to pine:
His spirit wither'd with their clank,

I saw it silently decline—
And so perchance in sooth did mine:
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
Had follow'd there the deer and wolf;
To him his dungeon was a gulf,
And fetter'd feet the worst of ills. 106

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls:
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
Which round about the wave inthrals:
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made—and like a living grave
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,
We heard it ripple night and day;
Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd;
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high
And wanton in the happy sky;
And then the very rock hath rock'd,
And I have felt it shake, unshock'd,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free. 125

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined,

He loathed and put away his food;
It was not that 't was coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare,
And for the like had little care:
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat,
Our bread was such as captives' tears
Have moisten'd many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow men
Like brutes within an iron den;
But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart or limb;
My brother's soul was of that mould
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side;
But why delay the truth?—he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,—
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died, and they unlock'd his chain,
And scoop'd for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begg'd them as a boon to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine—it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer—
They coldly laugh'd, and laid him there:

The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument! 163

But he, the favourite and the flower,
Most cherish'd since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyr'd father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired—
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was wither'd on the stalk away. 175

Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood:
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of Sin delirious with its dread;
But these were horrors—this was woe
Unmix'd with such—but sure and slow:
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender, kind,
And grieved for those he left behind;

With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray;
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur, not
A groan o'er his untimely lot,—
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less:
I listen'd, but I could not hear;
I call'd, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 't was hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished;
I call'd, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rush'd to him:—I found him not,
I only stirr'd in this black spot,
I only lived, *I* only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon-dew;
The last, the sole, the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath—
My brothers—both had ceased to breathe:

I took that hand which lay so still,
Alas! my own was full as chill;
I had not strength to stir, or strive,
But felt that I was still alive—
A frantic feeling, when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.
    I know not why
    I could not die,
I had no earthly hope but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death. 230

What next befell me then and there
  I know not well—I never knew—
First came the loss of light, and air,
  And then of darkness too:
I had no thought, no feeling—none—
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist;
For all was blank, and bleak, and gray;
It was not night, it was not day;
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight,
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness without a place;
There were no stars, no earth, no time,
No check, no change, no good, no crime,
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless! 250

A light broke in upon my brain,—
  It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
  The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track;
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
  And tamer than upon the tree;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
  And seem'd to say them all for me!
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more:
It seem'd like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
  Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
  Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!

Or if it were, in winged guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For—Heaven forgive that thought! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile—
I sometimes deem'd that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 't was mortal well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone,
Lone as the corse within its shroud,
Lone as a solitary cloud,—
  A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
  When skies are blue, and earth is gay. 299

A kind of change came in my fate,
My keepers grew compassionate;
I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe,
But so it was:—my broken chain
With links unfasten'd did remain,
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part;
And round the pillars one by one,
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod;

For if I thought with heedless tread
My step profaned their lowly bed,
My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick. 317

I made a footing in the wall,
It was not therefrom to escape,
For I had buried one and all
Who loved me in a human shape;
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me:
No child, no sire, no kin had I,
No partner in my misery;
I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barr'd windows, and to bend
Once more, upon the mountains high,
The quiet of a loving eye. 331

I saw them, and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high—their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channell'd rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view;

A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing
    Of gentle breath and hue.
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seem'd joyous each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seem'd to fly;
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled—and would fain
I had not left my recent chain;
And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load;
It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save,—
And yet my glance, too much opprest,
Had almost need of such a rest. 365

It might be months, or years, or days,
  I kept no count, I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
  And clear them of their dreary mote;
At last men came to set me free;
  I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where;
It was at length the same to me,
Fetter'd or fetterless to be,
  I learn'd to love despair.

And thus when they appear'd at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage—and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home:
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watch'd them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell;
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are:—even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh. 392

1816. *Lord Byron.*

MORTE D'ARTHUR

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonnesse about their lord,
King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,

Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land. 10
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls 20
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more—but let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake, 30
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king;
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known:
But now delay not: take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere:

Watch what thou seëst, and lightly bring me
word."
To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus, 40
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee
word."
So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping
down
By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock, 50
Came on the shining levels of the lake.
There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran
forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt;
For all the haft twinkled with diamond
sparks
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth work
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind, 60
In act to throw; but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted water-flags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.

So strode he back slow to the wounded king.
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen, or what hast heard?"
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds, 70
And the wild water lapping on the crag."
To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:
"Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight;
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing 80
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."
Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud:
"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost forever from the earth, 90
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.

What good should follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumors of a doubt? but were this kept, 100
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honour and much fame were lost."
So spake he, clouded with his own conceit, 110
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded king.
Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:
"What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:

"I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."
To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me! 120
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence: 130
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."
Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock 140
By night, with noises of the northern sea.

So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:
But ere he dipped the surface, rose an arm
Cloth'd in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the king.
Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out; what is it thou hast heard, or seen?" 150
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him 160
Three times, and drew him under in the mere."
And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
"My end draws nigh; 't is time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,

And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."
  So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere 170
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words;
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.
  But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the king,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die." 180
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him, like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right

The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels— 190
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.
Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony 200
Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.
Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge,"
And to the barge they came. There those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the king, and wept.
But she that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,

And call'd him by his name, complaining
loud, 210
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was
white
And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing
east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with
drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the daïs-throne—were parch'd
with dust;
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed
his lips. 220
So like a shatter'd column lay the king;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.
Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble
chance, 230
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that
led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.

But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."
And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge:
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new, 240
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats 250
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seëst—if indeed I go—

(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow, 260
Nor ever wind blows loudly, but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."
So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull 270
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

1835. 1842. 1869. *Lord Tennyson.*

GINEVRA

From *Italy*

If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
To Modena, where still religiously
Among her ancient trophies is preserved
Bologna's bucket (in its chain it hangs

Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandine),
Stop at a palace near the Reggio gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee; through their archèd
walks,
Dim at noonday, discovering many a glimpse
Of knights and dames, such as in old romance,
And lovers, such as in heroic song,
Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,
That in the spring-time, as alone they sate,
Venturing together on a tale of love,
Read only part that day.—A summer sun
Sets ere one half is seen; but ere thou go,
Enter the house—prythee, forget it not—
And look awhile upon a picture there. 20

'T is of a lady in her earliest youth,
The last of that illustrious race,
Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not.
He who observes it, ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up when far away. 26

She sits inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half open, and her finger up,
As though she said "Beware!" her vest of gold
Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head
to foot,
An emerald-stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,

A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart,—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody!
Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heirloom, its companion,
An oaken chest, half-eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With Scripture stories from the life of Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old Ancestor,
That, by the way—it may be true or false—
But don't forget the picture; and thou wilt not
When thou hast heard the tale they told me
there. 46

She was an only child; from infancy
The joy, the pride, of an indulgent Sire;
Her Mother dying of the gift she gave,
That precious gift, what else remained to him?
The young Ginevra was his all in life,
Still as she grew, for ever in his sight;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first
love. 55

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gayety,
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;

Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco. 63

Great was the joy; but at the Bridal feast,
When all sate down, the Bride was wanting
there,
Nor was she to be found! Her Father cried,
"'T is but to make a trial of our love!"
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'T was but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas, she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed,
But that she was not!
Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and, forthwith,
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived,—and long was to be seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find,—he knew not
what.
When he was gone, the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless,—then went to
strangers. 82

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When, on an idle day, a day of search
Mid the old lumber in the Gallery,

That mouldering chest was noticed; and 't was
said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
"Why not remove it from its lurking place?"
'T was done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold!
All else had perished,—save a nuptial-ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
"GINEVRA." 95
There then had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down for ever! 100

1822. *Samuel Rogers.*

MAUD MULLER

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee 5
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast,— 10

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade 15
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup, 20

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge; "a sweeter draught
From fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees, 25
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles, bare and brown; 30

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me! 35
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat,
My brother should sail a painted boat. 40

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill, 45
And saw Maud Muller standing still:

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair. 50

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay;

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds, 55
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone. 60

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower, 65
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise. 70

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed with a secret pain, 75
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door. 80

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall 85
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein;

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face. 90

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug, 95
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been." 100

Alas for maiden, alas for judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen, 105
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away! 110

1854. *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

AUX ITALIENS

At Paris it was, at the opera there;—
And she looked like a queen in a book that night,
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
And the brooch on her breast so bright. 4

Aux Italiens

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
  The best, to my taste, is the Trovatore;
And Mario can soothe, with a tenor note,
  The souls in purgatory. 8

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow;
  And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,
As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,
"Non ti scordar di me"? 12

The emperor there, in his box of state,
  Looked grave, as if he had just then seen
The red flag wave from the city gate,
  Where his eagles in bronze had been. 16

The empress, too, had a tear in her eye:
  You'd have said that her fancy had gone back again,
For one moment, under the old blue sky,
  To the old glad life in Spain. 20

Well! there in our front-row box we sat,
  Together, my bride-betrothed and I;
My gaze was fixed on my opera-hat,
  And hers on the stage hard by. 24

And both were silent, and both were sad;—
  Like a queen she leaned on her full white arm,
With that regal, indolent air she had;
  So confident of her charm! 28

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
  Of her former lord, good soul that he was!
Who died the richest and roundest of men,
  The Marquis of Carabas. 32

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven,
  Through a needle's eye he had not to pass;
I wish him well for the jointure given
  To my lady of Carabas. 36

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love,
  As I had not been thinking of aught for years;
Till over my eyes there began to move
  Something that felt like tears. 40

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
  When we stood 'neath the cypress-trees together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
  In the crimson evening weather; 44

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot)
  And her warm white neck in its golden chain;
And her full soft hair, just tied in a knot,
  And falling loose again; 48

And the jasmin-flower in her fair young breast;
  (O the faint, sweet smell of that jasmin-flower!)

And the one bird singing alone to his nest;
  And the one star over the tower. 52

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
  And the letter that brought me back my ring;
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,
  Such a very little thing! 56

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
  Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over:
And I thought . . . "were she only living still,
  How I could forgive her and love her!" 60

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,
  And of how, after all, old things are best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmin-flower
  Which she used to wear in her breast. 64

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
  It made me creep, and it made me cold!
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
  Where a mummy is half unrolled. 68

And I turned and looked: she was sitting there,
  In a dim box over the stage; and drest
In that muslin dress, with that full soft hair,
  And that jasmin in her breast! 72

I was here; and she was there;
And the glittering horseshoe curved between!—
From my bride-betrothed, with her raven hair,
And her sumptuous scornful mien, 76

To my early love with her eyes downcast,
And over her primrose face the shade,
(In short from the future back to the past)
There was but a step to be made. 80

To my early love from my future bride
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door,
I traversed the passage; and down at her side
I was sitting, a moment more. 84

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be exprest,
Had brought her back from the grave again,
With the jasmin in her breast. 88

She is not dead, and she is not wed!
But she loves me now, and she loved me then!
And the very first word that her sweet lips said,
My heart grew youthful again. 92

The marchioness there, of Carabas,
She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still;

And but for her—well, we 'll let that pass;
She may marry whomever she will. 96

But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face: for old things are best;
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch in my lady's breast. 100

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And love must cling where it can, I say:
For beauty is easy enough to win;
But one is n't loved every day. 104

And I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There 's a moment when all would go smooth and even,
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven. 108

But O, the smell of that jasmin-flower!
And O that music! and O the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower,
Non ti scordar di me,
Non ti scordar di me! 113

1859. *The Earl of Lytton (Owen Meredith).*

THE COURTIN'

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
  Fur 'z you can look or listen;
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
  All silence an' all glisten. 4

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
  An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
  'Ith no one nigh to hender. 8

A fireplace filled the room's one side,
  With half a cord o' wood in—
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
  To bake ye to a puddin'. 12

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
  Towards the pootiest, bless her!
An' leetle flames danced all about
  The chiny on the dresser. 16

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
  An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
  Fetched back f'om Concord busted. 20

The very room, coz she was in,
  Seemed warm f'om floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
  Ez the apples she was peelin'. 24

'T was kin' o' kingdom-come to look
  On sech a blessèd cretur,
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
  Ain't modester nor sweeter. 28

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
  Clear grit an' human natur';
None could n't quicker pitch a ton,
  Nor dror a furrer straighter. 32

He 'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
  He 'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
  All is, he could n't love 'em. 36

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
  All crinkly like curled maple,
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
  Ez a south slope in Ap'il. 40

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
  Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,
  She *knowed* the Lord was nigher. 44

An' she 'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
  When her new meetin'-bunnet

Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
  O' blue eyes sot upun it. 48

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
  She seemed to 've gut a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he 'd come,
  Down to her very shoe-sole. 52

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
  A-raspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelins flew
  Like sparks in burnt-up paper. 56

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
  Some doubtfle o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
  But hern went pity Zekle. 60

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
  Ez though she wished him furder,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
  Parin' away like murder. 64

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
  "Wal . . . no . . . I come dasignin'"—
"To see my Ma? She 's sprinklin' clo'es
  Agin to-morrer's i'nin'." 68

To say why gals acts so or so,
  Or don't, 'ould be persumin';
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
  Comes nateral to women. 72

The Courtin'

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
  Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
  He could n't ha' told ye nuther. 76

Says he, "I 'd better call agin;"
  Says she, "Think likely, Mister:"
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
  An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her. 80

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
  Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
  An' teary roun' the lashes. 84

For she was jes' the quiet kind
  Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
  Snowhid in Jenooary. 88

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
  Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
  An' gin 'em both her blessin.' 92

Then her red come back like the tide
  Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they was cried
  In meetin' come nex' Sunday. 96

1848. 1862. *James Russell Lowell.*

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES

POPULARLY KNOWN AS THE "HEATHEN CHINEE"

WHICH I wish to remark—
  And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark
  And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
  Which the same I would rise to explain. 6

Ah Sin was his name;
  And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
  What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
  As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye. 12

It was August the third,
  And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
  That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
  And me in a way I despise. 18

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled, as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was childlike and
bland. 24

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive. 30

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see,—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me. 36

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor,"—
And he went for that heathen Chinee. 42

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,

But the floor it was strewed
  Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
  In the game "he did not understand." 48

In his sleeves, which were long,
  He had twenty-four packs,—
Which was coming it strong,
  Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were
    taper,—
  What is frequent in tapers,—that 's
    wax. 54

Which is why I remark,
  And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark
  And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,—
  Which the same I am free to maintain. 60

1870. *Francis Bret Harte.*

THE ONE-HOSS-SHAY

OR, THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE

A LOGICAL STORY

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss-shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,

I 'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,—
Have you ever heard of that, I say? 8

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
Georgius Secundus was then alive,—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive:
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss-shay. 17

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will,—
Above or below, or within or without,—
And that 's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down,* but does n't *wear out.* 26

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou,*")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *could n'* break
daown;

—"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t 's mighty
plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest." 36

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That could n't be split nor bent nor broke,—
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest
trees;
The panels of whitewood, that cuts like
cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"—
Last of its timber,—they could n't sell 'em,
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she 'll
dew!" 57

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren,—where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss-shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day! 64

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED;—it came and found
The Deacon's Masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten;—
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came;—
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then came fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE. 72

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there 's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it.—You 're welcome.—No extra
charge.) 79

FIRST OF NOVEMBER,—the Earthquake day.—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss-shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local as one may say.
There could n't be,—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part

That there was n't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whippletree neither less nor more,
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore.*
And yet, *as a whole,* it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out!* 94

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss-shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went they. 100

The parson was working his Sunday's text,—
Had got to *fifthly,* and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
—First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill,—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half past nine by the meet'n'-house clock,—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
—What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once,—

All at once, and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst. 118

End of the wonderful one-hoss-shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say. 120

1858. *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN

Showing how he went farther than he intended, and came safe home again.

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town. 4

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen. 8

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair. 12

"My sister and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,

Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we." 16

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done. 20

"I am linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go." 24

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear." 28

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find,
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind. 32

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud. 36

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin. 40

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
  Were never folks so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
  As if Cheapside were mad. 44

John Gilpin at his horse's side
  Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
  But soon came down again; 48

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
  His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
  Three customers come in. 52

So down he came; for loss of time,
  Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
  Would trouble him much more. 56

'T was long before the customers
  Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
  "The wine is left behind!" 60

"Good lack!" quoth he—"yet bring it me,
  My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
  When I do exercise." 64

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
  Had two stone bottles found,

To hold the liquor that she loved,
  And keep it safe and sound. 68

Each bottle had a curling ear,
  Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
  To make his balance true. 72

Then over all, that he might be
  Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
  He manfully did throw. 76

Now see him mounted once again
  Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
  With caution and good heed. 80

But finding soon a smoother road
  Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
  Which galled him in his seat. 84

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,
  But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
  In spite of curb and rein. 88

So stooping down, as needs he must
  Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
  And eke with all his might. 92

His horse, who never in that sort
  Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
  Did wonder more and more. 96

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
  Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
  Of running such a rig. 100

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
  Like streamer long and gay,
Till loop and button failing both,
  At last it flew away. 104

Then might all people well discern
  The bottles he has slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
  As hath been said or sung. 108

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
  Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
  As loud as he could bawl. 112

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
  His fame soon spread around;
"He carries weight!" "He rides a race!"
  "'T is for a thousand pound!" 116

And still, as fast as he drew near,
  'T was wonderful to view,

How in a trice the turnpike-men
  Their gates wide open threw. 120

And now, as he went bowing down
  His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
  Were shattered at a blow. 124

Down ran the wine into the road,
  Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
  As they had basted been. 128

But still he seemed to carry weight,
  With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle necks
  Still dangling at his waist. 132

Thus all through merry Islington
  These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
  Of Edmonton so gay; 136

And there he threw the Wash about
  On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
  Or a wild goose at play. 140

At Edmonton his loving wife
  From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
  To see how he did ride. 144

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here 's the house!"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired;"
Said Gilpin—"So am I!" 148

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware. 152

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song. 156

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend's the calender's
His horse at last stood still. 160

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him: 164

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?" 168

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;

And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke: 172

"I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road." 176

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in; 180

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind. 184

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit,
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit. 188

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case." 192

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware." 196

So turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'T was for your pleasure you come here,
You shall go back for mine." 200

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear; 204

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before. 208

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first;
For why?—they were too big. 212

Now Mrs. Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown; 216

And thus unto the youth, she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well." 220

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;

Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein; 224

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run. 228

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels. 232

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:— 236

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit. 240

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race. 244

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down. 248

Now let us sing, Long live the king!
And Gilpin long live he;
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

1785. *William Cowper.*

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN

The Laird o' Cockpen, he 's proud an' he 's great,
His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favor wi' wooin' was fashious to seek. 4

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she 'd look well;
McClish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree. 8

His wig was weel pouthered, and guid as new;
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword, and cocked hat,—
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that? 12

He took the gray mare, and rade cannilie,—
And rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee;
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben:
She 's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cockpen." 16

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine;
"An' what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down. 20

An' when she cam ben, he bowed fu' low,
An' what was his errand he soon let her know.
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said, "Na";
And wi' a laigh curtsie she turnèd awa. 24

Dumfoundered he was, but nae sigh did he gie;
He mounted his mare—he rade cannilie,
And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,
"She 's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen." 28

[And now that the Laird his exit has made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;
"Oh! for ane I 'll get better, it 's waur I 'll get ten;
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen." 32

Next time that the Laird and the lady were seen,
They were gaun arm-in-arm to the kirk on the green;
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen,
But as yet there 's nae chickens appeared at Cockpen.] 36

1822-4? *Carolina Oliphant (Baroness Nairne).*

TAM O'SHANTER

A TALE

Of Brownyis and of Bogillis full is this Buke.
GAWIN DOUGLASS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors neebors meet;
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame, 10
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam O'Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter:
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonnie lasses).

O Tam, hadst thou been but sae wise,
As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum; 20

That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drowned in
Doon; 30
Or catched wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.
Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet
To think how monie counsels sweet,
How monie lengthened sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!
But to our tale: Ae market-night
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely; 40
And at his elbow souter Johnie,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy cronie.
Tam lo'ed him like a very brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
And aye the ale was growing better;
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' secret favours, sweet and precious;
The Souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus; 50
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drowned himself amang the nappy.
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure;
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.
But pleasures are like poppies spread;
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed; 60
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white,—then melts forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour o' night's black arch the key-
stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in; 70
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.
The wind blew as 't wad blawn its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellowed:
That night a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.
Weel mounted on his gray mare Meg,
A better never lifted leg, 80
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind and rain and fire,—
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,

Whiles glowering round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.
By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoored; 90
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak 's neck-bane;
And through the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murdered bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hanged hersel.
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll: 100
When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze!
Through ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.
Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae we 'll face the Devil!—
The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he cared na Deils a boddle. 110
But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
Till, by the heel and hand admonished,
She ventured forward on the light;
And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance:
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,

But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat Auld Nick, in shape o' beast,— 120
A tosie tyke, black, grim, and large,—
To gie them music was his charge;
He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shawed the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantraip sleight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
By which heroic Tam was able
To note, upon the haly table, 130
A murderer's banes, in gibbet-airns;
Twa span-long, wee, unchristened bairns;
A thief new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,—
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,—
The grey-hairs yet stack to the heft; 140
Three lawyers' tongues turned inside out,
Wi' lies seamed like a beggar's clout;
And priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,
Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk:
Wi' mair of horrible and awefu',
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowered, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;

The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew; 150
They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,
A' plump and strapping in their teens:
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen;
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair, 160
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But withered beldames, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Lowping an' flinging on a crummock,—
I wonder did na turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie:
There was ae winsome wench and wawlie,
That night inlisted in the core,
Lang after kend on Carrick shore 170
(For monie a beast to dead she shot,
And perished monie a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear).
Her cutty-sark o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude though sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vaunty.—
Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie, 180

Wi' twa pund Scots ('t was a' her riches),
Wad ever graced a dance of witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour,
Sic flights are far beyond her power;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang
(A souple jade she was and strang),
And how Tam stood like ane bewitched,
And thought his very een enriched.
Even Satan glowered, and fidged fu' fain,
And hotched and blew wi' might and
main; 190
Till first ae caper, syne anither,—
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark;
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.
As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose; 200
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When *Catch the thief!* resounds aloud:
So Maggie runs,—the witches follow,
Wi' monie an eldritch skreich and hollo.
Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou 'll get thy fairin'!
In hell they 'll roast thee like a herrin'!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'—
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane of the brig; 210

There at them thou thy tail may toss,—
A running stream they dare na cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake;
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle:
But little wist she Maggie's mettle!
Ae spring brought aff her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail: 220
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think! ye may buy the joys o'er dear:
Remember Tam O'Shanter's mare. 225

1791. *Robert Burns.*

SHORT STORIES IN VERSE

THE FOOL'S PRAYER

The royal feast was done; the King
  Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
  Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!" 4

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
  And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
  Behind the painted grin he wore. 8

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
  Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
  Be merciful to me, a fool! 12

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
  From red with wrong to white as wool:
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
  Be merciful to me, a fool! 16

"'T is not by guilt the onward sweep
  Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'T is by our follies that so long
  We hold the earth from heaven away. 20

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
  Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
  Among the heart-strings of a friend. 24

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
  Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung!
The word we had not sense to say—
  Who knows how grandly it had rung! 28

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
  The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
  Before the eyes of heaven we fall. 32

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
  Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
  Be merciful to me, a fool!" 36

The room was hushed; in silence rose
  The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
  "Be merciful to me, a fool!" 40

1887. *Edward Rowland Sill.*

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM

'T was in the prime of summer time,
  An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
  Came bounding out of school;
There were some that ran, and some that leapt
  Like troutlets in a pool. 6

Away they sped with gamesome minds
  And souls untouched by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
  They drave the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
  Over the town of Lynn. 12

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
  And shouted as they ran,
Turning to mirth all things of earth
  As only boyhood can;
But the usher sat remote from all,
  A melancholy man! 18

His hat was off, his vest apart,
  To catch heaven's blessèd breeze;

For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease;
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees. 24

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside,—
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide;
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed. 30

At last he shut the ponderous tome;
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strained the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp:
"O God! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!" 36

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And, lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book. 42

"My gentle lad, what is 't you read,—
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
"It is 'The Death of Abel.'" 48

The usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain; 54

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
And lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
And horrid stabs, in groves forlorn;
And murders done in caves; 60

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod;
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God. 66

He told how murderers walked the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain;
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain! 72

"And well," quoth he, "I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe!—
Who spill life's sacred stream!

For why? Methought, last night I
wrought
A murder, in a dream! 78

"One that had never done me wrong,—
A feeble man and old;
I led him to a lonely field,—
The moon shone clear and cold:
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold! 84

"Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my feet
But lifeless flesh and bone! 90

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I feared him all the more
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look
That murder could not kill! 96

"And, lo! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame,—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame;
I took the dead man by his hand,
And called upon his name. 102

"O God! it made me quake to see
  Such sense within the slain;
But, when I touched the lifeless clay,
  The blood gushed out amain!
For every clot a burning spot
  Was scorching in my brain! 108

"My head was like an ardent coal,
  My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
  Was at the Devil's price:
A dozen times I groaned,—the dead
  Had never groaned but twice. 114

"And now, from forth the frowning sky,
  From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice,—the awful voice
  Of the blood-avenging sprite:
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
  And hide it from my sight!' 120

"I took the dreary body up,
  And cast it in a stream,—
The sluggish water black as ink,
  The depth was so extreme:—
My gentle boy, remember, this
  Is nothing but a dream! 126

"Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
  And vanished in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
  And washed my forehead cool,

And sat among the urchins young,
That evening, in the school. 132

"O Heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn;
Like a devil of the pit I seemed,
Mid holy cherubim! 138

"And Peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain,
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round
With fingers bloody red! 144

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep:
For Sin had rendered unto her
The keys of hell to keep! 150

"All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime;
With one besetting horrid hint
That racked me all the time,—
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime,— 156

"One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave!
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave! 162

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursèd pool
With a wild, misgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river-bed,
For the faithless stream was dry. 168

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing:
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing. 174

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran;
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began,—
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murdered man! 180

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was otherwhere;
As soon as the midday task was done,
In secret I was there,—

And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare! 186

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep,—
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep. 192

"So wills the fierce avenging sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he 's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh,—
The world shall see his bones! 198

"O God! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again—again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake. 204

"And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
It stands before me now!"
The fearful boy looked up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow. 210

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist. 216

1829. *Thomas Hood.*

THE STATUE AND THE BUST

THERE 's a palace in Florence, the world knows well,
And a statue watches it from the square,
And this story of both do our townsmen tell. 3

Ages ago, a lady there,
At the farthest window facing the East
Asked, "Who rides by with the royal air?" 6

The bridesmaids' prattle around her ceased;
She leaned forth, one on either hand;
They saw how the blush of the bride increased— 9

They felt by its beats her heart expand—
As one at each ear and both in a breath
Whispered, "The Great-Duke Ferdinand." 12

That selfsame instant, underneath,
The Duke rode past in his idle way,
Empty and fine like a swordless sheath. 15

Gay he rode, with a friend as gay,
Till he threw his head back—"Who is she?"
—"A bride the Riccardi brings home to-day." 18

Hair in heaps lay heavily
Over a pale brow spirit-pure—
Carved like the heart of the coal-black tree, 21

Crisped like a war steed's encolure—
And vainly sought to dissemble her eyes
Of the blackest black our eyes endure, 24

And lo, a blade for a knight's emprise
Filled the fine empty sheath of a man,—
The Duke grew straightway brave and wise. 27

He looked at her as a lover can;
She looked at him, as one who awakes:
The past was a sleep, and her life began. 30

Now, love so ordered for both their sakes,
A feast was held that selfsame night
In the pile which the mighty shadow makes. 33

(For Via Larga is three-parts light,
But the palace overshadows one,
Because of a crime, which may God requite! 36

To Florence and God the wrong was done
Through the first republic's murder there
By Cosimo and his cursed son.) 39

The Duke (with the statue's face in the square)
Turned in the midst of his multitude
At the bright approach of the bridal pair. 42

Face to face the lovers stood
A single minute and no more,
While the bridegroom bent as a man sub-
dued— 45

Bowed till his bonnet brushed the floor—
For the Duke on the lady a kiss conferred.
As the courtly custom was of yore. 48

In a minute can lovers exchange a word?
If a word did pass, which I do not think,
Only one out of a thousand heard. 51

That was the bridegroom. At day's brink
He and his bride were alone at last
In a bed chamber by a taper's blink. 54

Calmly he said that her lot was cast,
That the door she had passed was shut on her
Till the final catafalk repassed. 57

The world meanwhile, its noise and stir,
Through a certain window facing the East
She could watch like a convent's chronicler. 60

Since passing the door might lead to a feast,
And a feast might lead to so much beside,
He, of many evils, chose the least. 63

"Freely I choose too," said the bride—
"Your window and its world suffice,"
Replied the tongue, while the heart replied— 66

"If I spend the night with that devil twice,
May his window serve as my loop of hell
Whence a damned soul looks on paradise! 69

"I fly to the Duke who loves me well,
Sit by his side and laugh at sorrow
Ere I count another ave-bell. 72

"'T is only the coat of a page to borrow,
And tie my hair in a horse-boy's trim,
And I save my soul—but not to-morrow"— 75

(She checked herself and her eye grew dim)
"My father tarries to bless my state:
I must keep it one day more for him. 78

"Is one day more so long to wait?
Moreover the Duke rides past, I know;
We shall see each other, sure as fate." 81

She turned on her side and slept. Just so!
So we resolve on a thing and sleep:
So did the lady, ages ago. 84

That night the Duke said, "Dear or cheap
As the cost of this cup of bliss may prove
To body or soul, I will drain it deep." 87

And on the morrow, bold with love,
He beckoned the bridegroom (close on call,
As his duty bade, by the Duke's alcove) 90

And smiled "'T was a very funeral,
Your lady will think, this feast of ours,—
A shame to efface whate'er befall! 93

"What if we break from the Arno bowers,
And try if Petraja, cool and green,
Cure last night's faults with this morning's
flowers?" 96

The bridegroom, not a thought to be seen
On his steady brow and quiet mouth,
Said, "Too much favor for me so mean! 99

"But, alas! my lady leaves the South;
Each wind that comes from the Apennine
Is a menace to her tender youth: 102

"Nor a way exists, the wise opine,
If she quits her palace twice this year,
To avert the flower of life's decline." 105

Quoth the Duke, "A sage and a kindly fear.
Moreover Petraja is cold this spring:
Be our feast to-night as usual here!" 108

And then to himself—"Which night shall bring
Thy bride to her lover's embraces, fool—
Or I am the fool, and thou art the king! 111

"Yet my passion must wait a night, nor cool—
For to-night the Envoy arrives from France
Whose heart I unlock with thyself, my tool. 114

"I need thee still and might miss perchance.
To-day is not wholly lost, beside,
With its hope of my lady's countenance: 117

"For I ride—what should I do but ride?
And passing her palace, if I list,
May glance at its window—well betide!" 120

So said, so done: nor the lady missed
One ray that broke from the ardent brow,
Nor a curl of the lips where the spirit
kissed. 123

Be sure that each renewed the vow,
No morrow's sun should arise and set
And leave them then as it left them now. 126

But next day passed, and next day yet,
With still fresh cause to wait one day more
Ere each leaped over the parapet. 129

And still, as love's brief morning wore,
With a gentle start, half smile, half sigh,
They found love not as it seemed before. 132

They thought it would work infallibly,
But not in despite of heaven and earth:
The rose would blow when the storm passed
by. 135

Meantime they could profit in winter's dearth
By store of fruits that supplant the rose:
The world and its ways have a certain
worth: 138

And to press a point while these oppose
Were simple policy; better wait:
We lose no friends and we gain no foes. 141

Meantime, worse fates than a lover's fate,
Who daily may ride and pass and look
Where his lady watches behind the grate! 144

And she—she watched the square like a book
Holding one picture and only one,
Which daily to find she undertook: 147

When the picture was reached the book was
done,
And she turned from the picture at night to
scheme
Of tearing it out for herself next sun. 150

So weeks grew months, years; gleam by gleam
The glory dropped from their youth and love,
And both perceived they had dreamed a
dream; 153

Which hovered as dreams do, still above:
But who can take a dream for a truth?
Oh, hide our eyes from the next remove! 156

One day as the lady saw her youth
Depart, and the silver thread that streaked
Her hair, and, worn by the serpent's tooth, 159

The brow so puckered, the chin so peaked,—
And wondered who the woman was,
Hollow-eyed and haggard-cheeked, 162

Fronting her silent in the glass—
"Summon here," she suddenly said,
"Before the rest of my old self pass, 165

"Him, the Carver, a hand to aid,
Who fashions the clay no love will change,
And fixes a beauty never to fade. 168

"Let Robbia's craft so apt and strange
Arrest the remains of young and fair,
And rivet them while the seasons range. 171

"Make me a face on the window there,
Waiting as ever, mute the while,
My love to pass below in the square! 174

"And let me think that it may beguile
Dreary days which the dead must spend
Down in their darkness under the aisle, 177

"To say, 'What matters it at the end?
I did no more while my heart was warm
Than does that image, my pale-faced friend.' 180

"Where is the use of the lip's red charm,
The heaven of hair, the pride of the brow,
And the blood that blues the inside arm— 183

'Unless we turn, as the soul knows how,
The earthly gift to an end divine?
A lady of clay is as good, I trow." 186

But long ere Robbia's cornice, fine,
With flowers and fruits which leaves enlace,
Was set where now is the empty shrine— 189

(And, leaning out of a bright blue space,
As a ghost might lean from a chink of sky,
The passionate pale lady's face— 192

Eying ever, with earnest eye
And quick-turned neck at its breathless
stretch,
Some one who ever is passing by—) 195

The Duke had sighed like the simplest wretch
In Florence, "Youth—my dream escapes!
Will its record stay?" And he bade them
fetch 198

Some subtle moulder of brazen shapes—
"Can the soul, the will, die out of a man
Ere his body find the grave that gapes? 201

"John of Douay shall effect my plan,
Set me on horseback here aloft,
Alive, as the crafty sculptor can, 204

"In the very square I have crossed so oft:
That men may admire, when future suns
Shall touch the eyes to a purpose soft, 207

"While the mouth and the brow stay brave in bronze—
Admire and say, 'When he was alive
How he would take his pleasure once!' 210

"And it shall go hard but I contrive
To listen the while, and laugh in my tomb
At idleness which aspires to strive." 213

So! While these wait the trump of doom,
How do their spirits pass, I wonder,
Nights and days in the narrow room? 216

Still, I suppose, they sit and ponder
What a gift life was, ages ago,
Six steps out of the chapel yonder. 219

Only they see not God, I know,
Nor all that chivalry of his,
The soldier-saints who, row on row, 222

Burn upward each to his point of bliss—
Since, the end of life being manifest,
He had burned his way through the world to this. 225

I hear you reproach, "But delay was best,
For their end was a crime."—Oh, a crime will
do
As well, I reply, to serve for a test, 228

As a virtue golden through and through,
Sufficient to vindicate itself
And prove its worth at a moment's view! 231

Must a game be played for the sake of pelf?
Where a button goes, 't were an epigram
To offer the stamp of the very Guelph. 234

The true has no value beyond the sham:
As well the counter as coin, I submit,
When your table 's a hat, and your prize, a
dram. 237

Stake your counter as boldly every whit,
Venture as warily, use the same skill,
Do your best, whether winning or losing it, 240

If you choose to play!—is my principle.
Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will! 243

The counter our lovers staked was lost
As surely as if it were lawful coin:
And the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost 246

Is—the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
Though the end in sight was a vice, I say.
You of the virtue (we issue join)
How strive you? *De te, fabula!* 250

1855. *Robert Browning.*

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS

OR, THE BRITISH SOLDIER IN CHINA

Last night, among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaffed, and swore;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
And type of all her race. 8

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered, and alone,
A heart, with English instinct fraught,
He yet can call his own.
Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord or axe or flame:
He only knows that not through him
Shall England come to shame. 16

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed,
Like dreams, to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,
One sheet of living snow;

The smoke above his father's door
  In gray soft eddyings hung;
Must he then watch it rise no more,
  Doomed by himself, so young? 24

Yes, honour calls!—with strength like steel
  He put the vision by;
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel,
  An English lad must die.
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
  With knee to man unbent,
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink,
  To his red grave he went. 32

Vain mightiest fleets of iron framed,
  Vain those all-shattering guns,
Unless proud England keep untamed
  The strong heart of her sons;
So let his name through Europe ring,—
  A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
  Because his soul was great. 40

1860. *Sir Francis Hastings Doyle.*

RAMON

(REFUGIO MINE, NORTHERN MEXICO)

DRUNK and senseless in his place,
  Prone and sprawling on his face,
More like brute than any man
    Alive or dead,—

By his great pump out of gear,
Lay the peon engineer,
Waking only just to hear,
Overhead,
Angry tones that called his name,
Oaths and cries of bitter blame,—
Woke to hear all this, and waking, turned
and fled! 11

"To the man who 'll bring to me,"
Cried Intendant Harry Lee,—
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the
mine,—
"Bring the sot alive or dead,
I will give to him," he said,
"Fifteen hundred *pesos* down,
Just to set the rascal's crown
Underneath this heel of mine:
Since but death
Deserves the man whose deed,
Be it vice or want of heed,
Stops the pumps that give us breath,—
Stops the pumps that suck the death
From the poisoned lower levels of the
mine!" 25

No one answered, for a cry
From the shaft rose up on high;
And shuffling, scrambling, tumbling from
below,
Came the miners each, the bolder
Mounting on the weaker's shoulder,

Grappling, clinging to their hold or
Letting go,
As the weaker gasped and fell
From the ladder to the well,—
To the poisoned pit of hell
Down below! 36

"To the man who sets them free,"
Cried the foreman, Harry Lee,—
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the
mine,—
"Brings them out and sets them free,
I will give that man," said he,
"Twice that sum, who with a rope
Face to face with death shall cope:
Let him come who dares to hope!"
"Hold your peace!" some one replied,
Standing by the foreman's side;
"There has one already gone, whoe'er he
be!" 47

Then they held their breath with awe,
Pulling on the rope, and saw
Fainting figures reappear,
On the black rope swinging clear,
Fastened by some skilful hand from below;
Till a score the level gained,
And but one alone remained,—
He the hero and the last,
He whose skilful hand made fast
The long line that brought them back to hope
and cheer! 57

Haggard, gasping, down dropped he
At the feet of Harry Lee,—
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine.
"I have come," he gasped, "to claim
Both rewards, Señor,—my name
Is Ramon!
I 'm the drunken engineer,—
I 'm the coward, Señor—" Here
He fell over, by that sign
Dead as stone! 67

1871. *Francis Bret Harte.*

THE SONG OF THE CAMP

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding. 4

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder. 8

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow." 12

The Song of the Camp

They lay along the battery's side,
  Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
  And from the banks of Shannon. 16

They sang of love, and not of fame;
  Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
  But all sang "Annie Laurie." 20

Voice after voice caught up the song,
  Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
  Their battle-eve confession. 24

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
  But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
  Washed off the stains of powder. 28

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
  The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
  How English love remembers. 32

And once again a fire of hell
  Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
  And bellowing of the mortars! 36

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
  For a singer dumb and gory;

And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie." 40

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring. 44

1851. *Bayard Taylor.*

THE PATRIOT

AN OLD STORY

It was roses, roses, all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad:
The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
A year ago on this very day. 5

The air broke into a mist with bells,
The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries.
Had I said, "Good folk, mere noise repels—
But give me your sun from yonder skies!"
They had answered, "And afterward, what else?" 10

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun
To give it my loving friends to keep!

Naught man could do, have I left undone:
  And you see my harvest, what I reap
This very day, now a year is run. 15

There 's nobody on the house-tops now—
  Just a palsied few at the windows set;
For the best of the sight is, all allow,
  At the Shambles' Gate—or, better yet,
By the very scaffold's foot, I trow. 20

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
  A rope cuts both my wrists behind;
And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
  For they fling, whoever has a mind,
Stones at me for my year's misdeeds. 25

Thus I entered, and thus I go!
  In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.
"Paid by the world, what dost thou owe
  Me?"—God might question; now instead,
'T is God shall repay: I am safer so. 30

1855. *Robert Browning.*

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

Come, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below!
Now my brothers call from the bay,
Now the great winds shoreward blow,
Now the salt tides seaward flow;

Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away!
This way, this way!

Call her once before you go— 20
Call once yet!
In a voice that she will know:
"Margaret! Margaret!"
Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear;
Children's voices, wild with pain—
Surely she will come again!
Call her once and come away;
This way, this way!
"Mother dear, we cannot stay! 30
The wild white horses foam and fret."
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down;
Call no more!
One last look at the white-wall'd town,
And the little grey church on the windy shore;
Then come down!
She will not come though you call all day;
Come away, come away!

Children dear, was it yesterday 30
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell?

Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground; 40
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye?
When did music come this way?
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away?
Once she sate with you and me, 50
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it
well,
When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.
She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear
green sea;
She said: "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
'T will be Easter-time in the world—ah me!
And I lose my poor soul, Merman! here with
thee."
I said: "Go up, dear heart, through the
waves; 60

Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves!"
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?
"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan;
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say;
Come!" I said; and we rose through the surf in the bay.
We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd town;
Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still, 70
To the little grey church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
We climb'd on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.
She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:
"Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here!
Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone;
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."
But, ah, she gave me never a look, 80
For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book!
Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door.
Come away, children, call no more!
Come away, come down, call no more!

Down, down, down!
Down to the depths of the sea!
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark what she sings: "O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy!
For the priest and the bell, and the holy well;
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun!"
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the spindle drops from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,
And over the sand at the sea;
And her eyes are set in a stare;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh;
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away children;
Come, children, come down!
The hoarse wind blows coldly;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door;
She will hear the winds howling,

Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing: "Here came a mortal, 120
But faithless was she!
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring tides are low;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starr'd with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly 130
On the blanch'd sands a gloom;
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town;
At the church on the hill-side—
And then come back down.
Singing: "There dwells a loved one, 140
But cruel is she!
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea."

1849. *Matthew Arnold.*

MOTHER AND POET

TURIN,—AFTER NEWS FROM GAETA 1861

DEAD! one of them shot by the sea in the east,
  And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast
  And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
    Let none look at *me!* 5

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
  And good at my art, for a woman, men said;
But *this* woman, *this,* who is agonized here,
  —The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head
    Forever instead. 10

What art can a woman be good at? O, vain!
  What art *is* she good at, but hurting her breast
With the milk-teeth of babes, and a smile at the pain?
  Ah, boys, how you hurt! you were strong as you pressed,
    And I proud by that test. 15

What art 's for a woman? To hold on her knees
Both darlings! to feel all their arms round her throat
Cling, strangle a little! to sew by degrees
And 'broider the long-clothes and neat little coat;
To dream and to dote. 20

To teach them . . . It stings there. I made them indeed
Speak plain the word "country," *I* taught them, no doubt,
That a country 's a thing men should die for at need.
I prated of liberty, rights, and about
The tyrant turned out. 25

And when their eyes flashed . . . O my beautiful eyes! . . .
I exulted; nay, let them go forth at the wheels
Of the guns, and denied not.—But then the surprise,
When one sits quite alone!—Then one weeps, then one kneels!
—God! how the house feels! 30

At first happy news came, in gay letters moiled
With my kisses, of camp-life, and glory, and how
They both loved me; and, soon, coming home to be spoiled,

In return would fan off every fly from my brow
With their green laurel-bough. 35

Then was triumph at Turin: "Ancona was free!"
And some one came out of the cheers in the street,
With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.
—My Guido was dead!—I fell down at his feet,
While they cheered in the street. 40

I bore it;—friends soothed me: my grief looked sublime
As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained
To be leant on and walked with, recalling the time
When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained
To the height he had gained. 45

And letters still came,—shorter, sadder, more strong,
Writ now but in one hand, "I was not to faint,—
One loved me for two . . . would be with me erelong:
And 'Viva l'Italia'!—*he* died for, our saint,
Who forbids our complaint." 50

My Nanni would add, "he was safe, and aware
Of a presence that turned off the balls . . .
was imprest
It was Guido himself, who knew what I could
bear,
And how 't was impossible, quite dispossessed
To live on for the rest." 55

On which without pause up the telegraph line
Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta:—
"Shot.
Tell his mother." Ah, ah, "his," "their"
mother; not "mine."
No voice says "*my* mother" again to me.
What!
You think Guido forgot? 60

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with
Heaven,
They drop earth's affections, conceive not of
woe?
I think not. Themselves were too lately for-
given
Through THAT Love and Sorrow which recon-
ciled so
The Above and Below. 65

O Christ of the five wounds, who look'dst
through the dark
To the face of thy mother! consider, I pray,
How we common mothers stand desolate, mark.

Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes turned away,
And no last word to say! 70

Both boys dead? but that 's out of nature. We all
Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one.
'T were imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall;
And when Italy 's made, for what end is it done
If we have not a son? 75

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta 's taken, what then?
When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport
Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out of men?
When your guns at Cavalli with final retort
Have cut the game short? 80

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,
When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green, and red,
When *you* have your country from mountain to sea,
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,
(And *I* have my *Dead*)— 85

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells low,
And burn your lights faintly!—*My* country is *there*,
Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow:
My Italy's THERE,—with my brave civic Pair,
To disfranchise despair! 90

Forgive me. Some women bear children in strength,
And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn:
But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length
Into such wail as this!—and we sit on forlorn
When the man-child is born. 95

Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Both! both my boys!—If in keeping the feast
You want a great song for your Italy free,
Let none look at me! 100

1862. *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

ULALUME

THE skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were crisped and sere,
The leaves they were withering and sere;
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year;

Ulalume

It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
  In the misty mid region of Weir:
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
  In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir. 9

Here once, through an alley Titanic
  Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul—
  Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
These were days when my heart was volcanic
  As the scoriac rivers that roll,
  As the lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
  In the ultimate climes of the pole,
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
  In the realms of the boreal pole. 19

Our talk had been serious and sober,
  But our thoughts they were palsied and
    sere,
  Our memories were treacherous and
    sere,—
For we knew not the month was October,
  And we marked not the night of the year
  (Ah, night of all nights in the year!)—
We noted not the dim lake of Auber
  (Though once we had journeyed down
    here)—
Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,
  Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of
    Weir. 29

And now, as the night was senescent
  And the star-dials pointed to morn,
  As the star-dials hinted of morn,
At the end of our path a liquescent
  And nebulous lustre was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
  Arose with a duplicate horn—
Astarte's bediamonded crescent
  Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said: "She is warmer than Dian:
  She rolls through an ether of sighs—
  She revels in a region of sighs:
She has seen that the tears are not dry on
  These cheeks, where the worm never dies,
And has come past the stars of the Lion
  To point us the path to the skies,
  To the Lethean peace of the skies:
Come up, in despite of the Lion,
  To shine on us with her bright eyes:
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
  With love in her luminous eyes."

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
  Said: "Sadly this star I mistrust,
  Her pallor I strangely mistrust:—
Oh, hasten!—oh, let us not linger!
  Oh, fly!—let us fly!—for we must."
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
  Wings until they trailed in the dust;

In agony sobbed, letting sink her
  Plumes till they trailed in the dust—
  Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust. 60

I replied—"This is nothing but dreaming:
  Let us on by this tremulous light!
  Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
Its sibyllic splendor beaming
  With hope and in beauty to-night:
  See, it flickers up the sky through the night!
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
  And be sure it will lead us aright:
We safely may trust to a gleaming
  That cannot but guide us aright,
  Since it flickers up to Heaven through the
    night." 71

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
  And tempted her out of her gloom,
  And conquered her scruples and gloom:
And we passed to the end of the vista,
  But were stopped by the door of a tomb,
  By the door of a legended tomb;
And I said: "What is written, sweet sister,
  On the door of this legended tomb?"
  She replied: "Ulalume—Ulalume—
  'T is the vault of thy lost Ulalume!" 81

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
  As the leaves that were crisped and sere,
  As the leaves that were withering and sere,

And I cried: "It was surely October
On *this* very night of last year
That I journeyed—I journeyed down here—
That I brought a dread burden down here:
On this night of all nights in the year,
Ah, what demon has tempted me here?
Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber,
This misty region of Weir:
Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir." 94

1847. *Edgar Allan Poe.*

LORRAINE

"Are you ready for your steeple-chase,
Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrèe?
Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum,
Barum, Barum, Baree.
You 're booked to ride your capping race to-day at Coulterlee,
You 're booked to ride Vindictive, for all the world to see,
To keep him straight, and keep him first, and win the run for me."
Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum,
Barum, Barum, Baree. 9

She clasp'd her new-born baby, poor Lorraine,
Lorraine, Lorree,
Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum,
Barum, Barum, Baree.

"I cannot ride Vindictive, as any man might see,
And I will not ride Vindictive, with this baby
on my knee;
He 's kill'd a boy, he 's kill'd a man, and why
must he kill me?" 15

"Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine, Lorraine,
Lorrèe,
Unless you ride Vindictive to-day at Coulterlee,
And land him safe across the brook, and win
the blank for me,
It 's you may keep your baby, for you 'll get
no keep from me." 19

"That husbands could be cruel," said Lorraine,
Lorraine, Lorree,
"That husbands could be cruel, I have known
for seasons three;
But oh! to ride Vindictive while a baby cries
for me,
And be kill'd across a fence at last for all the
world to see!" 23

She master'd young Vindictive—Oh! the gallant
lass was she!
And kept him straight and won the race as
near as near could be;
But he kill'd her at the brook against a pollard
willow tree;

Oh! he kill'd her at the brook, the brute, for
all the world to see,
And no one but the baby cried for poor
Lorraine, Lorrèe. 28

1874. *Charles Kingsley.*

TELLING THE BEES

HERE is the place; right over the hill
Runs the path I took;
You can see the gap in the old wall still,
And the stepping-stones in the shallow
brook. 4

There is the house, with the gates red-barred,
And the poplars tall;
And the barn's brown length, and the cattle-
yard,
And the white horns tossing above the wall. 8

There are the beehives ranged in the sun;
And down by the brink
Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed-
o'errun,
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink. 12

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,
Heavy and slow;
And the same rose blows, and the same sun
glows,
And the same brook sings of a year ago. 16

Telling the Bees

There 's the same sweet clover-smell in the
breeze;
And the June sun warm
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
Setting, as then, over Fernside farm. 20

I mind me how with a lover's care
From my Sunday coat
I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed my hair,
And cooled at the brookside my brow and
throat. 24

Since we parted, a month had passed,—
To love, a year;
Down through the beeches I looked at last
On the little red gate and the well-sweep
near. 28

I can see it all now,—the slantwise rain
Of light through the leaves,
The sundown's blaze on her window-pane,
The bloom of her roses under the eaves. 32

Just the same as a month before,—
The house and the trees,
The barn's brown gable, that vine by the
door,—
Nothing changed but the hives of the bees. 36

Before them, under the garden wall,
Forward and back,
Went drearily singing the chore-girl small,
Draping each hive with a shred of black. 40

Trembling, I listened: the summer sun
  Had the chill of snow;
For I knew she was telling the bees of one
  Gone on the journey we all must go! 44

Then I said to myself, "My Mary weeps
  For the dead to-day:
Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps
  The fret and pain of his age away." 48

But her dog whined low; on the doorway sill,
  With his cane to his chin,
The old man sat; and the chore-girl still
  Sung to the bees stealing out and in. 52

And the song she was singing ever since
  In my ears sounds on:—
"Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence!
  Mistress Mary is dead and gone!" 56

1858. *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

EMMIE

Our doctor had call'd in another, I never had
  seen him before,
But he sent a chill to my heart when I saw him
  come in at the door,

In the Children's Hospital

Fresh from the surgery-schools of France and of other lands—
Harsh red hair, big voice, big chest, big merciless hands!
Wonderful cures he had done, O yes, but they said too of him
He was happier using the knife than in trying to save the limb,
And that I can well believe, for he look'd so coarse and so red,
I could think he was one of those who would break their jests on the dead,
And mangle the living dog that had loved him and fawn'd at his knee—
Drench'd with the hellish oorali—that ever such things should be! 10

Here was a boy—I am sure that some of our children would die
But for the voice of Love, and the smile, and the comforting eye—
Here was a boy in the ward, every bone seem'd out of its place—
Caught in a mill and crush'd—it was all but a hopeless case:
And he handled him gently enough; but his voice and his face were not kind,
And it was but a hopeless case, he had seen it and made up his mind,
And he said to me roughly "The lad will need little more of your care."

"All the more need," I told him, "to seek the
Lord Jesus in prayer;
They are all his children here, and I pray for
them all as my own:"
But he turn'd to me, "Ay, good woman, can
prayer set a broken bone?"
Then he mutter'd half to himself, but I know
that I heard him say
"All very well—but the good Lord Jesus has
had his day." 22

Had? has it come? It has only dawn'd. It
will come by and by.
O how could I serve in the wards if the hope
of the world were a lie?
How could I bear with the sights and the
loathsome smells of disease
But that He said "Ye do it to me, when ye do
it to these"? 26

So he went. And we past to this ward where
the younger children are laid:
Here is the cot of our orphan, our darling, our
meek little maid;
Empty you see just now! We have lost her
who loved her so much—
Patient of pain tho' as quick as a sensitive
plant to the touch;
Hers was the prettiest prattle, it often moved
me to tears,
Hers was the gratefullest heart I have found in
a child of her years—

Nay, you remember our Emmie; you used to
send her the flowers;
How she would smile at 'em, play with 'em, talk
to 'em hours after hours!
They that can wander at will where the works
of the Lord are reveal'd
Little guess what joy can be got from a cow-
slip out of the field;
Flowers to these "spirits in prison" are all
they can know of the spring,
They freshen and sweeten the wards like the
waft of an Angel's wing;
And she lay with a flower in one hand and her
thin hands crost on her breast—
Wan, but as pretty as heart can desire, and we
thought her at rest,
Quietly sleeping—so quiet, our doctor said
"Poor little dear,
Nurse, I must do it to-morrow; she 'll never
live thro' it, I fear." 42

I walk'd with our kindly old doctor as far as
the head of the stair,
Then I return'd to the ward; the child did n't
see I was there. 44

Never since I was nurse, had I been so grieved
and so vext!
Emmie had heard him. Softly she call'd from
her cot to the next,
"He says I shall never live thro' it, O Annie,
what shall I do?"

Annie consider'd. "If I," said the wise little
Annie, "was you,
I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me,
for, Emmie, you see,
It 's all in the picture there: 'Little children
should come to me.'"
(Meaning the print that you gave us, I find that
it always can please
Our children, the dear Lord Jesus with children about his knees.)
"Yes, and I will," said Emmie, "but then if I
call to the Lord,
How should he know that it 's me? such a lot
of beds in the ward!"
That was a puzzle for Annie. Again she consider'd and said:
"Emmie, you put out your arms, and you leave
'em outside on the bed—
The Lord has so *much* to see to! but, Emmie,
you tell it him plain,
It 's the little girl with her arms lying out on
the counterpane." 58

I had sat three nights by the child—I could
not watch her for four—
My brain had begun to reel—I felt I could do
it no more.
That was my sleeping-night, but I thought
that it never would pass.
There was a thunderclap once, and a clatter of
hail on the glass,

In the Children's Hospital

And there was a phantom cry that I heard as
I tost about,
The motherless bleat of a lamb in the storm
and the darkness without;
My sleep was broken beside with dreams of the
dreadful knife
And fears for our delicate Emmie who scarce
would escape with her life;
Then in the gray of the morning it seem'd she
stood by me and smiled,
And the doctor came at his hour, and we went
to see the child. 68

He had brought his ghastly tools: we believed
her asleep again—
Her dear, long, lean, little arms lying out on
the counterpane;
Say that His day is done! Ah why should we
care what they say?
The Lord of the children had heard her, and
Emmie had past away. 72

1880. *Lord Tennyson.*

SELECTIONS
FROM THE LATER POETRY

Idyls and Stories in Verse

Idyls
Allegories and Legends
Brief Epics and Tales

MADONNA OF THE EVENING FLOWERS*

All day long I have been working,
Now I am tired.
I call: "Where are you?"
But there is only the oak tree rustling in the wind.
The house is very quiet, 5
The sun shines in on your books,
On your scissors and thimble just put down,
But you are not there.
Suddenly I am lonely:
Where are you? 10
I go about searching.

Then I see you,
Standing under a spire of pale blue larkspur,
With a basket of roses on your arm.
You are cool, like silver, 15
And you smile.
I think the Canterbury bells are playing little tunes.

You tell me that the peonies need spraying,
That the columbines have overrun all bounds,

---

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That the pyrus japonica should be cut back and
rounded. 20
You tell me these things.
But I look at you, heart of silver,
White heart-flame of polished silver,
Burning beneath the blue steeples of the larkspur.
And I long to kneel instantly at your feet, 25
While all about us peal the loud, sweet *Te Deums*
of the Canterbury bells.

Amy Lowell.

GLOUCESTER MOORS*

A MILE behind is Gloucester town
Where the fishing fleets put in,
A mile ahead the land dips down
And the woods and farms begin.
Here, where the moors stretch free
In the high blue afternoon,
Are the marching sun and talking sea,
And the racing winds that wheel and flee
On the flying heels of June. 9

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
Blue is the quaker-maid,
The wild geranium holds its dew
Long in the boulder's shade.
Wax-red hangs the cup
From the huckleberry boughs,

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Gloucester Moors

In barberry bells the grey moths sup
Or where the choke-cherry lifts high up
Sweet bowls for their carouse. 18

Over the shelf of the sandy cove
Beach-peas blossom late.
By copse and cliff the swallows rove
Each calling to his mate.
Seaward the sea-gulls go,
And the land-birds all are here;
That green-gold flash was a vireo,
And yonder flame where the marsh-flags grow
Was a scarlet tanager. 27

This earth is not the steadfast place
We landsmen build upon;
From deep to deep she varies pace,
And while she comes is gone.
Beneath my feet I feel
Her smooth bulk heave and dip;
With velvet plunge and soft upreel
She swings and steadies to her keel
Like a gallant, gallant ship. 36

These summer clouds she sets for sail,
The sun is her masthead light,
She tows the moon like a pinnace frail
Where her phosphor wake churns bright.
Now hid, now looming clear,
On the face of the dangerous blue

The star fleets tack and wheel and veer,
But on, but on does the old earth steer
As if her port she knew. 45

God, dear God! Does she know her port,
Though she goes so far about?
Or blind astray, does she make her sport
To brazen and chance it out?
I watched when her captains passed:
She were better captainless.
Men in the cabin, before the mast,
But some were reckless and some aghast,
And some sat gorged at mess. 54

By her battened hatch I leaned and caught
Sounds from the noisome hold,—
Cursing and sighing of souls distraught
And cries too sad to be told.
Then I strove to go down and see;
But they said, "Thou art not of us!"
I turned to those on the deck with me
And cried, "Give help!" But they said, "Let be:
Our ship sails faster thus." 63

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
Blue is the quaker-maid,
The alder-clump where the brook comes through
Breeds cresses in its shade.
To be out of the moiling street
With its swelter and its sin!

Who has given to me this sweet,
And given my brother dust to eat?
And when will his wage come in? 72

Scattering wide or blown in ranks,
Yellow and white and brown,
Boats and boats from the fishing banks
Come home to Gloucester town.
There is cash to purse and spend,
There are wives to be embraced,
Hearts to borrow and hearts to lend,
And hearts to take and keep to the end,—
O little sails, make haste! 81

But thou, vast outbound ship of souls,
What harbor town for thee?
What shapes, when thy arriving tolls,
Shall crowd the banks to see?
Shall all the happy shipmates then
Stand singing brotherly?
Or shall a haggard ruthless few
Warp her over and bring her to,
While the many broken souls of men 90
Fester down in the slaver's pen,
And nothing to say or do?

William Vaughn Moody.

EVE

Eve, with her basket, was
Deep in the bells and grass,
Wading in bells and grass
Up to her knees,
Picking a dish of sweet
Berries and plums to eat,
Down in the bells and grass
Under the trees. 8

Mute as a mouse in a
Corner the cobra lay,
Curled round a bough of the
Cinnamon tall . . .
Now to get even and
Humble proud heaven and
Now was the moment or
Never at all. 16

"Eva!" Each syllable
Light as a flower fell,
"Eva!" he whispered the
Wondering maid,
Soft as a bubble sung
Out of a linnet's lung,
Soft and most silverly
"Eva!" he said. 24

Eve

Picture that orchard sprite,
Eve, with her body white,
Supple and smooth to her
Slim finger tips,
Wondering, listening,
Listening, wondering,
Eve with a berry
Half-way to her lips. 32

Oh had our simple Eve
Seen through the make-believe!
Had she but known the
Pretender he was!
Out of the boughs he came,
Whispering still her name,
Tumbling in twenty rings
Into the grass. 40

Here was the strangest pair
In the world anywhere,
Eve in the bells and grass
Kneeling, and he
Telling his story low . . .
Singing birds saw them go
Down the dark path to
The Blasphemous Tree. 48

Oh what a clatter when
Titmouse and Jenny Wren
Saw him successful and
Taking his leave!

How the birds rated him,
How they all hated him!
How they all pitied
Poor motherless Eve! 56

Picture her crying
Outside in the lane,
Eve, with no dish of sweet
Berries and plums to eat,
Haunting the gate of the
Orchard in vain . . . . .
Picture the lewd delight
Under the hill to-night— 64
"Eva!" the toast goes round,
"Eva!" again.

Ralph Hodgson.

THE LISTENERS

"Is THERE anybody there?" said the Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
Of the forest's ferny floor:
And a bird flew up out of the turret, 5
Above the Traveller's head:
And he smote upon the door again a second time;
"Is there anybody there?" he said.
But no one descended to the Traveller;
No head from the leaf-fringed sill 10
Leaned over and looked into his gray eyes,
Where he stood perplexed and still.

But only a host of phantom listeners
  That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight 15
  To that voice from the world of men:
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,
  That goes down to the empty hall,
Hearkening in an air stirred and shaken
  By the lonely Traveller's call, 20
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
  Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
  'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
For he suddenly smote on the door, even 25
  Louder, and lifted his head:—
"Tell them I came, and no one answered,
  That I kept my word," he said.
Never the least stir made the listeners,
  Though every word he spake 30
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
  From the one man left awake:
Aye, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
  And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward, 35
  When the plunging hoofs were gone.

Walter de la Mare.

CATHARINE

WE CHILDREN every morn would wait
For Catharine, at the garden gate;

Behind school-time, her sunny hair
Would melt the master's frown of care,
What time his hand but threatened pain, 5
Shaking aloft his awful cane;
So here one summer's morn we wait
For Catharine at the garden gate.
To Dave I say—"There's sure to be
Some coral isle unknown at sea, 10
And—if I see it first—'tis mine!
But I'll give it to Catharine."
"When she grows up," says Dave to me,
"Some ruler in a far countree,
Where every voice but his is dumb, 15
Owner of pearls, and gold, and gum,
Will build for her a shining throne,
Higher than his, and near his own;
And he, who would not list before,
Will listen to Catharine, and adore 20
Her face and form; and," Dave went on—
When came a man there pale and wan,
Whose face was dark and wet though kind,
He, coming there, seemed like a wind
Whose breath is rain, yet will not stop 25
To give the parchèd flowers a drop:
"Go, children, to your school," he said,
"And tell the master Catharine's dead."

William H. Davies.

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LYRICS

INTRODUCTION

THE mark of the pure lyric is not merely its emotional glow, but more specifically its song-like quality.

All true poetry is an utterance of quickened feeling. In ballad, or idyl, or epic, or drama, or reflective verse, the emotion warms and colours the thought, makes the story more graphic and intense, imbues the description with more vivid hues, gives rhythm and suggestive beauty to the language, and lends even to philosophic meditation a glow of imaginative insight and an impulse of deepened passion. But in the pure lyric the feeling seeks expression in the most direct and personal way. It moulds the form as well as the substance of the verse to fit itself. It forgets or disregards all that is foreign to it,—avoids conflicts, neglects restraints and limitations,—and comes right from the heart of the poet in a single strain of song.

I do not mean, of course, that all lyrics are intended or fitted for audible singing. Some of them deal with an emotion so vague and delicate that it is difficult if not impossible to find the fitting melody. Others use a metre so free and irregular that the musician cannot easily make

his phrases and cadences to follow it. There are many beautiful lyrics, which for one reason or another, have never been set to music. But in all of them, if I mistake not, we can feel the close and living resemblance to song, and recognize, more clearly than in any other department of poetry, the truth of Milton's phrase which describes it as "more simple, sensuous and passionate" than rhetoric. A lyric is a human emotion uttered in verbal melody.

This does not exclude, as some persons seem to fancy, the presence of clear thought, of conscious recollection, of distinct imagery, or of delicate and careful art in the choice of words and metrical forms. The emotions of a thinking creature do not come to him without reason or relationship like an earthquake or a thunderstorm. They have in them an element of perception, of swift reflection, of subtle association. They are vitally connected, in some mysterious way, with an experience, an idea, a memory, a hope, a fear, a scene in nature, a personal relation, an event in life. Bare physical sensations, like cold or hunger; blind passions of anger or desire which stir within us without a reason or a definite object are not fit material for poetry. "The lyrical cry" is not an inarticulate shriek, nor an imbecile murmur. It is the self-expression of a reasonable creature under the impulse and influence of a real and personal feeling. And the emotion which it utters is a response to something perceived or imagined.

I would not ask, then, as some critics do, that a lyric should be thoughtless and careless, void of ideas, misty in utterance, and free from the restraining touch of art. I would ask only that it should have at its heart a vital and controlling emotion expressed in a song-like way; and I would measure its rank as a lyric, by the truth and beauty, the tenderness or the power, of the feeling, and by the purity of the art, (in its most perfect result hiding the traces of its own labour,) by which the poem sings us into harmony with the poet's mood.

It is thus that the pure lyrics in this volume have been chosen from the rich stores of English verse. They range in tone from the simplest note of joy at the coming of the spring, to the deepest note of confidence and immortal hope at the passing of human life into the unknown.

The "Songs of Nature" are lyrical expressions of man's feeling towards the changing seasons, the living creatures who inhabit the earth with him, the light and the darkness, the sea and the stars. Some of the poems in this group border closely upon the region of Descriptive and Reflective Verse; and it would be possible, of course, to place them there; just as some of the poems which are to be included in that volume might be transferred to this. In any arrangement or classification of poetry there is always room for variation, according to the taste or the point of view of the person who is making it. To me the nature-songs which are collected here

seem to belong together because they simply take it for granted that the tie which binds our hearts to nature is real; and they express the various feelings which spring out of that tie, not philosophically, but in the form of a personal and heartfelt melody. This is as true of Wordsworth's deeper lyric *To the Cuckoo,* as it is of the merry little cuckoo-song from the thirteenth century with which the volume begins.

The "Love-Songs," which form the largest group in the book, have the same personal quality. They do not reason about love: they express it. They give a musical voice to its hopes and its fears, its joy and its pain, its longing, its triumph, and its anguish.

The "Songs of Patriotism" are all too few in number. This is partly because the patriotic feeling has found a fuller expression in ballads narrating the famous deeds of heroism, and in odes dealing on a broader scale with the complex sentiments which are united in love of country. Perhaps, also the comparative rarity of patriotic lyrics of true poetic value is due, in part, to something in this emotion which naturally tends to express itself in eloquence rather than in the imaginative form proper to poetry. One very beautiful poem in this group needs a word of explanation. The "Dark Rosaleen" is the poetic name for Ireland.

The "Songs of Life's Pilgrimage" are a group of lyrics in many keys, rising out of human experience on the way through the world. The

reader who studies the arrangement thoughtfully will see that it passes from one subject to another by a gradation which is simple and natural: first, the poet's ideal of life; then some of the joys of living; then, the home and the fireside, with songs of children; then, good fellowship and merry company; then, the memories of "Auld Lang Syne"; then, sadness and parting, toil, disappointment and sorrow; and last of all the comforting faith and the uplifting hope. Several of these last poems might, perhaps, have been classed with the hymns; but again I can only say that I have put them into this volume because they seemed to me more clearly lyrical, more emotional and simple; and because without some expression of just these human feelings the volume would be incomplete as an utterance of the inner life of man in song.

The Odes and Sonnets have been reserved for a separate volume, which must also be regarded as belonging to lyrical verse. But in the ode, the lyric is enlarged and expanded, and the progressive treatment of a single subject lends both variety to the emotions and a peculiar loftiness to the expression. In the sonnet, the strict limitations of the form almost always result in bringing in a larger element of thought and reflection, and there is usually a contrast, or at least a change, of feeling between the octave and the sestet.

Nowhere have I regretted more than in these two volumes, the restriction which precludes the

use of the work of poets who are living. For there is no department of poetry in which better work is being done to-day than in the lyrical. And though the world knows it not, many of these modern lyrics will some day find a place among the little masterpieces.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

SONGS OF NATURE

CUCKOO SONG

SUMER is icumen in,
  Lhude sing cuccu!
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
  And springth the wude nu—
                Sing cuccu! 5

Awe bleteth after lomb,
  Lhouth after calve cu;
Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth,
  Murie sing cuccu! 9

Cuccu, cuccu, well singes thu, cuccu:
  Ne swike thu naver nu;
Sing cuccu, nu, sing cuccu,
  Sing cuccu, sing cuccu, nu! 13

c. 1250. *Anonymous.*

THE NIGHT IS NEAR GONE

HEY! now the day dawis;
The jolly cock crawis;
Now shroudis the shawis
  Thro' Nature anon.

The thissel-cock cryis
On lovers wha lyis:
Now skaillis the skyis;
  The nicht is neir gone. 8

The fieldis ouerflowis
With gowans that growis,
Quhair lilies like low is
  As red as the rone.
The turtle that true is,
With notes that renewis,
Her pairty pursuis:
  The nicht is neir gone. 16

Now hairtis with hindis
Conform to their kindis,
Hie tursis their tyndis
  On ground quhair they grone.
Now hurchonis, with hairis,
Aye passis in pairis;
Quhilk duly declaris
  The nicht is neir gone. 24

The season excellis
Through sweetness that smellis;
Now Cupid compellis
  Our hairtis echone
On Venus wha waikis,
To muse on our maikis,
Syne sing for their saikis—
  'The nicht is neir gone!' 32

The Night is Near Gone

All courageous knichtis
Aganis the day dichtis
The breist-plate that bright is
  To fight with their fone.
The stoned steed stampis,
Through courage, and crampis,
Syne on the land lampis:
  The nicht is neir gone. 40

The freikis on feildis
That wight wapins weildis
With shyning bright shieldis
  At Titan in trone;
Stiff speiris in reistis
Ouer corseris crestis
Are broke on their breistis:
  The nicht is neir gone. 48

So hard are their hittis,
Some sweyis, some sittis,
And some perforce flittis
  On ground quhile they grone.
Syne groomis that gay is
On blonkis that brayis
With swordis assayis:—
  The nicht is neir gone. 56

Alexander Montgomerie.

HYMN TO DIANA

From *Cynthia's Revels*

QUEEN and Huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright. 6

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close:
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright. 12

Lay thy bow of pearl apart
And thy crystal-shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright! 18

1601. *Ben Jonson.*

SPRING'S WELCOME

From *Campaspe*

WHAT bird so sings, yet so does wail?
O 't is the ravish'd nightingale.
Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu! she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.
Brave prick-song! Who is 't now we hear?
None but the lark so shrill and clear;
Now at heaven's gate she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat
Poor robin redbreast tunes his note! 10
Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing
Cuckoo! to welcome in the spring!
Cuckoo! to welcome in the spring!

1584. *John Lyly.*

SPRING

From *Summer's Last Will and Testament*

SPRING, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,

Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
  Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo! 4

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
  Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo! 8

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
  Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
    Spring! the sweet Spring! 13

1600. *Thomas Nash.*

TO THE NIGHTINGALE

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Everything did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Leaned her breast up-till a thorn; 10
And there sung the doleful'st ditty
That to hear it was great pity.
"Fie, fie, fie!" now would she cry;
"Teru, teru," by and by;

That, to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
"Ah!" (thought I) "thou mourn'st in vain;
None takes pity on thy pain; 20
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee;
King Pandion, he is dead;
All thy friends are lapped in lead:
All thy fellow-birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing!
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled.
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery. 30
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But, if stores of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
'Bountiful' they will him call;
And, with such-like flattering,
'Pity but he were a king.' 40
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have at commandment;
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown:

They that fawned on him before,
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need; 50
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep.
Thus, of every grief in heart,
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe."

1598. *Richard Barnfield.*

WHEN DAISIES PIED

From *L. L. L.*

When daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo!
Cuckoo, cuckoo!—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear! 9

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,

And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo!
Cuckoo, cuckoo!—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear! 18

1598. *William Shakespeare.*

OVER HILL, OVER DALE

From *M. N. Dream*

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see; 10
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

1600. *William Shakespeare.*

THE FAIRY LIFE

From *The Tempest*

I

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch, when owls do cry:
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
    Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
    Under the blossom that hangs on the bough!

II

Come unto these yellow sands,
    And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd 10
    The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet Sprites, the burthen bear.
        Hark, hark!
            Bow-wow.
        The watch-dogs bark:
            Bow-wow.
        Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
        Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow! 20

1623. *William Shakespeare.*

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

From *As You Like It*

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat—
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall we see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather. 8

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets—
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather. 16

1623. *William Shakespeare.*

WHEN ICICLES HANG BY THE WALL

From *L. L. L.*

When icicles hang by the wall,
  And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
  And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
        To-whit!
To-who!—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot. 9

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
  And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
  And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
        To-whit!
To-who!—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot. 18

1598. *William Shakespeare.*

THE SIRENS' SONG

STEER, hither steer your wingèd pines,
    All beaten mariners!
Here lie Love's undiscover'd mines,
    A prey to passengers—
Perfumes far sweeter than the best
Which make the Phœnix' urn and nest.
    Fear not your ships,
Nor any to oppose you save our lips;
    But come on shore,
Where no joy dies till Love hath gotten more. 10

For swelling waves our panting breasts,
    Where never storms arise,
Exchange, and be awhile our guests:
    For stars gaze on our eyes.
The compass Love shall hourly sing,
And as he goes about the ring,
    We will not miss
To tell each point he nameth with a kiss.
    —Then come on shore,
Where no joy dies till Love hath gotten more. 20

1614. 1772. *William Browne, of Tavistock.*

INVOCATION

PHŒBUS, arise!
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white, and red;
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tithon's bed,
That she thy career may with roses spread;
The nightingales thy coming each-where sing;
Make an eternal spring!
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead;
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou wast wont before, 10
And emperor-like decore
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair:
Chase hence the ugly night,
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.
This is that happy morn,
That day, long wished day
Of all my life so dark
(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn
And fates not hope betray),
Which only white deserves 20
A diamond for ever should it mark:
This is the morn should bring unto this grove
My Love, to hear and recompense my love.
Fair King, who all preserves,

But show thy blushing beams,
And thou two sweeter eyes
Shalt see than those which by Peneus' streams
Did once thy heart surprise:
Nay, suns, which shine as clear
As thou when two thou did to Rome appear. 30
Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise:
If that ye, winds, would hear
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,
Your stormy chiding stay;
Let zephyr only breathe
And with her tresses play,
Kissing sometimes these purple ports of death.
The winds all silent are;
And Phœbus in his chair
Ensaffroning sea and air 40
Makes vanish every star:
Night like a drunkard reels
Beyond the hills to shun his flaming wheels:
The fields with flowers are deck'd in every hue,
The clouds bespangle with bright gold their blue:
Here is the pleasant place—
And everything, save Her, who all should grace.

1616. *William Drummond.*

ECHO

From *Comus*

SWEET Echo, sweetest Nymph that liv'st
unseen
Within thy airy shell
By slow Meander's margent green,

And in the violet imbroider'd vale
Where the love-lorn Nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad Song mourneth well:
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle Pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O if thou have
Hid them in som flowry Cave, 10
Tell me but where,
Sweet Queen of Parley, Daughter of the Sphere!
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's Harmonies!

1634. *John Milton.*

SABRINA

From *Comus*

SABRINA fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save! 8

Listen and appear to us,
In name of great Oceanus,
By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys' grave majestic pace,

By hoary Nereus wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's hook,
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old sooth-saying Glaucus' spell,
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands,
By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,
And the Songs of Sirens sweet,
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherwith she sits on diamond rocks
Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
By all the Nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-pav'n bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answered have.
Listen and save! 31

1634. *John Milton.*

THE SPIRIT'S EPILOGUE

From *Comus*

To the Ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the Gardens fair

Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring, 10
The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring.
That there eternal Summer dwells,
And west winds, with musky wing
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard, and Cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purfl'd scarf can shew, 20
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of Hyacinth, and roses
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits th' Assyrian Queen;
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial Cupid her fam'd son advanc'd,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranc'd, 30
After her wandring labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal Bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.
But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run

Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend, 40
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the Moon.
  Mortals that would follow me,
Love virtue, she alone is free,
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher then the spheary chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

1634. 1645. *John Milton.*

LOVE'S EMBLEMS

From *Valentinian*

Now the lusty spring is seen;
  Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
  Daintily invite the view:
Everywhere on every green
Roses blushing as they blow,
  And enticing men to pull,
Lilies whiter than the snow,
  Woodbines of sweet honey full:
    All love's emblems, and all cry,
  "Ladies, if not pluck'd, we die." 10

Yet the lusty spring hath stay'd;
  Blushing red and purest white
  Daintily to love invite
Every woman, every maid:

Cherries kissing as they grow,
And inviting men to taste,
Apples even ripe below,
Winding gently to the waist:
All love's emblems, and all cry,
"Ladies, if not pluck'd, we die." 20

1647. *John Fletcher.*

THE GRASSHOPPER

O THOU that swing'st upon the waving hair
Of some well-fillèd oaten beard,
Drunk every night with a delicious tear
Dropt thee from heaven, where th' art
rear'd! 4

The joys of earth and air are thine entire,
That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly;
And when thy poppy works, thou dost retire
To thy carved acorn-bed to lie. 8

Up with the day, the Sun thou welcom'st then,
Sport'st in the gilt-plaits of his beams,
And all these merry days mak'st merry men,
Thyself, and melancholy streams. . . . 12

1649. *Richard Lovelace.*

CORINNA 'S GOING A-MAYING

GET up, get up for shame! The blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.

Corinna 's Going a-Maying

See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air:
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree!
Each flower has wept and bow'd toward the east
Above an hour since, yet you not drest;
Nay! not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have matins said
And sung their thankful hymns, 't is sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,
Whereas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May. 14

Rise and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair:
Fear not; the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you:
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept.
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night:
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth! Wash, dress, be brief in praying:
Few beads are best when once we go a-Maying. 28

Come, my Corinna, come; and coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park,

Made green and trimm'd with trees: see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch: each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see 't?
Come, we 'll abroad: and let 's obey
The proclamation made for May,
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
But, my Corinna, come, let 's go a-Maying. 42

There 's not a budding boy or girl this day
But is got up and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth ere this is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have despatch'd their cakes and cream,
Before that we have left to dream:
And some have wept and woo'd, and plighted
troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth:
Many a green-gown has been given;
Many a kiss, both odd and even:
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks pick'd: yet we're not
a-Maying! 56

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime;
And take the harmless folly of the time.

We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun;
And, as a vapour or a drop of rain,
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drown'd with us in endless night.
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let 's go a-Maying. 70

1648. *Robert Herrick.*

TO BLOSSOMS

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past
But you may stay yet here awhile,
To blush and gently smile;
And go at last. 6

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'T was pity Nature brought ye forth,
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite. 12

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And after they have shown their pride
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave. 18

1648. *Robert Herrick.*

TO DAFFODILS

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early-rising Sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along. 10

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a Spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you, or any thing.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the Summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again. 20

1648. *Robert Herrick.*

TO VIOLETS

Welcome, maids of honour!
  You do bring
  In the Spring,
And wait upon her. 4

She has virgins many,
  Fresh and fair;
  Yet you are
More sweet than any. 8

You 're the maiden Posies,
  And, so grac'd,
  To be plac'd
'Fore damask roses. 12

Yet though thus respected,
  By-and-by
  Ye doe lie,
Poor girls! neglected. 16

1648. *Robert Herrick.*

TO MEADOWS

Ye have been fresh and green,
  Ye have been fill'd with flowers,
And ye the walks have been
  Where maids have spent their hours. 4

You have beheld how they
  With wicker arks did come
To kiss and bear away
  The richer cowslips home. 8

You 've heard them sweetly sing,
  And seen them in a round:
Each virgin like a spring,
  With honeysuckles crown'd. 12

But now we see none here
  Whose silv'ry feet did tread,
And with dishevell'd hair
  Adorn'd this smoother mead. 16

Life unthrifts, having spent
  Your stock and needy grown,
You 're left here to lament
  Your poor estates, alone. 20

1648. *Robert Herrick.*

MY HEART 'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart is not
  here;
My heart 's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart 's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love. 8

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with
snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring
floods!
My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart is not
here,
My heart 's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer:
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart 's in the Highlands, wherever I go. 16

1790. *Robert Burns.*

TO THE CUCKOO

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing. 4

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year? 8

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,

And hear the sound of music sweet
  From birds among the bowers. 12

The school-boy, wandering through the
    wood
  To pull the primose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
  And imitates thy lay. 16

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
  Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
  Another spring to hail. 20

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
  Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
  No winter in thy year! 24

O, could I fly, I 'd fly with thee!
  We 'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
  Companions of the Spring. 28

1770. *John Logan.*

TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE New-comer! I have heard,
  I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
  Or but a wandering Voice? 4

To the Cuckoo

While I am lying on the grass
  Thy twofold shout I hear,
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
  At once far off, and near. 8

Though babbling only to the Vale,
  Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
  Of visionary hours. 12

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
  Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
  A voice, a mystery; 16

The same whom in my school-boy days
  I listened to; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
  In bush, and tree, and sky. 20

To seek thee did I often rove
  Through woods and on the green;
And thou were still a hope, a love;
  Still longed for, never seen. 24

And I can listen to thee yet;
  Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
  That golden time again. 28

O blessèd bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place;
That is fit home for Thee! 32

1804. 1807. *William Wordsworth.*

TO THE SKYLARK

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still! 6

[To the last point of vision, and beyond
Mount, daring warbler!—that love-prompted strain
—'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond—
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy Spring.] 12

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine,

Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
  Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and
    Home. 18

1827. *William Wordsworth.*

DAFFODILS

I WANDER'D lonely as a cloud
  That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
  A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze. 6

Continuous as the stars that shine
  And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
  Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance. 12

The waves beside them danced; but they
  Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
  In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought: 18

For oft, when on my couch I lie
  In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
  Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils. 24

1804. 1807. *William Wordsworth.*

THE TIGER

TIGER, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry? 4

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire? 8

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And, when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand and what dread feet? 12

What the hammer? What the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp? 16

To Night

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee? 20

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry? 24

1794. *William Blake.*

TO NIGHT

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave
Where all the long and lone daylight
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift by thy flight! 7

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander oe'r city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long sought! 14

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sigh'd for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turn'd to his rest
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sigh'd for thee. 21

Thy brother Death came, and cried
Would'st thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmur'd like a noon-tide bee
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Would'st thou me?—And I replied
No, not thee! 28

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, belovèd Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon! 35

1821. 1824. *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

HYMN OF PAN

From the forests and highlands
We come, we come;
From the river-girt islands,
Where loud waves are dumb
Listening to my sweet pipings

Hymn of Pan

The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
  The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the myrtle bushes,
  The cicale above in the lime,
And the lizards below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
    Listening to my sweet pipings. 12

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
    And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
    The light of the dying day,
      Speeded by my sweet pipings.
The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,
  And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,
To the edge of the moist river-lawns,
  And the brink of the dewy caves,
And all that did then attend and follow
Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
    With envy of my sweet pipings. 24

I sang of the dancing stars,
    I sang of the dædal Earth,
And of Heaven—and the giant wars,
    And Love, and Death, and Birth,—
      And then I changed my pipings,—
Singing how down the vale of Menalus
  I pursued a maiden and clasp'd a reed:
Gods and men, we are all deluded thus!
  It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed:
All wept, as I think both ye now would,
If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
    At the sorrow of my sweet pipings. 36

1820. 1824. *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

HYMN TO THE NIGHT

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls! 4

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love. 8

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes. 12

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—
From those deep cisterns flows. 16

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more. 20

To the Evening Star

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-beloved Night! 24

1839. *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

TO THE EVENING STAR

Star that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary labourer free!
If any star shed peace, 't is thou
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love. 6

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odours rise,
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard
And songs when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd
Curls yellow in the sun. 12

Star of love's soft interviews,
Parted lovers on thee muse;
Their remembrancer in Heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven
By absence from the heart. 18

1824. *Thomas Campbell.*

THE LIGHT OF STARS

The night is come, but not too soon;
  And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
  Drops down behind the sky. 4

There is no light in earth or heaven
  But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
  To the red planet Mars. 8

Is it the tender star of love?
  The star of love and dreams?
Oh no! from that blue tent above
  A hero's armor gleams. 12

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
  When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
  The shield of that red star. 16

O star of strength! I see thee stand
  And smile upon my pain;
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
  And I am strong again. 20

Daybreak

Within my breast there is no light
  But the cold light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
  To the red planet Mars. 24

The star of the unconquered will,
  He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
  And calm, and self-possessed. 28

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
  That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
  Be resolute and calm. 32

Oh, fear not in a world like this,
  And thou shalt know erelong,
Know how sublime a thing it is
  To suffer and be strong. 36

1839. *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

DAYBREAK

A WIND came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me!"

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone." 4

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!" 8

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing!"

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near." 12

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn!"

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour." 16

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

1857. *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

THE EVENING WIND

SPIRIT that breathest through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day!
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea! 8

Nor I alone,—a thousand bosoms round
  Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
  Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
And languishing to hear thy welcome sound,
  Lies the vast inland, stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade; go forth,—
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth! 16

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest;
  Curl the still waters, bright with stars; and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
  Summoning, from the innumerable boughs,
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast.
  Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And where the o'ershadowing branches sweep the grass. 24

Stoop o'er the place of graves, and softly sway
  The sighing herbage by the gleaming stone,
That they who near the churchyard willows stray,
  And listen in the deepening gloom, alone,
May think of gentle souls who passed away,
  Like thy pure breath, into the vast unknown;
Sent forth from heaven among the sons of men,
And gone into the boundless heaven again. 32

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
  To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,

And dry the moistened curls that overspread
  His temples, while his breathing grows more
    deep;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed,
  Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow. 40

Go—but the circle of eternal change,
  Which is the life of nature, shall restore,
With sounds and sense from all thy mighty
    range,
  Thee to thy birthplace of the deep once more;
Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
  Shall tell the homesick mariner of the shore;
And, listening to the murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream. 48

1830. *William Cullen Bryant.*

THE MIDGES DANCE ABOON THE BURN

THE midges dance aboon the burn;
  The dews begin to fa';
The pairtricks down the rushy holm
  Set up their e'ening ca';
Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang
  Rings through the briery shaw,
While, flitting gay, the swallows play
  Around the castle wa'. 8

Flowers

Beneath the golden gloamin' sky
  The mavis mends her lay;
The redbreast pours his sweetest strains
  To charm the lingering day;
While weary yeldrins seem to wail
  Their little nestlings torn,
The merry wren, frae den to den,
  Gaes jinking through the thorn. 16

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
  The foxglove shuts its bell;
The honeysuckle and the birk
  Spread fragrance through the dell.
Let others crowd the giddy court
  Of mirth and revelry,
The simple joys that nature yields
  Are dearer far to me. 24

1807? *Robert Tannahill.*

FLOWERS

I WILL not have the mad Clytie,
  Whose head is turned by the sun;
The tulip is a courtly quean,
  Whom, therefore, I will shun:
The cowslip is a country wench,
  The violet is a nun;—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
  The queen of every one. 8

The pea is but a wanton witch,
  In too much haste to wed,

And clasps her rings on every hand;
  The wolfsbane I should dread;
Nor will I dreary rosemarye,
  That always mourns the dead;
But I will woo the dainty rose,
  With her cheeks of tender red. 16

The lily is all in white, like a saint,
  And so is no mate for me;
And the daisy's cheek is tipped with a blush,
  She is of such low degree;
Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves,
  And the broom 's betrothed to the bee;—
But I will plight with the dainty rose,
  For fairest of all is she. 24

1827. *Thomas Hood.*

SONG

A SPIRIT haunts the year's last hours
Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers:
    To himself he talks;
For at eventide, listening earnestly,
At his work you may hear him sob and sigh
    In the walks;
    Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks
Of the mouldering flowers:
  Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
  Over its grave i' the earth so chilly;
  Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
    Heavily hangs the tiger-lily. 12

The Throstle

The air is damp, and hush'd, and close,
As a sick man's room when he taketh repose
An hour before death;
My very heart faints and my whole soul grieves
At the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves,
And the breath
Of the fading edges of box beneath,
And the year's last rose.
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily. 24

1830. *Lord Tennyson.*

THE THROSTLE

"SUMMER is coming, summer is coming.
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,"
Yes, my wild little Poet. 4

Sing the new year in under the blue.
Last year you sang it as gladly.
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then *so* new
That you should carol so madly? 8

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again,"
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy. 12

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"
O warble unchidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden. 16

1889. *Lord Tennyson.*

PHILOMELA

HARK! ah, the nightingale—
The tawny-throated!
Hark, from that moonlit cedar what a burst!
What triumph! hark!—what pain! 4

O wanderer from a Grecian shore,
Still, after many years, in distant lands,
Still nourishing in thy bewilder'd brain
That wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken, old-world pain—
Say, will it never heal?
And can this fragrant lawn
With its cool trees, and night,
And the sweet, tranquil Thames,
And moonshine, and the dew,
To thy rack'd heart and brain
Afford no balm? 15

Dost thou to-night behold,
Here, through the moonlight on this English grass,

The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild?
Dost thou again peruse
With hot cheeks and sear'd eyes
The too clear web, and thy dumb sister's
  shame?
Dost thou once more assay
Thy flight, and feel come over thee,
Poor fugitive, the feathery change
Once more, and once more seem to make
  resound
With love and hate, triumph and agony,
Lone Daulis, and the high Cephissian vale?
Listen, Eugenia—
How thick the bursts come crowding
  through the leaves!
Again—thou hearest?
Eternal passion!
Eternal pain! 32

1853. *Matthew Arnold.*

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

Oh, to be in England
  Now that April 's there,
And whoever wakes in England
  Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood
    sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now! 8

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
  Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's
    edge—
  That 's the wise thrush; he sings each song
    twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary
    dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-
    flower! 20

1845. *Robert Browning.*

MY STAR

All that I know
  Of a certain star
Is, it can throw
  (Like the angled spar)
Now a dart of red,
  Now a dart of blue;
Till my friends have said
  They would fain see, too,
My star that dartles the red and the blue!

Then it stops like a bird; like a flower, hangs
furled: 10
They must solace themselves with the Saturn
above it.
What matter to me if their star is a world?
Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I
love it.

1855. *Robert Browning.*

From *Pippa Passes*

The year 's at the spring
And day 's at the morn;
Morning 's at seven;
The hillside 's dew-pearled;
The lark 's on the wing;
The snail 's on the thorn:
God 's in his heaven—
All 's right with the world!

1841. *Robert Browning.*

THE WORLD-SOUL

THANKS to the morning light,
Thanks to the seething sea,
To the uplands of New Hampshire,
To the green-haired forest free;

Thanks to each man of courage,
To the maids of holy mind;
To the boy with his games undaunted,
Who never looks behind. 8

Cities of proud hotels,
Houses of rich and great,
Vice nestles in your chambers,
Beneath your roofs of slate.
It cannot conquer folly,
Time-and-space-conquering steam,—
And the light-outspeeding telegraph
Bears nothing on its beam. 16

The politics are base,
The letters do not cheer,
And 't is far in the deeps of history—
The voice that speaketh clear.
Trade and the streets ensnare us,
Our bodies are weak and worn;
We plot and corrupt each other,
And we despoil the unborn. 24

Yet there in the parlor sits
Some figure of noble guise,—
Our angel in a stranger's form,
Or woman's pleading eyes;
Or only a flashing sunbeam
In at the window pane;
Or music pours on mortals
Its beautiful disdain. 32

The inevitable morning
Finds them who in cellars be,
And be sure the all-loving Nature
Will smile in a factory.
Yon ridge of purple landscape,
Yon sky between the walls,
Hold all the hidden wonders
In scanty intervals. 40

Alas! the sprite that haunts us
Deceives our rash desire;
It whispers of the glorious gods,
And leaves us in the mire:
We cannot learn the cipher
That 's writ upon our cell;
Stars help us by a mystery
Which we could never spell. 48

If but one hero knew it,
The world would blush in flame,
The sage, till he hit the secret,
Would hang his head for shame.
But our brothers have not read it,
Not one has found the key;
And henceforth we are comforted,—
We are but such as they. 56

Still, still the secret presses,
The nearing clouds draw down,
The crimson morning flames into
The fopperies of the town.

Within, without, the idle early
Stars weave eternal rings;
The sun himself shines heartily,
And shares the joy he brings. 6

And what if trade sow cities
Like shells along the shore,
And thatch with towns the prairie broad
With railways ironed o'er?—
They are but sailing foambells
Along Thought's causing stream,
And take their shape and Sun-color
From him that sends the dream. 72

For destiny does not like
To yield to men the helm,
And shoots his thought by hidden nerves
Throughout the solid realm.
The patient Dæmon sits
With roses and a shroud,
He has his way, and deals his gifts—
But ours is not allowed. 80

He is no churl or trifler,
And his viceroy is none,
Love-without-weakness,
Of genius sire and son;
And his will is not thwarted,—
The seeds of land and sea
Are the atoms of his body bright,
And his behest obey. 88

He serveth the servant,
The brave he loves amain,
He kills the cripple and the sick,
And straight begins again;
For gods delight in gods,
And thrust the weak aside;
To him who scorns their charities,
Their arms fly open wide. 96

When the old world is sterile,
And the ages are effete,
He will from wrecks and sediment
The fairer world complete.
He forbids to despair,
His cheeks mantle with mirth,
And the unimagined good of men
Is yeaning at the birth. 104

Spring still makes spring in the mind,
When sixty years are told;
Love wakes anew this throbbing heart,
And we are never old.
Over the winter glaciers,
I see the summer glow,
And through the wild-piled snowdrift
The warm rose-buds below. 112

1847. *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

TO THE HUMBLEBEE

Burly, dozing humblebee!
Where thou art is clime for me;
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines. 10

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air,
Voyager of light and noon,
Epicurean of June!
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom. 19

When the south-wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall;
And, with softness touching all,

Tints the human countenance
With the color of romance;
And infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,—
Thou in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow breezy bass. 31

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound,
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure. 39

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets, and bilberry bells,
Maple-sap, and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,
And brier-roses, dwelt among:
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.
Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher,

Seeing only what is fair,
  Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
  Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce north-western blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,—
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous. 63

1839. *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THE TITMOUSE

You shall not be overbold
When you deal with arctic cold,
As late I found my lukewarm blood
Chilled wading in the snow-choked wood.
How should I fight? my foeman fine
Has million arms to one of mine:
East, west, for aid I looked in vain,
East, west, north, south, are his domain.
Miles off, three dangerous miles, is home;
Must borrow his winds who there would come.
Up and away for life! be fleet!—
The frost-king ties my fumbling feet,
Sings in my ears, my hands are stones,
Curdles the blood to the marble bones,
Tugs at the heart-strings, numbs the sense,
And hems in life with narrowing fence.

Well, in this broad bed lie and sleep,—
The punctual stars will vigil keep,—
Embalmed by purifying cold;
The winds shall sing their dead-march old,
The snow is no ignoble shroud,
The moon thy mourner, and the cloud. 22

Softly,—but this way fate was pointing,
'T was coming fast to such anointing,
When piped a tiny voice hard by,
Gay and polite, a cheerful cry,
Chic-chicadeedee! saucy note
Out of sound heart and merry throat,
As if it said, "Good day, good sir!
Fine afternoon, old passenger!
Happy to meet you in these places,
Where January brings few faces." 32

This poet, though he lived apart,
Moved by his hospitable heart,
Sped, when I passed his sylvan fort,
To do the honours of his court,
As fits a feathered lord of land;
Flew near, with soft wing grazed my hand,
Hopped on the bough, then, darting low,
Prints his small impress on the snow,
Shows feats of his gymnastic play,
Head downward, clinging to the spray. 42

Here was this atom in full breath,
Hurling defiance at vast death;

This scrap of valour just for play
Fronts the north-wind in waistcoat gray,
As if to shame my weak behaviour;
I greeted loud my little saviour,
"You pet! what dost here? and what for?
In these woods, thy small Labrador,
At this pinch, wee San Salvador!
What fire burns in that little chest
So frolic, stout and self-possest? 53

"Henceforth I wear no stripe but thine;
Ashes and jet all hues outshine.
Why are not diamonds black and gray,
To ape thy dare-devil array?
And I affirm, the spacious North
Exists to draw thy virtue forth.
I think no virtue goes with size;
The reason of all cowardice
Is, that men are overgrown,
And, to be valiant, must come down
To the titmouse dimension." 64

'T is good-will makes intelligence,
And I began to catch the sense
Of my bird's song: "Live out of doors
In the great woods, on prairie floors.
I dine in the sun; when he sinks in the sea,
I too have a hole in a hollow tree;
And I like less when Summer beats
With stifling beams on these retreats,
Than noontide twilights which snow makes
With tempest of blinding flakes.

For well the soul, if stout within,
Can arm impregnably the skin;
And polar frost my frame defied,
Made of the air that blows outside." 78

With glad remembrance of my debt,
I homeward turn; farewell, my pet.
When here again thy pilgrim comes,
He shall bring store of seeds and crumbs.
Doubt not, so long as earth has bread,
Thou first and foremost shalt be fed;
The Providence that is most large
Takes hearts like thine in special charge,
Helps who for their own need are strong,
And the sky doats on cheerful song.
Henceforth I prize thy wiry chant
O'er all that mass and minster vaunt;
For men mis-hear thy call in Spring,
As 't would accost some frivolous wing,
Crying out of hazel copse, *Phe-be!*
And, in winter, *Chic-a-dee-dee!*
I think old Cæsar must have heard
In northern Gaul my dauntless bird,
And, echoed in some frosty wold,
Borrowed thy battle-numbers bold.
And I will write our annals new,
And thank thee for a better clew,
I, who dreamed not when I came here
To find the antidote of fear,
Now hear thee say in Roman key,
Pæan! Veni, vidi, vici. 104

1862. *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THE WHAUPS

Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are flying—
Blows the wind on the moors to-day and now,
Where about the graves of martyrs the whaups are crying,
My heart remembers how! 4

Gray, recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,
Standing stones on the vacant, red-wine moor,
Hills of sheep, and the homes of the silent vanished races,
And winds, austere and pure! 8

Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,
Hills of home! and I hear again the call—
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the pee-wees crying,
And hear no more at all. 12

1895. *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

THE SANDPIPER

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.

The Sandpiper

The wild waves reach their hands for it,
  The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,—
  One little sandpiper and I. 8

Above our heads the sullen clouds
  Scud black and swift across the sky:
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
  Stand out the white light-houses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
  I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,—
  One little sandpiper and I. 16

I watch him as he skims along,
  Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.
He starts not at my fitful song,
  Or flash of fluttering drapery;
He has no thought of any wrong;
  He scans me with a fearless eye:
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
  The little sandpiper and I. 24

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
  When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
  To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
  The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
  Thou, little sandpiper, and I? 32

1872. *Celia Thaxter.*

THE SEA

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions 'round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies. 6

I 'm on the sea! I 'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? *I* shall ride and sleep. 12

I love (Oh! *how* I love) to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south-west blasts do blow. 18

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;

And a mother she *was,* and *is,* to me;
For I was born on the open sea! 24

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean-child! 30

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers, a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he come to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea! 36

1832. *Bryan Waller Procter.*

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
  A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
  And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
  While like the eagle free
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
  Old England on the lee. 8

"O for a soft and gentle wind!"
  I hear a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze
  And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
  The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
  And merry men are we. 16

There 's tempest in yon hornéd moon,
  And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark the music, mariners!
  The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
  The lightning flashing free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
  Our heritage the sea. 24

1822. *Allan Cunningham.*

THE BLOOD HORSE

GAMARRA is a noble steed,
Strong, black, and of a noble breed,
Full of fire, and full of bone,
With all his line of fathers known;
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
But blown abroad by the pride within!
His mane, a stormy river flowing,
And his eyes like embers glowing
In the darkness of the night,
And his pace as swift as light. 10

The Blood Horse

Look,—around his straining throat
Grace and shifting beauty float;
Sinewy strength is in his reins,
And the red blood gallops through his
veins:
Richer, redder, never ran
Through the boasting heart of man.
He can trace his lineage higher
Than the Bourbon dare aspire,—
Douglas, Guzman, or the Guelph,
Or O'Brien's blood itself! 20

He, who hath no peer, was born
Here, upon a red March morn:
But his famous fathers dead
Were Arabs all, and Arab bred;
And the last of that great line
Trod like one of a race divine!
And yet,—he was but friend to one
Who fed him at the set of sun
By some lone fountain fringed with green;
With him, a roving Bedouin,
He lived (none else would he obey
Through all the hot Arabian day),
And died untamed upon the sands
Where Balkh amidst the desert stands. 34

1832. *Bryan Walter Procter.*

LOVE SONGS

A PRAISE OF HIS LADY

Give place, you ladies, and begone!
  Boast not yourselves at all!
For here at hand approacheth one
  Whose face will stain you all. 4

The virtue of her lively looks
  Excels the precious stone;
I wish to have none other books
  To read or look upon. 8

In each of her two crystal eyes
  Smileth a naked boy;
It would you all in heart suffice
  To see that lamp of joy. 12

I think Nature hath lost the mould
  Where she her shape did take;
Or else I doubt if Nature could
  So fair a creature make. 16

She may be well compared
  Unto the Phœnix kind,
Whose like was never seen or heard,
  That any man can find. 20

In life she is Diana chaste,
  In troth Penelopey;
In word and eke in deed steadfast,
  —What will you more we say? 24

If all the world were sought so far,
  Who could find such a wight?
Her beauty twinkleth like a star
  Within the frosty night. 28

Her roseal colour comes and goes
  With such a comely grace,
More ruddier, too, than doth the rose,
  Within her lively face. 32

At Bacchus' feast none shall her meet,
  Ne at no wanton play,
Nor gazing in an open street,
  Nor gadding as a stray. 36

The modest mirth that she doth use
  Is mix'd with shamefastness;
All vice she doth wholly refuse,
  And hateth idleness. 40

O Lord! it is a world to see
  How virtue can repair,
And deck in her such honesty,
  Whom Nature made so fair. 44

Truly she doth as far exceed
  Our women nowadays,

"And Wilt Thou Leave Me Thus"

As doth the jeliflower a-weed;
And more a thousand ways. 48

How might I do to get a graff
Of this unspotted tree?
—For all the rest are plain but chaff,
Which seem good corn to be. 52

This gift alone I shall her give;
When death doth what he can,
Her honest fame shall ever live
Within the mouth of man. 56

1557. *John Heywood.*

"AND WILT THOU LEAVE ME THUS"

And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay! for shame!
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame.
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay! 6

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath loved thee so long,
In wealth and woe among?
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay! 12

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath given thee my heart,
Never for to depart,
Neither for pain nor smart?
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay! 18

And wilt thou leave me thus,
And have no more pity
Of him that loveth thee?
Alas! thy cruelty!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay! 24

c. 1542. 1816. *Sir Thomas Wyatt.*

FORGET NOT YET

FORGET not yet the tried intent
Of such a troth as I have meant;
My great travail so gladly spent,
Forget not yet! 4

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life ye know, since whan
The suit, the service, none tell can;
Forget not yet! 8

Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience in delays,
Forget not yet! 12

Forget not! O, forget not this!—
How long ago hath been, and is,
The mind that never meant amiss—
Forget not yet! 16

Forget not then thine own approved,
The which so long hath thee so loved,
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved:
Forget not this! 20

c. 1542. 1816. *Sir Thomas Wyatt.*

ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL

From *Rosalynde*

Love in my bosom like a bee
Doth suck his sweet:
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest:
Ah! wanton, will ye? 9

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays if so I sing;

He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting:
Whist, wanton, still ye! 18

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence;
And bind you, when you long to play,
For your offence.
I 'll shut mine eyes to keep you in;
I 'll make you fast it for your sin;
I 'll count your power not worth a pin.
—Alas! what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me? 27

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee;
Then let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee;
O Cupid, so thou pity me.
Spare not, but play thee! 36

1590. *Thomas Lodge.*

ROSALIND'S DESCRIPTION

From *Rosalynde*

LIKE to the clear in highest sphere
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of selfsame colour is her hair
Whether unfolded, or in twines:
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!

Rosalind's Description

Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Refining heaven by every wink;
The Gods do fear whenas they glow,
And I do tremble when I think.
  Heigh ho, would she were mine! 10

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
That beautifies Aurora's face,
Or like the silver crimson shroud
That Phœbus' smiling looks doth grace;
  Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Her lips are like two budded roses
Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh,
Within which bounds she balm encloses,
Apt to entice a deity:
  Heigh ho, would she were mine! 20

Her neck is like a stately tower
Where Love himself imprison'd lies,
To watch for glances every hour
From her divine and sacred eyes:
  Heigh ho, for Rosaline!
Her paps are centres of delight,
Her paps are orbs of heavenly frame,
Where Nature moulds the dew of light
To feed perfection with the same:
  Heigh ho, would she were mine! 30

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue
Her body every way is fed;
Yet soft in touch and sweet in view:
  Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!

Nature herself her shape admires;
The Gods are wounded in her sight;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires
And at her eyes his brand doth light:
Heigh ho, would she were mine! 40
Then muse not, Nymphs, though I bemoan
The absence of fair Rosaline,
Since for her fair there 's fairer none,
Nor for her virtues so divine:
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline;
Heigh ho, my heart! would God that she were mine! 46

1590. *Thomas Lodge.*

CUPID AND CAMPASPE

From *Campaspe*

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses,—Cupid paid;
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows,—
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how);
With these the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin,—
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me? 14

1584. *John Lyly.*

THE BARGAIN

From *Arcadia,* 3d ed.

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
  By just exchange one for another given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
  There never was a better bargain driven.
    My true love hath my heart, and I have his. 5

His heart in me keeps me and him in one,
  My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his own;
  I cherish his because in me it bides:
    My true love hath my heart, and I have his. 10

His heart his wound received from my sight;
  My heart was wounded with his wounded
    heart:
For as from me on him his hurt did light,
  So still methought in me his hurt did smart.
    Both equal hurt, in this change sought our
      bliss:
    My true love hath my heart, and I have
      his. 16

1598. *Sir Philip Sidney.*

BEAUTY SAT BATHING

BEAUTY sat bathing by a spring,
  Where fairest shades did hide her;
The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,
  The cool streams ran beside her.
My wanton thoughts enticed mine eye
  To see what was forbidden:
But better memory said Fie;
  So vain desire was chidden—
        Hey nonny nonny O!
        Hey nonny nonny! 10

Into a slumber then I fell,
  And fond imagination
Seemèd to see, but could not tell,
  Her feature or her fashion:
But ev'n as babes in dreams do smile,
  And sometimes fall a-weeping,
So I awaked as wise that while
  As when I fell a-sleeping. 18

1600. *Anthony Munday.*

HER TRIUMPH

In part from *The Devil is an Ass*

SEE the Chariot at hand here of Love,
  Wherein my Lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
  And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts do duty
        Unto her beauty;
And enamour'd do wish, so they might
        But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she
  would ride. 10

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
  All that Love's world compriseth!
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
  As Love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark, her forehead 's smoother
        Than words that soothe her;
And from her arch'd brows such a grace
        Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good, of the elements'
        strife. 20

Have you seen but a bright lily grow
  Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Have you mark'd but the fall o' the snow
  Before the soil hath smutch'd it?
Have you felt the wool of beaver,
        Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier,
        Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she! 30

1631. *Ben Jonson.*

TO CELIA

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
  And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
  And I 'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
  Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
  I would not change for thine. 8

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
  Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
  It could not wither'd be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
  And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
  Not of itself but thee! 16

1616. *Ben Jonson.*

SIMPLEX MUNDITIIS

From *Epicœne*

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powder'd, still perfumed:
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound. 6

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all th' adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart. 12

1609? *Ben Jonson.*

SILVIA

From *Two Gentlemen of Verona*

WHO is Silvia? What is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be. 5

Is she kind as she is fair?
  For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
  To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there. 10

Then to Silvia let us sing,
  That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
  Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring. 15

1623. *William Shakespeare.*

"O MISTRESS MINE, WHERE ARE YOU ROAMING?"

From *Twelfth Night*

O MISTRESS mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear! your true-love's coming
  That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers meeting—
  Every wise man's son doth know. 6

What is love? 't is not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
  What 's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty,—
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
  Youth 's a stuff will not endure. 12

1623. *William Shakespeare.*

"TAKE, O TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY"

From *Measure for Measure*

TAKE, O take those lips away,
  That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
  Lights that do mislead the morn!
But my kisses bring again,
        Bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
        Seal'd in vain!

1623. *William Shakespeare.*

LOVE

From *Merchant of Venice*

TELL me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
    Reply, reply. 4

It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I 'll begin it,—ding, dong, bell.
Ding, dong, bell. 10

1600. *William Shakespeare.*

CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH

Crabbed Age and Youth
Cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare:
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short; 10
Youth is nimble, Age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and Age is tame:—
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
O! my Love, my Love is young!
Age, I do defy thee—
O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long 20

1599. *William Shakespeare (?)*

"ON A DAY, ALACK THE DAY!"

From *L. L. L.*

On a day, alack the day!
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind
All unseen 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so! 10
But, alack, my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!
Do not call it sin in me
That I am forsworn for thee:
Thou for whom e'en Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were,
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love. 20

1598. *William Shakespeare.*

"COME AWAY, COME AWAY, DEATH"

From *Twelfth Night*

Come away, come away, death,
  And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
  I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
        O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
        Did share it. 8

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
  On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
  My poor corpse, where my bones shall
        be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
        Lay me, O where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
        To weep there! 16

1623. *William Shakespeare.*

HARK, HARK! THE LARK

From *Cymbeline*

HARK, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
  And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
  On chalicèd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
  To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty bin,
  My lady sweet, arise;
    Arise, arise!

1623. *William Shakespeare.*

I

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

COME live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields. 4

And we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals. 8

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle. 12

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-linèd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold; 16

A belt of straw and ivy-buds
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my Love. 20

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love. 24

1599-1600. *Christopher Marlowe.*

II

HER REPLY

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy Love. 4

But Time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complains of cares to come. 8

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward Winter reckoning yields:
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall. 12

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither—soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten. 16

Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,—
All those in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy Love. 20

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy Love. 24

1599-1600. *Sir Walter Raleigh.*

MY LADY'S TEARS

From *John Dowland's Second Book of Songs or Airs*

I SAW my Lady weep,
And Sorrow proud to be advancèd so
In those fair eyes where all perfections keep.
Her face was full of woe;

But such a woe (believe me) as wins more hearts
Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts. 6

Sorrow was there made fair,
And Passion wise; Tears a delightful thing;
Silence beyond all speech, a wisdom rare:
She made her sighs to sing,
And all things with so sweet a sadness move
As made my heart at once both grieve and love. 12

O fairer than aught else
The world can show, leave off in time to grieve!
Enough, enough: your joyful look excels:
Tears kill the heart, believe.
O strive not to be excellent in woe,
Which only breeds your beauty's overthrow! 18

1600. *Anonymous.*

WEEP YOU NO MORE, SAD FOUNTAINS

From *John Dowland's Third and Last Book of Songs or Airs*

WEEP you no more, sad fountains;
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!
But my sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping. 9

Wooing Song

Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets;
Doth not the sun rise smiling,
When fair at even he sets?
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes!
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

1603. *Anonymous.*

WOOING SONG

Love is the blossom where there blows
Every thing that lives or grows:
Love doth make the Heav'ns to move,
And the Sun doth burn in love:
Love the strong and weak doth yoke,
And makes the ivy climb the oak,
Under whose shadows lions wild,
Soften'd by love, grow tame and mild:
Love no med'cine can appease,
He burns the fishes in the seas:
Not all the skill his wounds can stench,
Not all the sea his fire can quench.
Love did make the bloody spear
Once a leavy coat to wear,
While in his leaves there shrouded lay
Sweet birds, for love that sing and play:

And of all love's joyful flame
I the bud and blossom am.
Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be! 20

See, see the flowers that below
Now as fresh as morning blow;
And of all the virgin rose
That as bright Aurora shows;
How they all unleavèd die,
Losing their virginity!
Like unto a summer shade,
But now born, and now they fade.
Every thing doth pass away;
There is danger in delay: 30
Come, come, gather then the rose,
Gather it, or it you lose!
All the sand of Tagus' shore
Into my bosom casts his ore:
All the valleys' swimming corn
To my house is yearly borne:
Every grape of every vine
Is gladly bruised to make me wine:
While ten thousand kings, as proud,
To carry up my train have bow'd,
And a world of ladies send me
In my chambers to attend me:
All the stars in Heav'n that shine,
And ten thousand more, are mine.
Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be! 46

1610. *Giles Fletcher.*

CHERRY-RIPE

There is a garden in her face
  Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
  Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow;
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry. 6

Those cherries fairly do enclose
  Of orient pearl a double row;
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
  They look like rose-buds fill'd with snow:
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry. 12

Her eyes like angels watch them still;
  Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
  All that attempt with eye or hand
Those sacred cherries to come nigh,
—Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry! 18

1606. *Thomas Campion.*

FOLLOW YOUR SAINT

Follow your saint, follow with accents sweet!
Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet!

There, wrapt in cloud of sorrow, pity move,
And tell the ravisher of my soul I perish for her
love:
But if she scorns my never-ceasing pain,
Then burst with sighing in her sight, and ne'er
return again! 6

All that I sung still to her praise did tend;
Still she was first, still she my songs did end;
Yet she my love and music both doth fly,
The music that her echo is and beauty's sym-
pathy:
Then let my notes pursue her scornful flight!
It shall suffice that they were breathed and died
for her delight. 12

1601. *Thomas Campion.*

MADRIGAL

From *Davison's Poetical Rhapsody*

My Love in her attire doth show her wit,
It doth so well become her;
For every season she hath dressings fit,
For Winter, Spring, and Summer.
No beauty she doth miss
When all her robes are on:
But Beauty's self she is
When all her robes are gone.

1602. *Anonymous*

VOBISCUM EST IOPE

When thou must home to shades of underground,
  And there arrived, a new admirèd guest,
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,
  White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,
To hear the stories of thy finish'd love
From that smooth tongue whose music hell can
    move; 6

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
  Of masques and revels which sweet youth did
    make,
Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,
  And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake:
When thou hast told these honours done to thee,
Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me! 12

1601. *Thomas Campion.*

LOVE NOT ME FOR COMELY GRACE

Love me not for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part:
No, nor for a constant heart;
  For those may fail or turn to ill,
    So thou and I shall sever.

Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not why!
So hast thou the same reason still
To dote upon me ever. 10

1609. *Anonymous.*

PHILLIDA AND CORYDON

In the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
Forth I walk'd by the wood-side
Whereas May was in her pride:
There I spièd all alone
Phillida and Corydon.
Much ado there was, God wot!
He would love and she would not.
She said, never man was true;
He said, none was false to you. 10
He said, he had loved her long;
She said, Love should have no wrong.
Corydon would kiss her then;
She said, maids must kiss no men
Till they did for good and all;
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness truth
Never loved a truer youth.
Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth, 20
Such as seely shepherds use
When they will not Love abuse,

Love, which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded;
And Phillida, with garlands gay,
Was made the Lady of the May.

1591. *Nicholas Breton.*

PACK, CLOUDS, AWAY

From *The Rape of Lucrece*

PACK, clouds, away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air, blow soft, mount, lark, aloft
To give my Love good-morrow!
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I 'll borrow;
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale, sing,
To give my Love good-morrow;
To give my Love good-morrow,
Notes from them both I 'll borrow. 10

Wake from thy nest, Robin-red-breast,
Sing, birds, in every furrow;
And from each bill, let music shrill
Give my fair Love good-morrow!
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow!
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves
Sing my fair Love good-morrow;
To give my Love good-morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow! 20

1608. *Thomas Heywood.*

LOVE IS A SICKNESS

From *Hymen's Triumph*

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that most with cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries
Heigh-ho! 8

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made it of a kind,
Not well, nor full, nor fasting.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries
Heigh-ho! 16

1615. *Samuel Daniel.*

TO MISTRESS MARGARET HUSSEY

Merry Margaret,
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower;

To Mistress Margaret Hussey

With solace and gladness,
Much mirth and no madness,
All good and no badness;
So joyously,
So maidenly,
So womanly 10
Her demeaning,
In everything
Far, far passing
That I can indite,
Or suffice to write
Of merry Margaret,
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower;
As patient and as still, 20
And as full of good-will,
As fair Isiphil,
Coliander,
Sweet Pomander,
Good Cassander;
Stedfast of thought,
Well made, well wrought;
Far may be sought,
Ere you can find
So courteous, so kind, 30
As merry Margaret,
This midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower.

1523. *John Skelton.*

THE AUTHOR'S RESOLUTION

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman 's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May,
  If she think not well of me,
  What care I how fair she be? 8

Shall my silly heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well disposèd nature
Joinèd with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
  If she be not so to me,
  What care I how kind she be? 16

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well-deservings known
Make me quite forget my own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may merit name of Best,
  If she be not such to me,
  What care I how good she be? 24

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
She that bears a noble mind,
If not outward helps she find,
Thinks what with them he would do
That without them dares her woo;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be? 32

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be? 40

1617. *George Wither.*

A WELCOME

Welcome, welcome! do I sing,
Far more welcome than the spring;
He that parteth from you never
Shall enjoy a spring for ever. 4

He that to the voice is near
Breaking from your iv'ry pale,
Need not walk abroad to hear
The delightful nightingale. 8

He that looks still on your eyes,
  Though the winter have begun
To benumb our arteries,
  Shall not want the summer's sun. 12

He that still may see your cheeks,
  Where all rareness still reposes,
Is a fool if e'er he seeks
  Other lilies, other roses. 16

He to whom your soft lip yields,
  And perceives your breath in kissing,
All the odours of the fields
  Never, never shall be missing. 20

He that question would anew
  What fair Eden was of old,
Let him rightly study you,
  And a brief of that behold. 24

1616? 1815. *William Browne, of Tavistock.*

MY CHOICE

SHALL I tell you whom I love?
  Hearken then awhile to me;
And if such a woman move
  As I now shall versify,
Be assured 't is she or none,
That I love, and love alone. 6

My Choice

Nature did her so much right
  As she scorns the help of art.
In as many virtues dight
  As e'er yet embraced a heart.
So much good so truly tried,
Some for less were deified. 12

Wit she hath, without desire
  To make known how much she hath;
And her anger flames no higher
  Than may fitly sweeten wrath.
Full of pity as may be,
Though perhaps not so to me. 18

Reason masters every sense,
  And her virtues grace her birth;
Lovely as all excellence,
  Modest in her most of mirth.
Likelihood enough to prove
Only worth could kindle love. 24

Such she is; and if you know
  Such a one as I have sung;
Be she brown, or fair, or so
  That she be but somewhat young;
Be assured 't is she, or none,
That I love, and love alone. 30

1616. *William Browne, of Tavistock.*

OVER THE MOUNTAINS

Over the mountains
  And over the waves,
Under the fountains
  And under the graves;
Under floods that are deepest,
  Which Neptune obey,
Over rocks that are steepest,
  Love will find out the way. 8

When there is no place
  For the glow-worm to lie,
Where there is no space
  For receipt of a fly;
When the midge dares not venture
  Lest herself fast she lay;
If Love come, he will enter
  And will find out the way. 16

You may esteem him
  A child for his might;
Or you may deem him
  A coward from his flight;
But if she whom Love doth honour
  Be conceal'd from the day—
Set a thousand guards upon her,
  Love will find out the way. 24

Some think to lose him
  By having him confined;
And some do suppose him,
  Poor thing! to be blind;
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
  Do the best that ye may,
Blind Love, if so ye call him,
  He will find out his way. 32

You may train the eagle
  To stoop to your fist;
Or you may inveigle
  The Phœnix of the east;
The lioness, you may move her
  To give over her prey;
But you 'll ne'er stop a lover—
  He will find out his way. 40

. . . . .

If the earth it should part him,
  He would gallop it o'er;
If the seas should o'erthwart him,
  He would swim to the shore;
Should his Love become a swallow,
  Through the air to stray,
Love will lend wings to follow,
  And will find out the way. 48

There is no striving
  To cross his intent;
There is no contriving
  His plots to prevent;

But if once the message greet him
That his True Love doth stay,
If Death should come and meet him,
Love will find out the way! 56

Early 17th Cent. *Anonymous.*

TO ROSES IN THE BOSOM OF CASTARA

Ye blushing virgins happy are
In the chaste nunnery of her breasts—
For he 'd profane so chaste a fair,
Whoe'er should call them Cupid's nests. 4

Transplanted thus how bright ye grow!
How rich a perfume do ye yield!
In some close garden cowslips so
Are sweeter than i' th' open field. 8

In those white cloisters live secure
From the rude blasts of wanton breath!—
Each hour more innocent and pure,
Till you shall wither into death. 12

Then that which living gave you room,
Your glorious sepulchre shall be.
There wants no marble for a tomb
Whose breast hath marble been to me. 16

1634. *William Habington.*

WISHES TO HIS SUPPOSED MISTRESS

Whoe'er she be—
That not impossible She
That shall command my heart and me: 3

Where'er she lie,
Lock'd up from mortal eye
In shady leaves of destiny: 6

Till that ripe birth
Of studied Fate stand forth,
And teach her fair steps to our earth: 9

Till that divine
Idea take a shrine
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine: 12

Meet you her, my Wishes,
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye call'd my absent kisses. 15

I wish her Beauty,
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire, or glist'ring shoe-tie: 18

Something more than
Taffata or tissue can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan. 21

. . . . .

A Face, that 's best
By its own beauty drest,
And can alone commend the rest. 24

A Face, made up
Out of no other shop
Than what Nature's white hand sets ope. 27

A Cheek, where youth
And blood, with pen of truth,
Write what the reader sweetly ru'th. 30

A Cheek, where grows
More than a morning rose;
Which to no box his being owes. 33

Lips, where all day
A lover's kiss may play,
Yet carry nothing thence away. 36

Looks, that oppress
Their richest tires, but dress
And clothe their simplest nakedness. 39

Eyes, that displaces
The neighbour diamond, and outfaces
That sunshine by their own sweet graces. 42

Tresses, that wear
Jewels but to declare
How much themselves more precious are: 45

Whose native ray
Can tame the wanton day
Of gems that in their bright shades play. 48

Each ruby there,
Or pearl that dare appear,
Be its own blush, be its own tear. 51

A well-tamed Heart,
For whose more noble smart
Love may be long choosing a dart. 54

Eyes, that bestow
Full quivers on love's bow,
Yet pay less arrows than they owe. 57

Smiles, that can warm
The blood, yet teach a charm,
That chastity shall take no harm. 60

Blushes, that bin
The burnish of no sin,
Nor flames of aught too hot within. 63

Joys, that confess
Virtue their mistress,
And have no other head to dress. 66

Fears, fond and slight
As the coy bride's, when night
First does the longing lover right. 69

. . . . .

Days, that need borrow
No part of their good-morrow
From a fore-spent night of sorrow. 72

Days, that in spite
Of darkness, by the light
Of a clear mind, are day all night. 75

Nights, sweet as they,
Made short by lovers' play,
Yet long by th' absence of the day. 78

Life, that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, say, "Welcome,
friend!" 81

Sydnæan showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with
flowers 84

Soft silken hours,
Open suns, shady bowers;
'Bove all, nothing within that lowers. 87

Whate'er delight
Can make Day's forehead bright,
Or give down to the wings of Night. 90

. . . . .

Wishes to His Supposed Mistress

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes; and I wish—no more. 93

Now, if Time knows
That her, whose radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my vows; 96

Her, whose just bays
My future hopes can raise,
A trophy to her present praise; 99

Her, that dares be
What these lines wish to see;
I seek no further, it is She 102

'T is she, and here,
Lo! I unclothe and clear
My wishes' cloudy character. 105

May she enjoy it
Whose merit dare apply it,
But modesty dares still deny it! 108

Such worth as this is
Shall fix my flying Wishes,
And determine them to kisses. 111

Let her full glory,
My fancies, fly before ye;
Be ye my fictions—but her story. 114

1646. *Richard Crashaw.*

ENCOURAGEMENTS TO A LOVER

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
  Prythee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
  Looking ill prevail?
  Prythee, why so pale? 5

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
  Prythee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
  Saying nothing do 't?
  Prythee, why so mute? 10

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,
  This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
  Nothing can make her:
  The D—l take her! 15

1638. *Sir John Suckling.*

CONSTANCY

Out upon it, I have loved
  Three whole days together!
And am like to love three more,
  If it prove fair weather. 4

To Dianeme

Time shall moult away his wings
  Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
  Such a constant lover. 8

But the spite on 't is, no praise
  Is due at all to me:
Love with me had made no stays,
  Had it any been but she. 12

Had it any been but she,
  And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
  A dozen dozen in her place. 16

1638. *Sir John Suckling.*

TO DIANEME

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes
Which starlike sparkle in their skies;
Nor be you proud that you can see
All hearts your captives, yours yet free;
Be you not proud of that rich hair
Which wantons with the love-sick air;
Whenas that ruby which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone
When all your world of beauty 's gone. 10

1648. *Robert Herrick.*

UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES

WHENAS in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
The liquefaction of her clothes!

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
That brave vibration each way free,
—O how that glittering taketh me!

1648 *Robert Herrick.*

THE PRIMROSE

ASK me why I send you here
This sweet Infanta of the year?
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose, thus bepearl'd with dew?
I will whisper to your ears:—
The sweets of love are mix'd with tears. 6

Ask me why this flower does show
So yellow-green, and sickly too?
Ask me why the stalk is weak
And bending (yet it doth not break)?
I will answer:—These discover
What fainting hopes are in a lover. 12

1648. *Robert Herrick.*

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME

GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may,
  Old Time is still a flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
  To-morrow will be dying. 4

The glorious lamp of Heaven, the sun,
  The higher he 's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
  And nearer he 's to setting. 8

The age is best which is the first,
  When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse and worst
  Times still succeed the former. 12

Then be not coy, but use your time,
  And, while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
  You may forever tarry. 16

1648. *Robert Herrick.*

DELIGHT IN DISORDER

A SWEET disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness;
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction;

An erring lace, which here and there
Inthralls the crimson stomacher;
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbons to flow confusedly;
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat; 10
A careless shoestring, in whose tie
I see a wild civility;—
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part.

1648. *Robert Herrick.*

TO ANTHEA; WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANYTHING

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee. 4

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I 'll give to thee. 8

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay
To honour thy decree:
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee. 12

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
While I have eyes to see:
And, having none, yet will I keep
A heart to weep for thee. 16

Bid me despair, and I 'll despair
Under that cypress-tree:
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death to die for thee. 20

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me:
And hast command of every part
To live and die for thee. 24

1648. *Robert Herrick.*

TO DAISIES, NOT TO SHUT SO SOON

Shut not so soon; the dull-eyed night
Has not as yet begun
To make a seizure on the light,
Or to seal up the sun. 4

No marigolds yet closed are,
No shadows great appear;
Nor doth the early shepherd's star
Shine like a spangle here. 8

Stay but till my Julia close
Her life-begetting eye,
And let the whole world then dispose
Itself to live or die. 12

1648. *Robert Herrick.*

THE NIGHT-PIECE, TO JULIA

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like sparks of fire, befriend thee. 5

No Will-o'-the-wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee;
But on, on thy way
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there 's none to affright thee. 10

Let not the dark thee cumber:
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light
Like tapers clear without number. 15

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silv'ry feet,
My soul I 'll pour into thee. 20

1648. *Robert Herrick.*

TO LUCASTA, GOING BEYOND THE SEAS

If to be absent were to be
Away from thee;
Or that when I am gone
You or I were alone;
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blustering wind or swallowing wave. 6

But I 'll not sigh one blast or gale
To swell my sail,
Or pay a tear to 'suage
The foaming blue god's rage;
For whether he will let me pass
Or no, I 'm still as happy as I was. 12

Though seas and land betwixt us both,
Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls,
All time and space controls:
Above the highest sphere we meet,
Unseen, unknown; and greet as Angels greet. 18

So then we do anticipate
Our after-fate,

And are alive i' the skies,
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfined
In Heaven, their earthy bodies left behind. 24

1649. *Richard Lovelace.*

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON

When Love with unconfinèd wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fettered with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty. 8

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crowned,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty. 16

When (like committed linnets) I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty
And glories of my King;

When I shall voice aloud how good
  He is, how great should be,
The enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,
  Know no such liberty. 24

Stone walls do not a prison make,
  Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
  That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
  And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
  Enjoy such liberty. 32

1649. *Richard Lovelace.*

"THE LARK NOW LEAVES HIS WAT'RY NEST"

THE lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
  And climbing shakes his dewy wings.
He takes this window for the East,
  And to implore your light he sings—
Awake, awake! the morn will never rise
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes. 6

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
  The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are
  Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
Awake, awake! break thro' your veils of lawn!
Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn! 12

1672. *Sir William Davenant.*

ON A GIRDLE

THAT which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done. 4

It was my Heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer:
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move. 8

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that 's good, and all that 's fair!
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round! 12

1645. *Edmund Waller.*

HEAR, YE LADIES

From *Valentinian*

HEAR, ye ladies that despise
What the mighty Love has done;
Fear examples and be wise:
Fair Callisto was a nun;

Leda, sailing on the stream
  To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
  Doted on a silver swan;
    Danaë, in a brazen tower,
    Where no love was, loved a shower. 10

Hear, ye ladies that are coy,
  What the mighty Love can do;
Fear the fierceness of the boy:
  The chaste Moon he makes to woo;
Vesta, kindling holy fires,
  Circled round about with spies,
Never dreaming loose desires,
  Doting at the altar dies;
    Ilion, in a short hour, higher
    He can build, and once more fire. 20

1647. *John Fletcher.*

DISDAIN RETURNED

He that loves a rosy cheek,
  Or a coral lip admires,
Or from starlike eyes doth seek
  Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away. 6

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
  Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,

Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires:—
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes. 12

1632. *Thomas Carew.*

SONG

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauty's orient deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep. 4

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair. 8

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters and keeps warm her note. 12

Ask me no more where those stars light
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixèd become as in their sphere. 16

Ask me no more if east or west
The Phœnix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies. 20

1640. *Thomas Carew.*

TO HIS INCONSTANT MISTRESS

When thou, poor Excommunicate
  From all the joys of Love, shalt see
The full reward and glorious fate
  Which my strong faith shall purchase me,
  Then curse thine own inconstancy! 5

A fairer hand than thine shall cure
  That heart which thy false oaths did wound;
And to my soul a soul more pure
  Than thine shall by Love's hand be bound,
  And both with equal glory crown'd. 10

Then shalt thou weep, entreat, complain
  To Love, as I did once to thee;
When all thy tears shall be as vain
  As mine were then: for thou shalt be
  Damn'd for thy false apostasy. 15

1640. *Thomas Carew.*

ELIZABETH OF BOHEMIA

You meaner beauties of the night,
  Which poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
  You common people of the skies,
What are you, when the Moon shall rise? 5

Ye curious chanters of the wood
  That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
  By your weak accents; what 's your praise
When Philomel her voice doth raise? 10

Ye violets that first appear,
  By your pure purple mantles known
Like the proud virgins of the year
  As if the spring were all your own,—
What are you, when the Rose is blown? 15

So when my Mistress shall be seen
  In form and beauty mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
  Tell me, if she were not design'd
The eclipse and glory of her kind? 20

1620? 1624. *Sir Henry Wotton.*

GO, LOVELY ROSE

Go, lovely Rose—
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
  That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be. 5

Tell her that 's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
  That hadst thou sprung

The Dream

In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died. 10

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired. 15

Then die—that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair! 20

1645. *Thomas Waller.*

THE DREAM

Dear love, for nothing less than thee
Would I have broke this happy dream;
It was a theme
For reason, much too strong for fantasy.
Therefore thou waked'st me wisely; yet
My dream thou brok'st not, but continued'st it.
Thou art so true that thoughts of thee suffice
To make dreams truths and fables histories;
Enter these arms, for since thou thought'st it best
Not to dream all my dream, let 's act the rest. 10

As lightning, or a taper's light,
Thine eyes, and not thy noise, waked me;
Yet I thought thee—
For thou lov'st truth—an angel, at first sight;
But when I saw thou saw'st my heart,
And knew'st my thoughts beyond an angel's art,
When thou knew'st what I dreamt, when thou
knew'st when
Excess of joy would wake me, and cam'st then,
I must confess it could not choose but be
Profane to think thee anything but thee. 20

Coming and staying show'd thee thee,
But rising makes me doubt that now
That art not thou.
That Love is weak where Fear 's as strong as he;
'T is not all spirit pure and brave
If mixture it of Fear, Shame, Honour have.
Perchance as torches, which must ready be,
Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with me.
Thou cam'st to kindle, go'st to come: then I
Will dream that hope again, but else would die. 30

1633. *John Donne.*

TO CHLORIS

From *The Mulberry Garden*

Ah, Chloris! that I now could sit
As unconcerned as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No pleasure, nor no pain. 4

To Chloris

When I the dawn used to admire,
  And praised the coming day,
I little thought the growing fire
  Must take my rest away. 8

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
  Like metals in the mine;
Age from no face took more away,
  Than youth concealed in thine. 12

But as your charms insensibly
  To their perfection prest,
Fond Love as unperceived did fly,
  And in my bosom rest. 16

My passion with your beauty grew,
  And Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favored you,
  Threw a new flaming dart. 20

Each gloried in their wanton part:
  To make a lover, he
Employed the utmost of his art;
  To make a Beauty, she. 24

Though now I slowly bend to love
  Uncertain of my fate,
If your fair self my chains approve,
  I shall my freedom hate. 28

Lovers, like dying men, may well
  At first disordered be,
Since none alive can truly tell
  What fortune they must see. 32

1668. *Sir Charles Sedley.*

AH, HOW SWEET IT IS TO LOVE!

From *Tyrannic Love*

Ah, how sweet it is to love!
  Ah, how gay is young desire!
And what pleasing pains we prove
  When we first approach love's fire!
Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are. 6

Sighs which are from lovers blown
  Do but gently heave the heart:
Even the tears they shed alone
  Cure, like trickling balm, their smart.
Lovers, when they lose their breath,
Bleed away in easy death. 12

Love and Time with reverence use,
  Treat them like a parting friend;
Nor the golden gifts refuse
  Which in youth sincere they send:
For each year their price is more,
And they less simple than before. 18

Song

Love, like spring-tides full and high,
  Swells in every youthful vein;
But each tide does less supply,
  Till they quite shrink in again.
If a flow in age appear,
'T is but rain, and runs not clear. 24

1670. *John Dryden.*

SONG

From *Abdelazar*

Love in fantastic triumph sate,
  Whilst bleeding hearts around him flow'd,
For whom fresh pains he did create,
  And strange tyrannic power he show'd:
From thy bright eyes he took his fires,
  Which round about in sport he hurl'd;
But 't was from mine he took desires
  Enough t' undo the amorous world. 8

From me he took his sighs and tears,
  From thee his pride and cruelty;
From me his languishments and fears,
  And every killing dart from thee.
Thus thou and I the god have arm'd
  And set him up a deity;
But my poor heart alone is harm'd,
  Whilst thine the victor is, and free! 16

1677. *Aphra Behn.*

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

Of all the girls that are so smart
  There 's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
  Is half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley. 8

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
  And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long
  To such as please to buy 'em:
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
  So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley. 16

When she is by, I leave my work,
  I love her so sincerely;
My master comes, like any Turk,
  And bangs me most severely:
But let him bang his bellyful,
  I 'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley. 24

Sally in Our Alley

Of all the days that 's in the week
  I dearly love but one day—
And that 's the day that comes betwixt
  A Saturday and Monday;
For then I 'm drest, all in my best,
  To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley. 32

My master carries me to church,
  And often am I blamèd
Because I leave him in the lurch
  As soon as text is namèd;
I leave the church in sermon-time
  And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley. 40

When Christmas comes about again,
  O, then I shall have money;
I 'll hoard it up, and box it all,
  I 'll give it to my honey:
I would it were ten thousand pound,
  I 'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley. 48

My master and the neighbours all
  Make game of me and Sally,
And, but for her, I 'd better be
  A slave and row a galley;

But when my seven long years are out,
O, then I 'll marry Sally;
O, then we 'll wed, and then we 'll bed—
But not in our alley! 56

1729? *Henry Carey.*

MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE, I PRAY

My dear and only love, I pray
That little world, of thee,
Be governed by no other sway
Than purest monarchy.
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And hold a synod in thine heart,
I 'll never love thee more. 8

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne:
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all. 16

But I will reign, and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe;

Song

But 'gainst my batteries if I find
  Thou kick, or vex me sore,
As that thou set me up a blind,
  I 'll never love thee more. 24

And in the empire of thine heart,
  Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
  Or dare to vie with me,
Or if committees thou erect,
  And go on such a score,
I 'll laugh and sing at thy neglect,
  And never love thee more. 32

But if thou wilt prove faithful, then,
  And constant of thy word,
I 'll make thee glorious by my pen,
  And famous by my sword;
I 'll serve thee in such noble ways
  Was never heard before,
I 'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
  And love thee more and more. 40

1711. *James Graham, Marquess of Montrose.*

SONG

My silks and fine array,
  My smiles and languish'd air,
By Love are driven away;
  And mournful lean Despair

Brings me yew to deck my grave:
Such end true lovers have. 6

His face is fair as heaven
When springing buds unfold:
O why to him was 't given,
Whose heart is wintry cold?
His breast is Love's all-worshipp'd tomb,
Where all Love's pilgrims come. 12

Bring me an axe and spade,
Bring me a winding-sheet;
When I my grave have made,
Let winds and tempests beat:
Then down I 'll lie, as cold as clay:
True love doth pass away! 18

1783. *William Blake.*

THE BANKS OF DOON

Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care! 4

Thou 'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause Luve was true. 8

Thou 'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
  That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
  And wist na o' my fate. 12

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon
  To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its love;
  And sae did I o' mine. 16

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
  Frae aff its thorny tree;
And my fause luver staw the rose,
  But left the thorn wi' me. 20

1792. *Robert Burns.*

MARY MORISON

O Mary, at thy window be!
  It is the wish'd, the trysted hour.
Those smiles and glances let me see,
  That make the miser's treasure poor:
How blythely wad I bide the stour,
  A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
  The lovely Mary Morison! 8

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
  The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
  I sat, but neither heard nor saw:

Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
"Ye arena Mary Morison." 16

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wiltna gie,
At least be pity to me shown;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison. 24

1793. 1800. *Robert Burns.*

O, SAW YE BONNIE LESLEY?

O, SAW ye bonnie Lesley,
As she gaed o'er the border?
She 's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther. 4

To see her is to love her,
And love but her forever;
For nature made her what she is,
And never made anither! 8

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee;
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee. 12

The deil he could na scaith thee,
  Or aught that wad belang thee;
He 'd look into thy bonnie face,
  And say, "I canna wrang thee!" 16

The Powers aboon will tent thee;
  Misfortune sha' na steer thee;
Thou 'rt like themsel' sae lovely
  That ill they 'll ne'er let near thee. 20

Return again, fair Lesley,
  Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag we hae a lass
  There 's nane again sae bonnie. 24

1798. *Robert Burns.*

O MY LUVE 'S LIKE A RED, RED ROSE

O my Luve 's like a red, red rose
  That 's newly sprung in June:
O my Luve 's like the melodie
  That 's sweetly play'd in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
  So deep in luve am I:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
  Till a' the seas gang dry: 8

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
  And the rocks melt wi' the sun;

I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.
And fare thee weel, my only Luve!
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my Luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile. 16

1796. *Robert Burns.*

AE FOND KISS

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae farewell, and then for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I 'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I 'll wage thee. 4

Who shall say that Fortune grieves him
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,
Dark despair around benights me. 8

I 'll ne'er blame my partial fancy;
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever. 12

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted. 16

Of a' the Airts

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure! 20

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I 'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I 'll wage thee. 24

1792. *Robert Burns.*

OF A' THE AIRTS

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best:
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And monie a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean. 8

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair:
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There 's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green;
There 's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean. 16

1790. *Robert Burns.*

HIGHLAND MARY

Ye banks and braes and streams around
  The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
  Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
  And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
  O' my sweet Highland Mary. 8

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
  How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
  I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings
  Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
  Was my sweet Highland Mary. 16

Wi' monie a vow and lock'd embrace
  Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
  We tore oursels asunder;
But oh! fell Death's untimely frost,
  That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay,
  That wraps my Highland Mary! 24

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
  I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
  That dwelt on me sae kindly;
And mouldering now in silent dust
  That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
  Shall live my Highland Mary. 32

1792. 1799. *Robert Burns.*

IF DOUGHTY DEEDS

If doughty deeds my lady please,
  Right soon I 'll mount my steed;
And strong his arm and fast his seat,
  That bears frae me the meed.
I 'll wear thy colours in my cap,
  Thy picture in my heart;
And he that bends not to thine eye
  Shall rue it to his smart!
    Then tell me how to woo thee, Love;
      O tell me how to woo thee!
    For thy dear sake nae care I 'll take,
      Tho' ne'er another trow me. 12

If gay attire delight thine eye,
  I 'll dight me in array;
I 'll tend thy chamber door all night,
  And squire thee all the day.

If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
  These sounds I 'll strive to catch;
Thy voice I 'll steal to woo thysel',
  That voice that nane can match. 20

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
  I never broke a vow;
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me,
  I never loved but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
  For you I wear the blue;
For you alone I strive to sing,
  O tell me how to woo!
    Then tell me how to woo thee, Love;
      O tell me how to woo thee!
    For thy dear sake nae care I 'll take
      Tho' ne'er another trow me. 32

1801-2. *Robert Cunninghame-Graham.*

COUNTY GUY

Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
  The sun has left the lea,
The orange-flower perfumes the bower,
  The breeze is on the sea.
The lark, his lay who trill'd all day,
  Sits hush'd his partner nigh;
Breeze, bird, and flower confess the hour,
  But where is County Guy? 8

"Fly to the Desert, Fly with Me"

The village maid steals through the shade
  Her shepherd's suit to hear;
To Beauty shy, by lattice high,
  Sings high-born Cavalier.
The star of Love, all stars above,
  Now reigns o'er earth and sky;
And high and low the influence know—
  But where is County Guy? 16

1823. *Sir Walter Scott.*

"FLY TO THE DESERT, FLY WITH ME"

From *Lalla Rookh*

"Fly to the desert, fly with me,
  Our Arab tents are rude for thee;
  But oh! the choice what heart can doubt
  Of tents with love or thrones without? 4

"Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
  The acacia waves her yellow hair,
  Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less
  For flowering in a wilderness. 8

"Our sands are bare, but down their slope
  The silvery-footed antelope
  As gracefully and gayly springs
  As o'er the marble courts of kings. 12

"Then come,—thy Arab maid will be
The loved and lone acacia-tree,
The antelope, whose feet shall bless
With their light sound thy loneliness. 16

"Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart,
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought; 20

"As if the very lips and eyes,
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before as then! 24

"So came thy every glance and tone,
When first on me they breathed and shone;
New, as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if loved for years. 28

"Then fly with me, if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn. 32

"Come, if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,—
Fresh as the fountain underground,
When first 't is by the lapwing found. 36

"But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break

"Believe Me, if those Young Charms"

Her worshipped image from its base,
To give to me the ruined place;— 40

"Then, fare thee well!—I 'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine!" 44

There was a pathos in this lay,
That even without enchantment's art
Would instantly have found its way
Deep into Selim's burning heart. 48

1817. *Thomas Moore.*

"BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS"

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still. 8

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,

That the fervor and faith of a soul may be known,
  To which time will but make thee more dear!
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
  But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns to her god when he sets
  The same look which she turned when he
    rose!

1808. *Thomas Moore.*

JENNY KISSED ME

Jenny kissed me when we met,
  Jumping from the chair she sat in.
Time, you thief! who love to get
  Sweets into your list, put that in.
Say I 'm weary, say I 'm sad;
  Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I 'm growing old, but add—
                Jenny kissed me!

1844? *Leigh Hunt.*

"HOW MANY TIMES DO I LOVE THEE, DEAR?"

From *Torrismond*

How many times do I love thee, dear?
  Tell me how many thoughts there be
    In the atmosphere
    Of a new-fall'n year,

Whose white and sable hours appear
  The latest flake of Eternity:
So many times do I love thee, dear. 7

How many times do I love again?
  Tell me how many beads there are
    In a silver chain
    Of evening rain,
Unravell'd from the tumbling main,
  And threading the eye of a yellow star:
So many times do I love again. 14

1824-5. 1851. *Thomas Lovell Beddoes.*

THE INDIAN SERENADE

I ARISE from dreams of thee
  In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
  And the stars are shining bright:
I arise from dreams of thee,
  And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me—who knows how!
  To thy chamber window, Sweet! 8

The wandering airs they faint
  On the dark, the silent stream—
And the Champak odors fail
  Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
  It dies upon her heart;—

As I must on thine,
O! belovèd as thou art! 16

Oh lift me from the grass!
I die! I faint! I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast;—
Oh! press it to thine own again,
Where it will break at last. 24

1822. *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY

THE Fountains mingle with the River
And the Rivers with the Ocean,
The winds of Heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one spirit meet and mingle.
Why not I with thine?— 8

See the mountains kiss high Heaven
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother,
And the sunlight clasps the earth
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What are all these kissings worth
If thou kiss not me? 16

1819. *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

I FEAR THY KISSES, GENTLE MAIDEN

I FEAR thy kisses, gentle maiden;
  Thou needest not fear mine;
My spirit is too deeply laden
  Ever to burden thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion;
  Thou needest not fear mine;
Innocent is the heart's devotion
  With which I worship thine.

1820. 1824. *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

TO ——

ONE word is too often profaned
  For me to profane it,
One feeling too falsely disdained
  For thee to disdain it.
One hope is too like despair
  For prudence to smother,
And pity from thee more dear
  Than that from another. 8

I can give not what men call love,
  But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
  And the Heavens reject not,
The desire of the moth for the star,
  Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
  From the sphere of our sorrow? 16

1821. 1824. *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

TO ——

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the belovèd's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone
Love itself shall slumber on.

1821. 1824. *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

STANZAS FOR MUSIC

There be none of Beauty's daughters
  With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters
  Is thy sweet voice to me:

"When We Two Parted"

When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming; 8

And the midnight moon is weaving
  Her bright chain o'er the deep;
Whose breast is gently heaving,
  As an infant's asleep:
So the spirit bows before thee,
To listen and adore thee;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean. 16

1816. *Lord Byron.*

"WHEN WE TWO PARTED"

When we two parted
  In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
  To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
  Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
  Sorrow to this. 8

The dew of the morning
  Sunk chill on my brow—
It felt like the warning
  Of what I feel now.

Thy vows are all broken,
  And light is thy fame:
I hear thy name spoken,
  And share in its shame. 16

They name thee before me,
  A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me—
  Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
  Who knew thee too well:
Long, long shall I rue thee,
  Too deeply to tell. 24

In secret we met—
  In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
  Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
  After long years,
How should I greet thee?—
  With silence and tears. 32

1816. *Lord Byron.*

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

She walks in beauty, like the night
  Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that 's best of dark and bright
  Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
  Which heaven to gaudy day denies. 6

How Delicious is the Winning

One shade the more, one ray the less,
  Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
  Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
  How pure, how dear their dwelling-place. 12

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
  So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
  But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
  A heart whose love is innocent! 18

1815. *Lord Byron.*

HOW DELICIOUS IS THE WINNING

How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at Love's beginning,
When two mutual hearts are sighing
For the knot there 's no untying! 4

Yet remember, 'midst your wooing,
Love has bliss, but Love has ruing;
Other smiles may make you fickle,
Tears for other charms may trickle. 8

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,
Just as fate or fancy carries;
Longest stays, when sorest chidden;
Laughs and flies, when press'd and bidden. 12

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odour to the lily,
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind Love to last for ever! 16

Love's a fire that needs renewal
Of fresh beauty for its fuel:
Love's wing moults when caged and
captured,
Only free, he soars enraptured. 20

Can you keep the bee from ranging,
Or the ringdove's neck from changing?
No! nor fetter'd Love from dying
In the knot there 's no untying. 24

1851? *Thomas Campbell.*

SONG

She is not fair to outward view
As many maidens be,
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me;
Oh! then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light. 6

But now her looks are coy and cold,
To mine they ne'er reply,

And yet I cease not to behold
  The love-light in her eye:
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are. 12

1833. *Hartley Coleridge.*

'IT WAS NOT IN THE WINTER"

It was not in the winter
  Our loving lot was cast:
It was the time of roses,
  We pluck'd them as we pass'd. 4

That churlish season never frown'd
  On early lovers yet:
Oh, no—the world was newly crown'd
  With flowers when first we met! 8

'T was twilight, and I bade you go,
  But still you held me fast;
It was the time of roses,
  We pluck'd them as we pass'd. 12

What else could peer thy glowing cheek,
  That tears began to stud?
And when I ask'd the like of Love,
  You snatch'd a damask bud; 16

And op'd it to the dainty core,
  Still glowing to the last.
It was the time of roses,
  We pluck'd them as we pass'd. 20

1827. *Thomas Hood.*

FAIR INES

O saw ye not fair Ines?
  She 's gone into the West,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
  And rob the world of rest:
She took our daylight with her,
  The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
  And pearls upon her breast. 8

O turn again, fair Ines,
  Before the fall of night,
For fear the Moon should shine alone,
  And stars unrivall'd bright;
And blessèd will the lover be
  That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek
  I dare not even write! 16

Would I had been, fair Ines,
  That gallant cavalier,
Who rode so gaily by thy side,
  And whisper'd thee so near!

Fair Ines

Were there no bonny dames at home,
  Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
  The dearest of the dear? 24

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
  Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
  And banners waved before;
And gentle youth and maidens gay,
  And snowy plumes they wore:
It would have been a beauteous dream,—
  If it had been no more! 32

Alas, alas! fair Ines,
  She went away with song,
With Music waiting on her steps,
  And shoutings of the throng;
But some were sad, and felt no mirth,
  But only Music's wrong,
In sounds that sang Farewell, Farewell,
  To her you 've loved so long. 40

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines!
  That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
  Nor danced so light before,—
Alas for pleasure on the sea,
  And sorrow on the shore!
The smile that bless'd one lover's heart
  Has broken many more! 48

1823. *Thomas Hood.*

SONG

Sweet in her green dell the flower of beauty slumbers,
  Lull'd by the faint breezes sighing through her hair;
Sleeps she and hears not the melancholy numbers
  Breathed to my sad lute 'mid the lonely air. 4

Down from the high cliffs the rivulet is teeming
  To wind round the willow banks that lure him from above:
O that in tears, from my rocky prison streaming,
  I too could glide to the bower of my love! 8

Ah! where the woodbines with sleepy arms have wound her,
  Opes she her eyelids at the dream of my lay,
Listening, like the dove, while the fountains echo round her,
  To her lost mate's call in the forests far away. 12

Come then, my bird! For the peace thou ever bearest,
  Still Heaven's messenger of comfort to me—

Come—this fond bosom, O faithfullest and fairest,
Bleeds with its death-wound, its wound of
love for thee! 16

1826? *George Darley.*

AT THE CHURCH GATE

Although I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover;
And near the sacred gate
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her. 6

The minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
And noise and humming;
They 've hushed the minster bell;
The organ 'gins to swell;
She 's coming, she 's coming! 12

My lady comes at last,
Timid and stepping fast,
And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast;
She comes,—she 's here, she 's past!
May Heaven go with her! 18

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint
Meekly and duly;

I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly. 24

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute,
Like outcast spirits, who wait,
And see, through Heaven's gate,
Angels within it. 30

1855. *William Makepeace Thackeray.*

SUMMER DAWN

PRAY but one prayer for me 'twixt thy closed lips,
Think but one thought of me up in the stars.
The summer night waneth, the morning light slips,
Faint and grey 'twixt the leaves of the aspen, betwixt the cloud-bars,
That are patiently waiting there for the dawn:
Patient and colourless, though Heaven's gold
Waits to float through them along with the sun.
Far out in the meadows, above the young corn,
The heavy elms wait, and restless and cold
The uneasy wind rises; the roses are dun; 10
Through the long twilight they pray for the dawn,
Round the lone house in the midst of the corn.
Speak but one word to me over the corn,
Over the tender, bow'd locks of the corn.

1858. *William Morris.*

THE NYMPH'S SONG TO HYLAS

From *Life and Death of Jason*

I know a little garden close
Set thick with lily and red rose,
Where I would wander if I might
From dewy dawn to dewy night,
And have one with me wandering.
And though within it no birds sing,
And though no pillared house is there,
And though the apple boughs are bare
Of fruit and blossom, would to God,
Her feet upon the green grass trod, 10
And I beheld them as before.
There comes a murmur from the shore,
And in the place two fair streams are,
Drawn from the purple hills afar,
Drawn down unto the restless sea;
The hills whose flowers ne'er fed the bee,
The shore no ship has ever seen,
Still beaten by the billows green,
Whose murmur comes unceasingly
Unto the place for which I cry. 20
For which I cry both day and night,
For which I let slip all delight,
That maketh me both deaf and blind,
Careless to win, unskilled to find,

And quick to lose what all men seek.
  Yet tottering as I am, and weak,
Still have I left a little breath
To seek within the jaws of death
An entrance to that happy place,
To seek the unforgotten face 30
Once seen, once kissed, once reft from me
Anigh the murmuring of the sea.

1867. *William Morris.*

BEDOUIN LOVE-SONG

From the Desert I come to thee,
  On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
  In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
  And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee!
  With a love that shall not die
    Till the sun grows cold,
    And the stars are old,
    And the leaves of the Judgment
      Book unfold! 12

Look from thy window, and see
  My passion and my pain!
I lie on the sands below,
  And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
  With the heat of my burning sigh,

And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold! 24

My steps are nightly driven,
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold! 36

1854. *Bayard Taylor.*

"OH! THAT WE TWO WERE MAYING"

From *The Saint's Tragedy*

Oh! that we two were Maying
Down the stream of the soft spring breeze;
Like children with violets playing
In the shade of the whispering trees. 4

Oh! that we two sat dreaming
  On the sward of some sheep-trimm'd down,
Watching the white mist steaming
  Over river and mead and town. 8

Oh! that we two lay sleeping
  In our nest in the churchyard sod,
With our limbs at rest on the quiet earth's breast,
  And our souls at home with God. 12

1848. *Charles Kingsley.*

TO HELEN

HELEN, thy beauty is to me
  Like those Nicæan barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
  The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
  To his own native shore. 5

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
  Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs, have brought me home
  To the glory that was Greece
  And the grandeur that was Rome. 10

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
  How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
  Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
  Are Holy Land! 15

1831. *Edgar Allan Poe.*

THE BROOK-SIDE

I WANDER'D by the brook-side,
I wander'd by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard. 8

I sat beneath the elm-tree;
I watch'd the long, long shade,
And, as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listen'd for a footfall,
I listen'd for a word,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard. 16

He came not,—no, he came not,—
The night came on alone,
The little stars sat, one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening air pass'd by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirr'd,—
But the beating of my own heart,
Was all the sound I heard. 24

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind;
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind:
It drew me nearer—nearer,
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard. 32

1830. *Richard Monckton Milnes.*

A HEALTH

I FILL this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'T is less of earth than heaven. 8

Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they,
And from her lips each flows,
As one may see the burdened bee
Forth issue from the rose. 16

A Health

Affections are as thoughts to her,
  The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
  The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
  So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,—
  The idol of past years! 24

Of her bright face one glance will trace
  A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
  A sound must long remain;
But memory, such as mine of her,
  So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
  Will not be life's, but hers. 32

I fill this cup to one made up
  Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
  The seeming paragon—
Her health! and would on earth there stood
  Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
  And weariness a name. 40

1825. *Edward Coate Pinkney.*

VII

"ASK ME NO MORE"

From *The Princess*

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;
But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?
Ask me no more. 5

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;
Ask me no more. 10

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are seal'd;
I strove against the stream and all in vain:
Let the great river take me to the main:
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more. 15

1850. *Lord Tennyson.*

"THE SPLENDOR FALLS ON CASTLE WALLS"

From *The Princess*

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying,
dying. 6

O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying,
dying. 12

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying,
dying. 18

1850. *Lord Tennyson.*

XXII

"COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD"

From *Maud*

Come into the garden, Maud,
  For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
  I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
  And the musk of the rose is blown. 6

For a breeze of morning moves,
  And the planet of love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
  On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
  To faint in his light, and to die. 12

All night have the roses heard
  The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
  To the dancers dancing in tune;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
  And a hush with the setting moon. 18

"Come into the Garden, Maud"

I said to the lily, "There is but one,
  With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
  She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
  And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
  The last wheel echoes away. 26

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
  In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
  For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I swore to the rose,
  "For ever and ever, mine." 33

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
  As the music clash'd in the Hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
  For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
  Our wood, that is dearer than all; 38

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
  That whenever a March-wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
  In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet
  And the valleys of Paradise. 44

The slender acacia would not shake
  One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake
  As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
  Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
  They sigh'd for the dawn and thee. 52

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
  Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
  Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
  To the flowers, and be their sun. 58

There has fallen a splendid tear
  From the passion-flower at the gate,
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
  She is coming, my life, my fate.
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
  And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
  And the lily whispers, "I wait." 66

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
  Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
  Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
  Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
  And blossom in purple and red. 74

1855. *Lord Tennyson.*

IV

O THAT 'T WERE POSSIBLE

From *Maud*

O THAT 't were possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again! 4

When I was wont to meet her
In the silent woody places
By the home that gave me birth,
We stood tranced in long embraces
Mixed with kisses sweeter, sweeter
Than anything on earth. 10

A shadow flits before me,
Not thou, but like to thee:
Ah, Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be! 16

It leads me forth at evening,
It lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels

At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
And the roaring of the wheels. 22

Half the night I waste in sighs,
Half in dreams I sorrow after
The delight of early skies;
In a wakeful doze I sorrow
For the hand, the lips, the eyes,
For the meeting of the morrow,
The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies. 30

'T is a morning pure and sweet,
And a dewy splendor falls
On the little flower that clings
To the turrets and the walls;
'T is a morning pure and sweet,
And the light and shadow fleet;
She is walking in the meadow,
And the woodland echo rings;
In a moment we shall meet;
She is singing in the meadow,
And the rivulet at her feet
Ripples on in light and shadow
To the ballad that she sings. 43

Do I hear her sing as of old,
My bird with the shining head,
My own dove with the tender eye?
But there rings on a sudden a passionate cry,
There is some one dying or dead,
And a sullen thunder is roll'd;

For a tumult shakes the city;
And I wake, my dream is fled;
In the shuddering dawn, behold,
Without knowledge, without pity,
By the curtains of my bed
That abiding phantom cold! 55

Get thee hence, nor come again,
Mix not memory with doubt,
Pass, thou deathlike type of pain,
Pass and cease to move about!
'T is the blot upon the brain
That *will* show itself without. 61

Then I rise, the eave-drops fall,
And the yellow vapors choke
The great city sounding wide;
The day comes, a dull red ball
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke
On the misty river-tide. 67

Thro' the hubbub of the market
I steal, a wasted frame;
It crosses here, it crosses there,
Thro' all that crowd confused and loud,
The shadow still the same;
And on my heavy eyelids
My anguish hangs like shame. 74

Alas for her that met me,
That heard me softly call,

Came glimmering thro' the laurels
At the quiet evenfall,
In the garden by the turrets
Of the old manorial hall! 80

Would the happy spirit descend
From the realms of light and song,
In the chamber or the street,
As she looks among the blest,
Should I fear to greet my friend
Or to say, "Forgive the wrong,"
Or to ask her, "Take me, sweet,
To the regions of thy rest"? 88

But the broad light glares and beats,
And the shadow flits and fleets
And will not let me be;
And I loathe the squares and streets,
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me:
Always I long to creep
Into some still cavern deep,
There to weep, and weep, and weep
My whole soul out to thee. 98

1855. *Lord Tennyson.*

LONGING

Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again!
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day. 4

Come, as thou cam'st a thousand times,
A messenger from radiant climes,
And smile on thy new world, and be
As kind to others as to me! 8

Or, as thou never cam'st in sooth,
Come now, and let me dream it truth;
And part my hair, and kiss my brow,
And say: *My love! why sufferest thou?* 12

Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again!
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day. 16

1852. *Matthew Arnold.*

I

MEETING AT NIGHT

The gray sea and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon large and low;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand. 6

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;

A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts beating each to each! 12

II

PARTING AT MORNING

ROUND the cape of a sudden came the sea,
And the sun looked over the mountain's rim:
And straight was a path of gold for him,
And the need of a world of men for me.

1845. *Robert Browning.*

MISCONCEPTIONS

THIS is a spray the Bird clung to,
Making it blossom with pleasure,
Ere the high tree-top she sprung to,
Fit for her nest and her treasure.
Oh, what a hope beyond measure
Was the poor spray's, which the flying feet hung
to,—
So to be singled out, built in, and sung to! 7

This is a heart the Queen leant on,
Thrilled in a minute erratic,

Ere the true bosom she bent on,
  Meet for love's regal dalmatic.
Oh, what a fancy ecstatic
Was the poor heart's, ere the wanderer went on—
Love to be saved for it, proffered to, spent on! 14

1855. *Robert Browning.*

A DEAD ROSE

O Rose, who dares to name thee?
  No longer roseate now, nor soft nor sweet,
  But pale and hard and dry as stubble wheat,—
Kept seven years in a drawer, thy title shames
    thee. 4

The breeze that used to blow thee
  Between the hedgerow thorns, and take away
  An odour up the lane to last all day,—
If breathing now, unsweetened would forego
    thee. 8

The sun that used to smite thee,
  And mix his glory in thy gorgeous urn
  Till beam appeared to bloom, and flower to
    burn,—
If shining now, with not a hue would light thee. 12

The dew that used to wet thee,
  And, white first, grow incarnadined because
  It lay upon thee where the crimson was,—
If dropping now, would darken where it met
    thee. 16

The fly that lit upon thee
  To stretch the tendrils of its tiny feet
  Along thy leaf's pure edges after heat,—
If 'lighting now, would coldly overrun thee. 20

The bee that once did suck thee,
  And build thy perfumed ambers up his hive,
  And swoon in thee for joy, till scarce alive,—
If passing now, would blindly overlook thee. 24

The heart doth recognize thee,
  Alone, alone! the heart doth smell thee sweet,
  Doth view thee fair, doth judge thee most complete,
Perceiving all those changes that disguise thee. 28

Yes, and the heart doth owe thee
  More love, dead rose, than to any roses bold
  Which Julia wears at dances, smiling cold:—
Lie still upon this heart which breaks below thee! 32

1846. *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

A MAN'S REQUIREMENTS

Love me, Sweet, with all thou art,
  Feeling, thinking, seeing;
Love me in the lightest part,
  Love me in full being. 4

A Man's Requirements

Love me with thine open youth
  In its frank surrender;
With the vowing of thy mouth,
  With its silence tender. 8

Love me with thine azure eyes,
  Made for earnest granting;
Taking colour from the skies,
  Can Heaven's truth be wanting? 12

Love me with their lids, that fall
  Snowlike at first meeting;
Love me with thine heart, that all
  Neighbours then see beating. 16

Love me with thine hand stretched out
  Freely—open-minded:
Love me with thy loitering foot,—
  Hearing one behind it. 20

Love me with thy voice, that turns
  Sudden faint above me;
Love me with thy blush that burns
  When I murmur *Love me!* 24

Love me with thy thinking soul,
  Break it to love-sighing;
Love me with thy thoughts that roll
  On through living—dying. 28

Love me in thy gorgeous airs,
  When the world has crowned thee;

Love me, kneeling at thy prayers,
  With the angels round thee. 32

Love me pure, as musers do,
  Up the woodlands shady:
Love me gaily, fast and true,
  As a winsome lady. 36

Through all hopes that keep us brave,
  Further off or nigher,
Love me for the house and grave,
  And for something higher. 40

Thus, if thou wilt prove me, Dear,
  Woman's love no fable,
I will love thee—half a year—
  As a man is able. 44

1846. *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

SONGS OF PATRIOTISM

A FAREWELL TO ARMS

(TO QUEEN ELIZABETH)

His golden locks Time hath to silver turn'd;
  O Time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever
    spurn'd,
  But spurn'd in vain; youth waneth by
    increasing:
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading
    seen;
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green. 6

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
  And, lovers' sonnets turn'd to holy psalms,
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
  And feed on prayers, which are Age his alms:
But though from court to cottage he depart,
His Saint is sure of his unspotted heart. 12

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
  He 'll teach his swains this carol for a song,—
"Blest be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,
  Curst be the souls that think her any wrong."
Goddess, allow this agèd man his right
To be your beadsman now that was your
    knight. 18

1590. *George Peele.*

LXXXIII

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
  That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
  To war and arms I fly. 4

True, a new mistress now I chase,
  The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
  A sword, a horse, a shield. 8

Yet this inconstancy is such
  As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
  Loved I not Honour more. 12

1649. *Richard Lovelace.*

BANNOCKBURN

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
  Or to victorie! 4

A Farewell

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour:
See the front o' battle lour,
See approach proud Edward's power,—
    Chains and slaverie! 8

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
    Let him turn and flee! 12

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
    Let him follow me! 16

By Oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
    But they shall be free! 20

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty 's in every blow!
    Let us do, or die! 24

1794. *Robert Burns.*

A FAREWELL

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
  And fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink before I go
  A service to my bonnie lassie!

The boat rocks at the pier of Leith,
  Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry,
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
  And I maun leave my bonnie Mary. 8

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
  The glittering spears are rankèd ready;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
  The battle closes deep and bloody;
It 's not the roar o' sea or shore
  Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts o' war that 's heard afar:
  It 's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary. 16

1790. *Robert Burns.*

"IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING"

It was a' for our rightfu' king
  We left fair Scotland's strand;
It was a' for our rightfu' king,
  We e'er saw Irish land,
    My dear—
  We e'er saw Irish land. 6

Now a' is done that men can do,
  And a' is done in vain;
My love and native land, farewell,
  For I maun cross the main,
    My dear—
  For I maun cross the main. 12

He turn'd him right and round about
  Upon the Irish shore;
And gae his bridle-reins a shake,
  With, Adieu for evermore,
        My dear—
  And, Adieu for evermore! 18

The sodger frae the wars returns,
  The sailor frae the main;
But I hae parted frae my love,
  Never to meet again,
        My dear—
  Never to meet again. 24

When day is gane, and night is come,
  And a' folk bound to sleep,
I think on him that 's far awa',
  The lee-lang night, and weep,
        My dear—
  The lee-lang night, and weep. 30

1796. *Robert Burns.*

PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
  Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
  Summon Clan Conuil.
Come away, come away,
  Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
  Gentles and commons. 8

Come from deep glen and
  From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
  Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid and
  True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade and
  Strong hand that bears one. 16

Leave untended the herd,
  The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
  The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
  Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting gear,
  Broadswords and targes. 24

Come as the winds come when
  Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come when
  Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
  Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
  Tenant and master. 32

Fast they come, fast they come;
  See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume
  Blended with heather.

The Chief Who in Triumph Advances

Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset! 40

1816. *Sir Walter Scott.*

"HAIL TO THE CHIEF WHO IN TRIUMPH ADVANCES!"

From *The Lady of the Lake*

HAIL to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Honored and blessed be the ever-green Pine!
Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gayly to bourgeon and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back again,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!" 10

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the mountain,
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
Moored in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,

Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;
Menteith and Breadalbane, then
Echo his praise again,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!" 20

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied;
Glen-Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.
Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe;
Lennox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear again,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!" 30

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
Stretch to your oars for the ever-green Pine!
O that the rosebud that graces yon islands
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
O that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem
Honored and blessed in their shadow might grow!
Loud should Clan-Alpine then
Ring from her deepmost glen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!" 40

1810. *Sir Walter Scott.*

CAVALIER TUNES

I

MARCHING ALONG

KENTISH Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing:
And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk
    droop,
Marched them along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song. 6

God for King Charles! Pym and such carles
To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous
    parles!
Cavaliers, up! Lips from the cup,
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup
Till you 're—
  CHORUS.—Marching along, fifty-score strong,
        Great-hearted gentlemen, singing
          this song? 12

Hampden to hell, and his obsequies' knell.
Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as
    well!

England, good cheer! Rupert is near!
Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here,
CHORUS.—Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing
this song? 18

Then, God for King Charles! Pym and his
snarls
To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent
carles!
Hold by the right, you double your might;
So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight,
CHORUS.—March we along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing
this song! 24

II

GIVE A ROUSE

King Charles, and who 'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who 's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here 's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!
Who gave me the goods that went since?
Who raised me the house that sank once?
Who helped me to gold I spent since?
Who found me in wine you drank once?
CHORUS.—King Charles, and who 'll do him
right now?
King Charles, and who 's ripe for fight
now?

Give a rouse: here 's, in hell's despite
now,
King Charles! 12

To whom used my boy George quaff else,
By the old fool's side that begot him?
For whom did he cheer and laugh else,
While Noll's damned troopers shot him?
CHORUS.—King Charles, and who 'll do him
right now?
King Charles, and who 's ripe for fight
now?
Give a rouse: here 's, in hell's despite
now,
King Charles! 20

III

BOOT AND SADDLE

Boot, saddle, to horse and away!
Rescue my castle before the hot day
Brightens to blue from its silvery gray.
CHORUS.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away! 4

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you 'd say;
Many 's the friend there, will listen and pray
God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay—
CHORUS.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!" 8

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads'
array:

Who laughs, "Good fellows ere this, by my fay,
  CHORUS.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and
    away!" 12

Who? My wife Gertrude; that, honest and gay,
Laughs when you talk of surrendering, "Nay!
I 've better counsellors; what counsel they?
  CHORUS.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and
    away!" 16

1842. *Robert Browning.*

RULE, BRITANNIA

From *Alfred*

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
  Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
  And guardian angels sung the strain:
    Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!
    For Britons never will be slaves. 6

The nations not so blest as thee
  Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall;
While thou shalt flourish, great and free,
  The dread and envy of them all. 10

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
  More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
  Serves but to root thy native oak. 14

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
  All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
  But work their woe, and thy renown. 18

To thee belongs the rural reign;
  Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
  And every shore it circles thine. 22

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
  Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crowned,
  And manly hearts to guard the fair. 26

1740. *James Thomson.*

ENGLAND AND AMERICA IN 1782

O THOU that sendest out the man
  To rule by land and sea,
Strong mother of a Lion-line,
Be proud of those strong sons of thine
  Who wrench'd their rights from thee! 5

What wonder if in noble heat
  Those men thine arms withstood,
Retaught the lesson thou hadst taught,
And in thy spirit with thee fought—
  Who sprang from English blood! 10

But Thou rejoice with liberal joy,
  Lift up thy rocky face,
And shatter, when the storms are black,
In many a streaming torrent back,
  The seas that shock thy base! 15

Whatever harmonies of law
  The growing world assume,
Thy work is thine—the single note
From that deep chord which Hampden smote
  Will vibrate to the doom. 20

1872. *Lord Tennyson.*

MY DARK ROSALEEN

O MY Dark Rosaleen,
  Do not sigh, do not weep!
The priests are on the ocean green,
  They march along the deep.
There 's wine from the royal Pope,
  Upon the ocean green;
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
  My Dark Rosaleen!
  My own Rosaleen!
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
  My Dark Rosaleen! 12

Over hills and thro' dales,
  Have I roam'd for your sake;

My Dark Rosaleen

All yesterday I sail'd with sails
  On river and on lake.
The Erne, at its highest flood,
  I dash'd across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood,
  My Dark Rosaleen!
  My own Rosaleen!
O, there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lighten'd thro' my blood,
  My Dark Rosaleen! 24

All day long, in unrest,
  To and fro, do I move.
The very soul within my breast
  Is wasted for you, love!
The heart in my bosom faints
  To think of you, my Queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
  My Dark Rosaleen!
  My own Rosaleen!
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
  My Dark Rosaleen! 36

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
  Are my lot, night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
  Like to the mournful moon.
But yet will I rear your throne
  Again in golden sheen;

'T is you shall reign, shall reign alone,
  My Dark Rosaleen!
  My own Rosaleen!
'T is you shall have the golden throne,
'T is you shall reign, and reign alone,
  My Dark Rosaleen! 48

Over dews, over sands,
  Will I fly for your weal:
Your holy delicate white hands
  Shall girdle me with steel.
At home, in your emerald bowers,
  From morning's dawn till e'en,
You 'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
  My Dark Rosaleen!
  My fond Rosaleen!
You 'll think of me through daylight hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
  My Dark Rosaleen! 60

I could scale the blue air,
  I could plough the high hills,
O, I could kneel all night in prayer,
  To heal your many ills!
And one beamy smile from you
  Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
  My Dark Rosaleen!
  My fond Rosaleen!
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
  My Dark Rosaleen! 72

The Star-Spangled Banner

O, the Erne shall run red,
  With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
  And flames wrap hill and wood,
And gun-peal and slogan-cry
  Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
  My Dark Rosaleen!
  My own Rosaleen!
The Judgement Hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
  My Dark Rosaleen! 84

1845? *James Clarence Mangan.*

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

O SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
  What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's
    last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through
    the perilous fight,
  O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly
    streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in
    air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was
    still there;
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the
    brave? 8

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream;
'T is the star-spangled banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave! 16

And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave. 24

O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heaven-rescued land

Praise the Power that hath made and preserved
us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust";
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall
wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave. 32

1813. *Francis Scott Key.*

THE AMERICAN FLAG

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land. 12

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,
Child of the sun! to thee 't is given
To guard the banner of the free,

To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory! 25

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where the sky-born glories burn;
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death. 43

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,

Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendours fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.
Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
  By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
  And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
  Where breathes the foe but falls before
    us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
  And Freedom's banner streaming o'er
    us? 61

1819. *Joseph Rodman Drake.*

OLD IRONSIDES

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
  Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
  That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
  And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
  Shall sweep the clouds no more! 8

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
  Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
  And waves were white below,

No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea! 12

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to her mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the God of storms,—
The lightning and the gale! 24

1830. 1836. *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

CONCORD HYMN

Sung at the Completion of the Battle Monument, April 19, 1836.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world. 4

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps. 8

Concord Hymn

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
  We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
  When, like our sires, our sons are gone. 12

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
  To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
  The shaft we raise to them and thee. 16

1836. *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

SONGS OF LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE

THE HAPPY HEART

From *Patient Grissell*

Art thou poor; yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O, sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexèd?
O, punishment!
Dost thou laugh, to see how fools are vexèd
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
O, sweet content! O, sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny, nonny; hey nonny, nonny! 10

Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring?
O, sweet content!
Swimm'st thou in wealth; yet sink'st in thine
own tears?
O, punishment!
Then he that patiently want's burden bears,
No burden bears; but is a king, a king!
O, sweet content! O, sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny, nonny; hey nonny, nonny! 20

1603. *Thomas Dekker.*

A WISH

MINE be a cot beside the hill;
  A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
  With many a fall shall linger near. 4

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
  Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
  And share my meal, a welcome guest. 8

Around my ivied porch shall spring
  Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
  In russet gown and apron blue. 12

The village-church, among the trees,
  Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
  And point with taper spire to heaven. 16

1786. *Samuel Rogers.*

SONG

Rarely, rarely, comest thou,
  Spirit of Delight!
Wherefore hast thou left me now
  Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
'T is since thou art fled away. 6

How shall ever one like me
  Win thee back again?
With the joyous and the free
  Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not. 12

As a lizard with the shade
  Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismayed;
  Even the sighs of grief
Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
And reproach thou wilt not hear. 18

Let me set my mournful ditty
  To a merry measure,
Thou wilt never come for pity,
  Thou wilt come for pleasure,

Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay. 24

I love all that thou lovest,
  Spirit of Delight!
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest,
  And the starry night;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born. 30

I love snow, and all the forms
  Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
  Every thing almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery. 36

I love tranquil solitude,
  And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good;
  Between thee and me
What difference? but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less. 42

I love Love—though he has wings,
  And like light can flee,
But above all other things,
  Spirit, I love thee—
Thou art love and life! Oh come,
Make once more my heart thy home. 48

1821. 1824. *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

DREAM-PEDLARY

If there were dreams to sell,
    What would you buy?
Some cost a passing bell;
    Some a light sigh,
That shakes from Life's fresh crown
Only a rose-leaf down.
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rang the bell,
    What would you buy? 10

A cottage lone and still,
    With bowers nigh,
Shadowy, my woes to still,
    Until I die.
Such pearl from Life's fresh crown
Fain would I shake me down.
Were dreams to have at will,
This would best heal my ill,
    This would I buy. 19

But there were dreams to sell
    Ill didst thou buy;
Life is a dream, they tell,
    Waking, to die.

Dreaming a dream to prize,
Is wishing ghosts to rise;
And, if I had the spell
To call the buried well,
Which one would I? 28

If there are ghosts to raise,
What shall I call,
Out of hell's murky haze,
Heaven's blue pall?
Raise my loved long-lost boy
To lead me to his joy.—
There are no ghosts to raise;
Out of death lead no ways;
Vain is the call. 37

Know'st thou not ghosts to sue?
No love thou hast.
Else lie, as I will do,
And breathe thy last.
So out of Life's fresh crown
Fall like a rose-leaf down.
Thus are the ghosts to woo;
Thus are all dreams made true,
Ever to last! 46

1851. *Thomas Lovell Beddoes.*

GOOD-BY

Good-by, proud world! I 'm going home:
Thou art not my friend, and I 'm not thine.

Good-By

Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
A river-ark on the ocean brine,
Long I 've been tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud world! I 'm going home. 6

Good-by to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple Office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go, and those who come;
Good-by, proud world! I 'm going home. 14

I 'm going to my own hearth-stone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,—
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God. 22

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learnèd clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet? 30

1839. *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

HUNTING SONG

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day;
  All the jolly chase is here,
  With hawk and horse and hunting-spear!
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
  Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay." 8

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
  Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
  Diamonds on the brake are gleaming:
And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green;
  Now we come to chant our lay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay." 16

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the green-wood haste away;
  We can show you where he lies,
  Fleet of foot and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;
  You shall see him brought to bay;
"Waken, lords and ladies gay." 24

Youth and Love

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay!
  Tell them youth and mirth and glee
  Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman, who can balk,
Staunch as hound and fleet as hawk?
  Think of this and rise with day,
  Gentle lords and ladies gay! 32

1808. *Sir Walter Scott.*

YOUTH AND LOVE

ONCE only by the garden gate
  Our lips we joined and parted.
I must fulfil an empty fate
  And travel the uncharted. 4

Hail and farewell! I must arise,
  Leave here the fatted cattle,
And paint on foreign land and skies
  My Odyssey of battle. 8

The untented Kosmos my abode,
  I pass, a wilful stranger:
My mistress still the open road
  And the bright eyes of danger. 12

Come ill or well, the cross, the crown,
  The rainbow or the thunder,
I fling my soul and body down
  For God to plough them under. 16

1895. *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

AS SLOW OUR SHIP

As slow our ship her foamy track
  Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still looked back
  To that dear isle 't was leaving.
So loath we part from all we love,
  From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts as on we rove,
  To those we 've left behind us. 8

When, round the bowl, of vanished years
  We talk, with joyous seeming,—
With smiles that might as well be tears,
  So faint, so sad their beaming;
While memory brings us back again
  Each early tie that twined us,
O, sweet 's the cup that circles then
  To those we 've left behind us. 16

And when, in other climes, we meet
  Some isle, or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,
  And naught but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bliss,
  If Heaven had but assigned us
To live and die in scenes like this,
  With some we 've left behind us! 24

A Canadian Boat-Song

As travellers oft look back at eve,
  When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
  Still faint behind them glowing,—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
  To gloom hath near consigned us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
  Of joy that 's left behind us. 32

1818. *Thomas Moore.*

A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We 'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight 's past! 6

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we 'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past! 12

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.

Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh! grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight 's past. 18

1804. *Thomas Moore.*

THE BELLS

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells. 14

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats

To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
O, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells! 35

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In the clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon. 50

Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows:
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamour and the clangour of the bells! 69

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.

And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells. 113

1849. *Edgar Allan Poe.*

THE BELLS OF SHANDON

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling around my cradle
Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee. 16

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate—

But all their music
  Spoke naught like thine;
For memory dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry knelling
  Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the River Lee. 32

I 've heard bells tolling
Old "Adrian's Mole" in,
Their thunder rolling
  From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
  Of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
  Pealing solemnly,—
O! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the River Lee. 48

There 's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk O!
In Saint Sophia
  The Turkman gets,

And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summits
  Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there 's an anthem
  More dear to me,—
'T is the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the River Lee. 64

1834. *Francis Mahony.*

THE DAY IS DONE

THE day is done, and the darkness
  Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
  From an eagle in his flight. 4

I see the lights of the village
  Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
  That my soul cannot resist: 8

A feeling of sadness and longing,
  That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
  As the mist resembles the rain. 12

The Day is Done

Come, read to me some poem,
  Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
  And banish the thoughts of day. 16

Not from the grand old masters,
  Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
  Through the corridors of Time. 20

For, like strains of martial music,
  Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
  And to-night I long for rest. 24

Read from some humbler poet,
  Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
  Or tears from the eyelids start; 28

Who, through long days of labor,
  And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
  Of wonderful melodies. 32

Such songs have power to quiet
  The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
  That follows after prayer. 36

Then read from the treasured volume
  The poem of thy choice,

And lend to the rhyme of the poet
  The beauty of thy voice. 40

And the night shall be filled with music,
  And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
  And as silently steal away. 44

1844. *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE

How many Summers, love,
  Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
  Hast thou been mine?
Time, like the wingèd wind
  When 't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
  To count the hours! 8

Some weight of thought, though loath,
  On thee he leaves;
Some lines of care round both
  Perhaps he weaves;
Some fears,—a soft regret
  For joys scarce known;
Sweet looks we half forget;—
  All else is flown! 16

To Mary

Ah! With what thankless heart
  I mourn and sing!
Look, where our children start,
  Like sudden Spring!
With tongues all sweet and low,
  Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
  To thee and Time! 24

1832. *Bryan Waller Procter.*

TO MARY

The twentieth year is well-nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah, would that this might be the last!
  My Mary! 4

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow;
'T was my distress that brought thee low,
  My Mary! 8

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
  My Mary! 12

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
  My Mary! 16

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary! 20

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language utter'd in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary! 24

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary! 28

For, could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary! 32

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet gently press'd, press gently mine,
My Mary! 36

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st
That now at every step thou mov'st
Upheld by two, yet still thou lov'st,
My Mary! 40

And still to love, though press'd with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary! 44

But ah! by constant heed I know
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary! 48

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary! 52

1793. *William Cowper.*

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw,
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo! 8

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And monie a canty day, John,
We 've had wi' ane anither;

Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we 'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo! 16

1790. *Robert Burns.*

PIPING DOWN THE VALLEYS

PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me: 4

"Pipe a song about a lamb!"
So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again";
So I piped: he wept to hear. 8

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer!"
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear. 12

"Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read."
So he vanished from my sight;
And I plucked a hollow reed, 16

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear. 20

1789. *William Blake.*

SEPHESTIA'S LULLABY

From *Menaphon*

WEEP not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee!
Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy;
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe;
Fortune changèd made him so,
When he left his pretty boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy! 10

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee!
Streaming tears that never stint,
Like pearl drops from a flint,
Fell by course from his eyes,
That one another's place supplies;
Thus he grieved in every part,
Tears of blood fell from his heart,
When he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy! 20

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby leapt;
More he crow'd, more we cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide:
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bliss,
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy! 30

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there 's grief enough for thee!

1589. *Robert Greene.*

FOREIGN LANDS

Up into the cherry-tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands. 4

I saw the next-door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers before my eye,
And many pleasant places more
That I had never seen before. 8

I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
The dusty roads go up and down
With people tramping into town. 12

Sweet and Low

If I could find a higher tree
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships, 16

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairy land,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all playthings come alive. 20

1885. *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

SWEET AND LOW

From *The Princess*

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one,
sleeps. 8

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;

Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
  Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,
    sleep. 16

1850. *Lord Tennyson.*

DUTCH LULLABY

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night
  Sailed off in a wooden shoe,—
Sailed on a river of misty light
  Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
  The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
  That live in this beautiful sea;
  Nets of silver and gold have we,"
        Said Wynken,
        Blynken,
        And Nod. 12

The old moon laughed and sung a song,
  As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
  Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring-fish
  That lived in the beautiful sea;
'Now cast your nets wherever you wish,'
  But never afeard are we!"

So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod. 24

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'T was all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 't was a dream they 'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod. 36

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
Of the wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three,—
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod. 48

1889. *Eugene Field.*

A PETITION TO TIME

Touch us gently, Time!
  Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently,—as we sometimes glide
  Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are We,
Husband, wife, and children three—
(One is lost,—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead!) 8

Touch us gently, Time!
  We've not proud nor soaring wings:
Our ambition, *our* content,
  Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er Life's dim unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime;—
Touch us *gently,* gentle Time! 16

1832. *Bryan Waller Procter.*

THE MAHOGANY TREE

Christmas is here:
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we:

The Mahogany Tree

Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree. 8

Once on the boughs
Birds of rare plume
Sang, in its bloom;
Night-birds are we:
Here we carouse,
Singing like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree. 16

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit;
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short—
When we are gone,
Let them sing on
Round the old tree. 24

Evenings we knew,
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree. 32

Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate:
Let the dog wait;
Happy we 'll be!
Drink, every one;
Pile up the coals,
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree! 40

Drain we the cup.—
Friend, art afraid?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea.
Mantle it up;
Empty it yet;
Let us forget,
Round the old tree! 48

Sorrows, begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite,
Leave us to-night,
Round the old tree. 56

1855. *William Makepeace Thackeray.*

THE AGE OF WISDOM

Ho, pretty page, with the dimpled chin,
  That never has known the barber's shear,
All your wish is woman to win,
This is the way that boys begin,—
  Wait till you come to Forty Year. 5

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,
  Billing and cooing is all your cheer;
Sighing and singing of midnight strains,
Under Bonnybell's window panes,—
  Wait till you come to Forty Year. 10

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,
  Grizzling hair the brain doth clear—
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
  Once you have come to Forty Year. 15

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
  All good fellows whose beards are gray,
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome ere
  Ever a month was past away? 20

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
  The brightest eyes that ever have shone,

May pray and whisper, and we not list,
Or look away, and never be missed,
Ere yet ever a month is gone. 25

Gillian 's dead, God rest her bier,
How I loved her twenty years syne!
Marian 's married, but I sit here
Alone and merry at Forty Year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine. 30

1855. *William Makepeace Thackeray.*

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

From *As You Like It*

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly. 10

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:

Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere
folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly. 20

1623. *William Shakespeare.*

THREE MEN OF GOTHAM

From *Nightmare Abbey*

SEAMEN three! What men be ye?
Gotham's three wise men we be.
Whither in your bowl so free?
To rake the moon from out the sea.
The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine.
And our ballast is old wine;
And your ballast is old wine. 7

Who art thou, so fast adrift?
I am he they call Old Care.
Here on board we will thee lift.
No: I may not enter there.
Wherefore so? 'T is Jove's decree,
In a bowl Care may not be;
In a bowl Care may not be. 14

Fear ye not the waves that roll
No: in charmed bowl we swim.

What the charm that floats the bowl?
Water may not pass the brim.
The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine.
And our ballast is old wine;
And your ballast is old wine. 21

1818. *Thomas Love Peacock.*

GOOD ALE

From *Gammer Gurton's Needle*

I CANNOT eat but little meat;
My stomach is not good;
But, sure, I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood!
Though I go bare; take ye no care;
I nothing am a-cold!
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare!
Both foot and hand go cold!
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough;
Whether it be new or old! 12

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead,—
Much bread I not desire!
No frost, nor snow, nor wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I would;
I am so wrapt, and thoroughly lapt
Of jolly good ale and old! 20

And Tyb, my wife, that as her life
  Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till you may see
  The tears run down her cheek;
Then doth she trowl to me the bowl,
  Even as a Malt Worm should,
And saith, "Sweetheart, I took my part
  Of this jolly good ale and old!" 28

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
  Even as Good Fellows should do,
They shall not miss to have the bliss
  Good ale doth bring men to;
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,
  Or have them lustily trowled,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
  Whether they be young or old! 36

1575. *John Still, or more probably, William Stevenson.*

A WINTER WISH

Old wine to drink!
Ay, give the slippery juice
That drippeth from the grape thrown loose
  Within the tun;
Plucked from beneath the cliff
Of sunny-sided Teneriffe,
  And ripened 'neath the blink
    Of India's sun!
    Peat whiskey hot,

Tempered with well-boiled water!
These make the long night shorter,—
    Forgetting not
Good stout old English porter. 13

  Old wood to burn!
Ay, bring the hill-side beech
From where the owlets meet and screech,
    And ravens croak;
The crackling pine, and cedar sweet;
Bring too a clump of fragrant peat,
  Dug 'neath the fern;
    The knotted oak,
    A fagot too, perhap,
Whose bright flame, dancing, winking,
Shall light us at our drinking;
    While the oozing sap
Shall make sweet music to our thinking. 26

  Old books to read!
Ay, bring those nodes of wit,
The brazen-clasped, the vellum writ,
    Time-honored tomes!
The same my grandsire scanned before,
The same my grandsire thumbed o'er,
The same his sire from college bore,
  The well-earned meed
    Of Oxford's domes:
    Old Homer blind,
Old Horace, rake Anacreon, by
Old Tully, Plautus, Terence lie;

Mort Arthur's olden minstrelsie,
Quaint Burton, quainter Spenser, ay!
And Gervase Markham's venerie—
    Nor leave behind
The Holye Book by which we live and die. 43

Old friends to talk!
Ay, bring those chosen few,
The wise, the courtly, and the true,
    So rarely found;
Him for my wine, him for my stud,
Him for my easel, distich, bud
    In mountain walk!
    Bring Walter good,
With soulful Fred, and learned Will,
And thee, my *alter ego* (dearer still
    For every mood).
These add a bouquet to my wine!
These add a sparkle to my pine!
    If these I tine,
Can books, or fire, or wine be good? 58

1838. *Robert Hinckley Messinger.*

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
  And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
  And auld lang syne! 4

CHORUS

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We 'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne. 8

And surely ye 'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I 'll be mine,
And we 'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne! 12

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine,
But we 've wandered mony a weary fit
Sin' auld lang syne. 16

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine,
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne. 20

And there 's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie 's a hand o' thine,
And we 'll tak a right guid-willie waught
For auld lang syne. 24

1788. 1796. *Robert Burns.*

MY LOST YOUTH

Often I think of the beautiful town
  That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
  And my youth comes back to me.
    And a verse of a Lapland song
    Is haunting my memory still:
  "A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
    thoughts." 9

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
  And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
  Of all my boyish dreams.
    And the burden of that old song,
    It murmurs and whispers still:
  "A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
    thoughts." 18

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
  And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,

And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts." 27

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;
The sunrise gun with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts." 36

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thunder'd o'er the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts." 45

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves

In quiet neighbourhoods.
And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts." 54

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the school-boy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts." 63

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart
weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts." 72

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;

But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-
known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were,
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

1855. *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

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A LAMENT

O WORLD! O life! O time!
On whose last steps I climb
Trembling at that where I had stood before;
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more—Oh, never more!

"Gains for all Our Losses"

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight;
  Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
    No more—Oh, never more!

1821. 1824. *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

"THERE ARE GAINS FOR ALL OUR LOSSES"

THERE are gains for all losses,
  There are balms for all our pain:
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
  And it never comes again. 5

We are stronger, and are better,
  Under manhood's sterner reign:
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
  And will never come again. 10

Something beautiful is vanished,
  And we sigh for it in vain:
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
  But it never comes again. 15

1880. *Richard Henry Stoddard.*

"IN A DREAR-NIGHTED DECEMBER"

In a drear-nighted December,
  Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
  Their green felicity:
The north cannot undo them,
With a sleety whistle through them;
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime. 8

In a drear-nighted December,
  Too happy, happy brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
  Apollo's summer look;
But with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time. 16

Ah! would 't were so with many
  A gentle girl and boy!
But were there ever any
  Writhed not at passèd joy?
To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it,
Nor numbèd sense to steal it,
Was never said in rhyme. 24

1848. *John Keats.*

"I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER"

I REMEMBER, I remember,
  The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
  Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
  Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
  Had borne my breath away! 8

I remember, I remember,
  The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,
  Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
  And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
  The tree is living yet! 16

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
  To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
  That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
  The fever on my brow! 24

I remember, I remember,
  The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
  Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
  But now 't is little joy
To know I 'm farther off from Heav'n
  Than when I was a boy. 32

1826. *Thomas Hood.*

THOU LINGERING STAR

THOU ling'ring star with less'ning ray,
  That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
  My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary, dear departed shade!
  Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
  Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast? 8

That sacred hour can I forget,
  Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met
  To live one day of parting love?
Eternity cannot efface
  Those records dear of transports past,
Thy image at our last embrace—
  Ah! little thought we 't was our last! 16

"Oft, in the Stilly Night"

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
  O'erhung with wild woods thickening green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
  'Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
  The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
  Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day. 24

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
  And fondly broods with miser-care.
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
  As streams their channels deeper wear.
O Mary, dear departed shade!
  Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
  Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast? 32

1790. *Robert Burns.*

"OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT"

Oft, in the stilly night,
  Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
  Of other days around me;
    The smiles, the tears,
    Of boyhood's years,
  The words of love then spoken;
    The eyes that shone,
    Now dimmed and gone,
  The cheerful hearts now broken!

Thus, in the stilly night,
  Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
  Of other days around me. 14

When I remember all
  The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
  Like leaves in wintry weather;
    I feel like one
    Who treads alone
  Some banquet-hall deserted,
    Whose lights are fled,
    Whose garlands dead,
  And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
  Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
  Of other days around me. 28

1818. *Thomas Moore.*

TEARS, IDLE TEARS

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more. 5

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,

Mother, I Cannot Mind my Wheel

Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more. 10

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more. 15

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more! 20

1847. *Lord Tennyson.*

MOTHER, I CANNOT MIND MY WHEEL

Mother, I cannot mind my wheel;
My fingers ache, my lips are dry:
Oh! if you felt the pain I feel!
But oh, who ever felt as I!
No longer could I doubt him true—
All other men may use deceit;
He always said my eyes were blue,
And often swore my lips were sweet.

1846. *Walter Savage Landor.*

"WHEN THE LAMP IS SHATTERED"

When the lamp is shattered
The light in the dust lies dead—
When the cloud is scattered
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot. 8

As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute:—
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell. 16

When hearts have once mingled
Love first leaves the well-built nest,
The weak one is singled
To endure what is once possessed.
O Love! who bewailest

The frailty of all things here,
  Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your
    bier? 24

  Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high:
  Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
  From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
  Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come. 32

1822. 1824. *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR

'T is time this heart should be unmoved,
  Since others it hath ceased to move:
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
    Still let me love! 4

My days are in the yellow leaf;
  The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
    Are mine alone! 8

The fire that on my bosom preys
  Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
    A funeral pile. 12

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
  The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
    But wear the chain. 16

But 't is not *thus*—and 't is not *here*—
  Such thoughts should shake my soul,
    nor *now*,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
    Or binds his brow. 20

The sword, the banner, and the field,
  Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
    Was not more free. 24

Awake! (not Greece—she *is* awake!)
  Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
    And then strike home! 28

Tread those reviving passions down,
  Unworthy manhood!—unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
    Of beauty be, 32

"Soldier, Rest! thy Warfare O'er"

If thou regrett'st thy youth, *why live?*
  The land of honourable death
Is here:—up to the field, and give
    Away thy breath! 36

Seek out—less often sought than found—
  A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
    And take thy rest. 40

1824. *Lord Byron.*

"SOLDIER, REST! THY WARFARE O'ER"

From *The Lady of the Lake*

SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er,
  Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
  Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
  Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
  Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking. 12

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
  Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,

Trump nor pibroch summon here
  Mustering clan or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
  At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
  Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here 's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping. 24

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
  While our slumberous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
  Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
  Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying:
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen
  How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye
Here no bugles sound reveillé. 36

1810. *Sir Walter Scott.*

MELANCHOLY

From *The Nice Valour*

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
  Wherein you spend your folly!

The Bridge

There 's naught in this life sweet,
If men were wise to see 't,
  But only melancholy—
  O sweetest melancholy!
Welcome, folded arms and fixèd eyes,
A sight that piercing mortifies,
A look that 's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound! 11

Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!
  A midnight bell, a parting groan—
  These are the sounds we feed upon:
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy
    valley,
Nothing 's so dainty sweet as lovely
    melancholy. 19

1647. *John Fletcher.*

THE BRIDGE

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,
  As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
  Behind the dark church-tower. 4

I saw her bright reflection
  In the waters under me,

Like a golden goblet falling
  And sinking into the sea. 8

And far in the hazy distance
  Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
  Gleamed redder than the moon. 12

Among the long, black rafters
  The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
  Seemed to lift and bear them away; 16

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
  Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
  The seaweed floated wide. 20

And like those waters rushing
  Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
  That filled my eyes with tears. 24

How often, O how often,
  In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
  And gazed on that wave and sky! 28

How often, O how often,
  I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
  O'er the ocean wild and wide! 32

For my heart was hot and restless,
  And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
  Seemed greater than I could bear. 36

But now it has fallen from me,
  It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
  Throws its shadow over me. 40

Yet whenever I cross the river
  On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
  Comes the thought of other years. 44

And I think of how many thousands
  Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
  Have crossed the bridge since then. 48

I see the long procession
  Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
  And the old subdued and slow! 52

And forever and forever,
  As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
  As long as life has woes; 56

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here. 60

1845. *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river. 6

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river:
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river. 12

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
While turbidly flow'd the river;
And hack'd and hew'd as a great god can,
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of the leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river. 18

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river!)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,

Steadily from the outside ring,
And notch'd the poor dry empty thing
In holes, as he sat by the river. 24

"This is the way," laugh'd the great god Pan
(Laugh'd while he sat by the river),
"The only way, since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed."
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river. 30

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river. 36

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man:
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—
For the reed which grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds of the river. 42

1860. *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight. 4

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song? 8

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend. 12

1845. *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

"THE WORLD'S GREAT AGE BEGINS ANEW"

From *Hellas*

The world's great age begins anew,
  The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
  Her winter weeds outworn:
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam,
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream. 6

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
  From waves serener far;
A new Peneus rolls his fountains
  Against the morning star.
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep. 12

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
  Fraught with a later prize;
Another Orpheus sings again,
  And loves, and weeps, and dies.
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore. 18

Oh, write no more the tale of Troy,
  If earth Death's scroll must be;
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
  Which dawns upon the free:
Although a subtler Sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew. 24

Another Athens shall arise,
  And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
  The splendour of its prime;
And leave, if naught so bright may live,
All earth can take or Heaven can give. 30

Saturn and Love their long repose
  Shall burst, more bright and good
Than all who fell, than One who rose,
  Than many unsubdued:
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears and symbol flowers. 36

Oh, cease! must hate and death return?
  Cease! must men kill and die?

Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy.
The world is weary of the past,
Oh, might it die or rest at last! 42

1822. *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

"HARP OF THE NORTH, FAREWELL!"

From *The Lady of the Lake*

HARP of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,
The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending.
Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain lending,
And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;
Thy numbers sweet with nature's vespers blending,
With distant echo from the fold and lea,
And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee. 9

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel Harp!
Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,
And little reck I of the censure sharp
May idly cavil at an idle lay.
Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,
Through secret woes the world has never known,

When on the weary night dawned wearier day,
And bitterer was the grief devoured alone.—
That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress! is thine
own. 18

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string!
'T is now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,
'T is now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.
Receding now, the dying numbers ring
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell;
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—
And now, 't is silent all!—Enchantress, fare thee
well! 27

1810. *Sir Walter Scott.*

TO THE MUSES

WHETHER on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the Sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceased; 4

Whether in heaven ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air
Where the melodious winds have birth; 8

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,
Beneath the bosom of the sea,

Wandering in many a coral grove;
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry; 12

How have you left the ancient love
That bards of old enjoy'd in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move,
The sound is forced, the notes are few. 16

1783. *William Blake.*

"THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS"

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.—
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more. 8

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives. 16

1807. *Thomas Moore.*

THE LOST LEADER

JUST for a handful of silver he left us,
  Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
  Lost all the others she lets us devote;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
  So much was theirs who so little allow'd;
How all our copper had gone for his service!
  Rags—were they purple, his heart had been
    proud!
We that had lov'd him so, follow'd him, honor'd
    him,
  Liv'd in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learn'd his great language, caught his clear
    accents,
  Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
  Burns, Shelley, were with us,—they watch from
    their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
  —He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves! 16

We shall march prospering,—not thro' his
    presence;
  Songs may inspirit us,—not from his lyre;

Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire.
Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
One task more declin'd, one more foot-path untrod,
One more devils'-triumph and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!
There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,
Menace our heart ere we master his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
Pardon'd in heaven, the first by the throne! 32

1845. *Robert Browning.*

THE VOICE OF TOIL

I HEARD men saying, Leave hope and praying,
All days shall be as all have been;
To-day and to-morrow bring fear and sorrow,
The never-ending toil between. 4

The Voice of Toil

When Earth was younger mid toil and hunger,
In hope we strove, and our hands were strong;
Then great men led us, with words they fed us,
And bade us right the earthly wrong. 8

Go read in story their deeds and glory,
Their names amidst the nameless dead;
Turn then from lying to us slow-dying
In that good world to which they led; 12

Where fast and faster our iron master,
The thing we made, for ever drives,
Bids us grind treasure and fashion pleasure
For other hopes and other lives. 16

Where home is a hovel and dull we grovel,
Forgetting that the world is fair;
Where no babe we cherish, lest its very soul
perish;
Where mirth is crime, and love a snare. 20

Who now shall lead us, what god shall heed us
As we lie in the hell our hands have won?
For us are no rulers but fools and befoolers,
The great are fallen, the wise men gone. 24

I heard men saying, Leave tears and praying,
The sharp knife heedeth not the sheep;
Are we not stronger than the rich and the
wronger,
When day breaks over dreams and sleep? 28

Come, shoulder to shoulder ere the world
grows older!
Help lies in nought but thee and me;
Hope is before us, and the long years that bore
us
Bore leaders more than men may be. 32

Let dead hearts tarry and trade and marry,
And trembling nurse their dreams of mirth,
While we the living our lives are giving
To bring the bright new world to birth. 36

Come, shoulder to shoulder ere earth grows
older!
The Cause spreads over land and sea;
Now the world shaketh, and fear awaketh,
And joy at last for thee and me. 40

1884. *William Morris.*

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt." 8

The Song of the Shirt

"Work! work! work!
  While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
  Till the stars shine through the roof!
It 's, Oh! to be a slave
  Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
  If this is Christian work! 16

"Work—work—work
  Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work
  Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
  Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
  And sew them on in a dream! 24

"Oh, Men, with Sisters dear!
  Oh, Men, with Mothers and Wives!
It is not linen you 're wearing out,
  But human creatures' lives!
    Stitch—stitch—stitch,
  In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
  A shroud as well as a Shirt. 32

"But why do I talk of Death?
  That Phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
  It seems so like my own—

It seems so like my own,
  Because of the fasts I keep;
Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,
  And flesh and blood so cheap! 40

"Work—work—work!
  My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
  A crust of bread—and rags.
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
  A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
  For sometimes falling there! 48

"Work—work—work!
  From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work—
  As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
  Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd,
  As well as the weary hand. 56

"Work—work—work,
  In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
  When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
  The brooding swallows cling
As if to show me their sunny backs
  And twit me with the Spring. 64

The Song of the Shirt

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
  Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
  And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
  To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
  And the walk that costs a meal! 72

"Oh! but for one short hour!
  A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
  But only time for Grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
  But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
  Hinders needle and thread!" 80

With fingers weary and worn,
  With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
  Plying her needle and thread—
    Stitch! stitch! stitch!
  In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—
Would that its tone could reach the Rich!—
  She sang this "Song of the Shirt!" 88

1843. *Thomas Hood.*

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my
brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against
their mothers,
And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows
The young flowers are blowing toward the
west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in the
sorrow
Why their tears are falling so?
The old man may weep for his to-morrow
Which is lost in Long Ago;
The old tree is leafless in the forest,
The old year is ending in the frost,
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest,
The old hope is hardest to be lost:

But the young, young children, O my brothers,
Do you ask them why they stand
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,
In our happy Fatherland? 24

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy;
"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary,
Our young feet," they say, "are very weak;
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
Our grave-rest is very far to seek:
Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children,
For outside the earth is cold,
And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,
And the graves are for the old." 36

"True," say the children, "it may happen
That we die before our time:
Little Alice died last year, her grave is shapen
Like a snowball, in the rime.
We looked into the pit prepared to take her:
Was no room for any work in the close clay!
From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,
Crying, 'Get up, little Alice! it is day.'
If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,
With your ear down, little Alice never cries:

Could we see her face, be sure we should not
know her,
For the smile has time for growing in her
eyes:
And merry go her moments, lull'd and still'd in
The shroud by the kirk-chime.
It is good when it happens," say the children,
"That we die before our time." 52

Alas, alas, the children! they are seeking
Death in life, as best to have:
They are binding up their hearts away from
breaking,
With a cerement from the grave.
Go out, children, from the mine and from the
city,
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do;
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cowslips
pretty,
Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them
through!
But they answer, "Are your cowslips of the
meadows
Like our weeds anear the mine?
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-
shadows,
From your pleasures fair and fine! 64

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap;
If we car'd for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.

Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as
snow.
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark, underground,
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round. 76

'For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning;
Their wind comes in our faces,
Till our hearts turn, our heads with pulses
burning,
And the walls turn in their places:
Turns the sky in the high window, blank and
reeling,
Turns the long light that drops adown the
wall,
Turn the black flies that crawl along the
ceiling:
All are turning, all the day, and we with all.
And all day, the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray,
'O ye wheels' (break out in a mad moaning),
'Stop! be silent for to-day!'" 88

Ay, be silent! Let them hear each other
breathing
For a moment, mouth to mouth!
Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh
wreathing
Of their tender human youth!

Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
  Is not all the life God fashions or reveals:
Let them prove their living souls against the notion
  That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
  Grinding life down from its mark;
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
  Spin on blindly in the dark. 100

Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,
  To look up to Him and pray;
So the blessed One who blesseth all the others
  Will bless them another day.
They answer, "Who is God that He should hear us,
  While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirr'd?
When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us
  Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word.
And *we* hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)
  Strangers speaking at the door:
Is it likely God, with angels singing round Him,
  Hears our weeping any more? 112

"Two words, indeed, of praying we remember,
  And at midnight's hour of harm,

'Our Father,' looking upward in the chamber,
We say softly for a charm.
We know no other words except, 'Our Father,'
And we think that, in some pause of angels' song,
God may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,
And hold both within his right hand which is strong.
'Our Father!' If He heard us, He would surely
(For they call Him good and mild)
Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,
'Come and rest with me, my child.' 124

"But, no!" say the children, weeping faster,
"He is speechless as a stone:
And they tell us, of His image is the master
Who commands us to work on.
Go to!" say the children,—"up in heaven,
Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find.
Do not mock us; grief has made us unbelieving:
We look up for God, but tears have made us blind."
Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,
O my brothers, what ye preach?
For God's possible is taught by His world's loving,
And the children doubt of each. 136

And well may the children weep before you!
They are weary ere they run;
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun.
They know the grief of man, without its wisdom;
They sink in man's despair, without its calm;
Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom,
Are Martyrs, by the pang without the palm:
Are worn as if with age, yet unretrievingly
The harvest of its memories cannot reap,—
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly.
Let them weep! let them weep! 148

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,
For they mind you of their angels in high places,
With eyes turned on Deity.
"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart,—
Stifle down with a mailèd heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
And your purple shows your path!
But the child's sob in silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath." 169

1843. *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

SIT DOWN, SAD SOUL

Sit down, sad soul, and count
  The moments flying:
Come,—tell the sweet amount
  That 's lost by sighing!
How many smiles?—a score?
Then laugh, and count no more;
      For day is dying! 7

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,
  And no more measure
The flight of Time, nor weep
  The loss of leisure;
But here, by this lone stream,
Lie down with us, and dream
      Of starry treasure! 14

We dream: do thou the same:
  We love—forever:
We laugh; yet few we shame,
  The gentle, never.
Stay, then, till Sorrow dies;
Then—hope and happy skies
      Are thine forever! 21

1832. *Bryan Waller Procter.*

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in thine eye;
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air,
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remember'd, even in the sky. 5

Then I sing the wild song 't was once such pleasure to hear!
When our voices commingling, breathed, like one on the ear;
And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, O my love! 't is thy voice from the Kingdom of Souls,
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear. 10

1813. *Thomas Moore.*

FOR ANNIE

THANK Heaven! the crisis—
  The danger is past,
And the lingering illness
  Is over at last—
And the fever called "Living"
  Is conquered at last. 6

Sadly, I know
  I am shorn of my strength,
And no muscle I move
  As I lie at full length—
But no matter!—I feel
  I am better at length. 12

And I rest so composedly,
  Now, in my bed,
That any beholder
  Might fancy me dead—
Might start at beholding me,
  Thinking me dead. 18

The moaning and groaning,
  The sighing and sobbing,
Are quieted now,
  With that horrible throbbing

At heart:—ah, that horrible,
  Horrible throbbing; 24

The sickness—the nausea—
  The pitiless pain—
Have ceased, with the fever
  That maddened my brain—
With the fever called "Living"
  That burned in my brain. 30

And oh! of all tortures
  That torture the worst
Has abated—the terrible
  Torture of thirst
For the naphthaline river
  Of Passion accurst!—
I have drunk of a water
  That quenches all thirst:— 38

Of a water that flows
  With a lullaby sound,
From a spring but a very few
  Feet under ground—
From a cavern not very far
  Down under ground. 44

And ah! let it never
  Be foolishly said
That my room it is gloomy
  And narrow my bed;
For man never slept
  In a different bed—

And, to *sleep*, you must slumber
  In just such a bed. 52

My tantalized spirit
  Here blandly reposes,
Forgetting, or never
  Regretting its roses—
Its old agitations
  Of myrtles and roses: 58

For now, while so quietly
  Lying, it fancies
A holier odour
  About it, of pansies—
A rosemary odour,
  Commingled with pansies—
With rue and the beautiful
  Puritan pansies. 66

And so it lies happily,
  Bathing in many
A dream of the truth
  And the beauty of Annie—
Drowned in a bath
  Of the tresses of Annie. 72

She tenderly kissed me,
  She fondly caressed,
And then I fell gently
  To sleep on her breast—
Deeply to sleep
  From the heaven of her breast. 78

When the light was extinguished
  She covered me warm,
And she prayed to the angels
  To keep me from harm—
To the queen of the angels
  To shield me from harm. 84

And I lie so composedly,
  Now, in my bed,
(Knowing her love)
  That you fancy me dead—
And I rest so contentedly,
  Now, in my bed,
(With her love at my breast)
  That you fancy me dead—
That you shudder to look at me,
  Thinking me dead:— 94

But my heart it is brighter
  Than all of the many
Stars in the sky,
  For it sparkles with Annie—
It glows with the light
  Of the love of my Annie—
With the thought of the light
  Of the eyes of my Annie. 102

1849. *Edgar Allan Poe.*

HAME, HAME, HAME

HAME, hame, hame, O hame fain wad I be—
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree! 2

When the flower is i' the bud and the leaf is
on the tree,
The larks shall sing me hame in my ain
countree;
Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain wad I be—
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree! 6

The green leaf o' loyaltie 's beginning for
to fa',
The bonnie White Rose it is withering an' a';
But I 'll water 't wi' the blude of usurping
tyrannie,
An' green it will graw in my ain countree. 10

O, there 's nocht now frae ruin my country
can save,
But the keys o' kind heaven, to open the grave;
That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyaltie
May rise again an' fight for their ain
countree. 14

The great now are gane, a' wha ventured to save,
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave;
But the sun through the mirk blinks blythe in my e'e,
"I 'll shine on ye yet in your ain countree." 18

Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain wad I be—
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree! 20

1810. *Allan Cunningham.*

"DOUGLAS, DOUGLAS, TENDER AND TRUE"

COULD ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true. 4

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
I 'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do;—
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true. 8

O to call back the days that are not!
My eyes were blinded, your words were few:
Do you know the truth now up in heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true? 12

I never was worthy of you, Douglas;
  Not half worthy the like of you:
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows—
  I love *you,* Douglas, tender and true. 16

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
  Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew;
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
  Douglas, Douglas, tender and true. 20

1859. *Dinah Maria Mulock Craik.*

THE LAND O' THE LEAL

I 'M wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John,
I 'm wearin' awa'
  To the land o' the leal!
There 's nae sorrow there, John,
There 's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day is aye fair
  In the land o' the leal! 8

Our bonnie bairn 's there, John,
She was baith gude and fair, John;
And, oh! we grudged her sair
  To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy 's a-coming fast, John,
The joy that 's aye to last
  In the land o' the leal! 16

Sae dear 's the joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
  To the land o' the leal!
Oh! dry your glistening e'e, John!
My saul langs to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
  To the land o' the leal. 24

Oh! haud ye leal and true, John!
Your day it 's wearin' through, John,
And I 'll welcome you
  To the land o' the leal.
Now fare-ye-weel, my ain John,
This warld's cares are vain, John,
We 'll meet, and we 'll be fain,
  In the land o' the leal. 32

1798? *Carolina, Lady Nairne.*

A DOUBTING HEART

WHERE are the swallows fled?
  Frozen and dead,
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy
    shore.
  O doubting heart!
  Far over purple seas,
  They wait, in sunny ease,
  The balmy southern breeze,
To bring them to their northern homes
    once more. 8

A Doubting Heart

Why must the flowers die?
    Prison'd they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
    O doubting heart!
  They only sleep below
  The soft white ermine snow,
  While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon
    again. 16

The sun has hid its rays
    These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
    O doubting heart!
  The stormy clouds on high
  Veil the same sunny sky,
  That soon (for spring is nigh)
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth. 24

Fair hope is dead, and light
    Is quench'd in night.
What sound can break the silence of despair?
    O doubting heart!
  Thy sky is overcast,
  Yet stars shall rise at last,
  Brighter for the darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air. 32

1858. *Adelaide Anne Proctor.*

THE PILGRIMAGE

GIVE me my scallop-shell of quiet,
  My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
  My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gauge;
And thus I 'll take my pilgrimage. 6

Blood must be my body's balmer;
No other balm will there be given;
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of Heaven;
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains:
    There will I kiss
    The bowl of bliss;
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before;
But after, it will thirst no more. 18

Then by that happy blissful day,
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
That have cast off their rags of clay,
And walk apparelled fresh like me.
    I 'll take them first
    To quench their thirst

And taste of nectar's suckets,
    At those clear wells
    Where sweetness dwells,
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets. 28

And when our bottles and all we
Are filled with immortality,
Then the blessed paths we 'll travel,
Strewed with rubies thick as gravel;
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral and pearly bowers.
From thence to Heaven's bribeless hall,
Where no corrupted voices brawl;
No conscience molten into gold,
No forged accuser bought or sold,
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,
For there Christ is the King's Attorney,
Who pleads for all without degrees,
And He hath angels, but no fees.
And when the grand twelve-million jury
Of our sins, with direful fury,
'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,
Christ pleads His death, and then we live
Be Thou my speaker, taintless pleader,
Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder!
Thou giv'st salvation even for alms;
Not with a bribed lawyer's palms.
And this is mine eternal plea
To Him that made heaven, earth, and sea,
That, since my flesh must die so soon,
And want a head to dine next noon,

Just at the stroke, when my veins start and spread,
Set on my soul an everlasting head!
Then am I ready, like a palmer fit,
To tread those blest paths which before
I writ. 58

Of death and judgment, heaven and hell,
Who oft doth think, must needs die well.

1603? *Sir Walter Raleigh.*

A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him;
The little gray leaves were kind to Him;
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came. 8

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.

A Hymn

When Death and Shame would woo
    Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'T was on a tree they slew Him—last,
When out of the woods He came. 16

1884. *Sidney Lanier.*

A HYMN

Drop, drop, slow tears,
    And bathe those beauteous feet,
Which brought from Heaven
    The news and Prince of Peace:
Cease not, wet eyes,
    His mercy to entreat;
To cry for vengeance
    Sin doth never cease:
In your deep floods
    Drown all my faults and fears;
Nor let His eye
    See sin, but through my tears.

1633. *Phineas Fletcher.*

QUA CURSUM VENTUS

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
    With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
    Are scarce long leagues apart descried; 4

When fell the night, up sprung the breeze,
  And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
  By each was cleaving, side by side: 8

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
  Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
  Astounded, soul from soul estranged? 12

At dead of night their sails were filled,
  And onward each rejoicing steered—
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
  Or wist, what first with dawn appeared! 16

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
  Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
  To that, and your own selves, be true. 20

But O blithe breeze; and O great seas,
  Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
  Together lead them home at last. 24

One port, methought, alike they sought,
  One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
  At last, at last, unite them there! 28

1849. *Arthur Hugh Clough.*

MY LADY'S GRAVE

The linnet in the rocky dells,
  The moor-lark in the air,
The bee among the heather bells
  That hide my lady fair: 4

The wild deer browse above her breast;
  The wild birds raise their brood;
And they, her smiles of love caress'd,
  Have left her solitude! 8

I ween that when the grave's dark wall
  Did first her form retain,
They thought their hearts could ne'er recall
  The light of joy again. 12

They thought the tide of grief would flow
  Uncheck'd through future years;
But where is all their anguish now,
  And where are all their tears? 16

Well, let them fight for honour's breath,
  Or pleasure's shade pursue—
The dweller in the land of death
  Is changed and careless too. 20

And if their eyes should watch and weep
  Till sorrow's source were dry,
She would not, in her tranquil sleep,
  Return a single sigh! 24

Blow, west wind, by the lonely mound,
  And murmur, summer streams—
There is no need of other sound
  To soothe my lady's dream. 28

a. *1848.* *Emily Brontë.*

"BREAK, BREAK, BREAK"

BREAK, break, break,
  On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
  The thoughts that arise in me. 4

O well for the fisherman's boy,
  That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
  That he sings in his boat on the bay! 8

And the stately ships go on
  To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
  And the sound of a voice that is still! 12

Break, break, break,
  At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
  Will never come back to me. 16

1842. *Lord Tennyson.*

IN THE VALLEY OF CAUTERETZ

All along the valley, stream that flashest white,
Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night,
All along the valley, where thy waters flow,
I walk'd with one I loved two and thirty years ago.
All along the valley, while I walk'd to-day,
The two and thirty years were a mist that rolls away;
For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed,
Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dead,
And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,
The voice of the dead was a living voice to me. 10

1864. *Lord Tennyson.*

WAGES

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea—

Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right
the wrong—
Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of
glory she:
Give her the glory of going on, and still to be. 5

The wages of sin is death: if the wages of Virtue
be dust,
Would she have heart to endure for the life of
the worm and the fly?
She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of
the just,
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a
summer sky:
Give her the wages of going on, and not to die. 10

1868. *Lord Tennyson.*

UP-HILL

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend. 4

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn. 8

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door. 12

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come. 16

1858. 1862. *Christina Georgina Rossetti.*

THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD

LEAD, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me. 6

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years. 12

So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile. 18

1833. *John Henry Newman.*

CROSSING THE BAR

SUNSET and evening star,
  And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
  When I put out to sea, 4

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
  Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the
    boundless deep
  Turns again home. 8

Twilight and evening bell,
  And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
  When I embark; 12

For tho' from out our bourne of Time
    and Place
  The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
  When I have crossed the bar. 16

1889. *Lord Tennyson.*

SELECTIONS FROM THE LATER POETRY

Lyrics

Songs of Nature
Love Songs
Songs of Life's Pilgrimage
Songs of Patriotism

BLUE SQUILLS

How many million Aprils came
  Before I ever knew
How white a cherry bough could be,
  A bed of squills, how blue! 4

And many a dancing April
  When life is done with me,
Will lift the blue flame of the flower
  And the white flame of the tree. 8

Oh burn me with your beauty, then,
  Oh hurt me, tree and flower,
Lest in the end death try to take
  Even this glistening hour. 12

O shaken flowers, O shimmering trees,
  O sunlit white and blue,
Wound me, that I, through endless sleep,
  May bear the scar of you. 16

Sara Teasdale.

THE MAY-TREE

The May-tree on the hill
  Stands in the night
So fragrant and so still,
  So dusky white. 4

That, stealing from the wood
  In that sweet air,
You'd think Diana stood
  Before you there. 8

If it be so, her bloom
  Trembles with bliss.
She waits across the gloom
  Her shepherd's kiss. 12

Touch her. A bird will start
  From those pure snows,—
The dark and fluttering heart
  Endymion knows. 16

Alfred Noyes.

MAY IS BUILDING HER HOUSE

MAY is building her house. With apple blooms
  She is roofing over the glimmering rooms;
Of the oak and the beech hath she builded its beams,
  And, spinning all day at her secret looms,
With arras of leaves each wind-swayed wall
She pictureth over, and peopleth it all
  With echoes and dreams,
  And singing of streams.

May is building her house. Of petal and blade,
Of the roots of the oak, is the flooring made, 10

With a carpet of mosses and lichen and clover,
Each small miracle over and over,
And tender, traveling green things strayed.

Her windows, the morning and evening star,
And her rustling doorways, ever ajar
With the coming and going
Of fair things blowing,
The thresholds of the four winds are.

May is building her house. From the
dust of things
She is making the songs and the flowers
and the wings;
From October's tossed and trodden gold
She is making the young year out of the old;
Yea; out of winter's flying sleet
She is making all the summer sweet,
And the brown leaves spurned of November's
feet
She is changing back again to spring's.

Richard Le Gallienne.

TREES

I THINK that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray; 6

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree. 12

Joyce Kilmer.

A VAGABOND SONG

THERE is something in the autumn that is native
to my blood—
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson
keeping time. 4

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by,
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like a smoke upon the
hills. 8

There is something in October sets the gypsy blood
astir;
We must rise and follow her,

The South Country

When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by name. 12

Bliss Carman.

A WINTER RIDE*

WHO shall declare the joy of the running!
  Who shall tell of the pleasures of flight!
Springing and spurning the tufts of wild heather,
  Sweeping, wide-winged, through the blue dome
    of light.
Everything mortal has moments immortal,
  Swift and God-gifted, immeasurably bright. 6

So with the stretch of the white road before me,
  Shining snow crystals rainbowed by the sun,
Fields that are white, stained with long, cool, blue
    shadows,
  Strong with the strength of my horse as we run.
Joy in the touch of the wind and the sunlight!
  Joy! With the vigorous earth I am one. 12

Amy Lowell.

THE SOUTH COUNTRY

WHEN I am living in the Midlands
  That are sodden and unkind,

*Used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

I light my lamp in the evening:
  My work is left behind;
And the great hills of the South Country
  Come back into my mind. 6

The great hills of the South Country
  They stand along the sea;
And it's there walking in the high woods
  That I could wish to be,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
  Walking along with me. 12

The men that live in North England
  I saw them for a day:
Their hearts are set upon the waste fells,
  Their skies are fast and gray;
From their castle-walls a man may see
  The mountains far away. 18

The men that live in West England
  They see the Severn strong,
A-rolling on rough water brown
  Light aspen leaves along.
They have the secret of the Rocks,
  And the oldest kind of song. 24

But the men that live in the South Country
  Are the kindest and most wise,
They get their laughter from the loud surf,
  And the faith in their happy eyes

Comes surely from our Sister the Spring
  When over the sea she flies;
The violets suddenly bloom at her feet,
  She blesses us with surprise.

I never get between the pines
  But I smell the Sussex air;
Nor I never come on a belt of sand
  But my home is there.
And along the sky the line of the Downs
  So noble and so bare.

A lost thing could I never find,
  Nor a broken thing mend:
And I fear I shall be all alone
  When I get towards the end.
Who will there be to comfort me
  Or who will be my friend?

I will gather and carefully make my friends
  Of the men of the Sussex Weald,
They watch the stars from silent folds,
  They stiffly plough the field,
By them and the God of the South Country
  My poor soul shall be healed.

If I ever become a rich man,
  Of if ever I grow to be old,
I will build a house with deep thatch
  To shelter me from the cold,
And there shall the Sussex songs be sung
  And the story of Sussex told.

I will hold my house in the high wood
  Within a walk of the sea,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
  Shall sit and drink with me. 60

Hilaire Belloc

THE SEA GYPSY

I AM fevered with the sunset,
I am fretful with the bay,
For the wander-thirst is on me
And my soul is in Cathay. 4

There's a schooner in the offing,
With her topsails shot with fire,
And my heart has gone aboard her
For the Islands of Desire.

I must forth again to-morrow!
With the sunset I must be
Hull down on the trail of rapture
In the wonder of the sea. 12

Richard Hovey.

SEA FEVER

I MUST go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea
  and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;

And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gipsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over. 12

John Masefield.

THE BALLAD OF PROSE AND RHYME

When the ways are heavy with mire and rut,
In November fogs, in December snows,
When the North Wind howls, and the doors are shut,—

There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
But whenever a scent from the whitethorn blows,
And the jasmine-stars at the casement climb,
And a Rosalind-face at the lattice shows,
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme! 8

When the brain gets dry as an empty nut,
When the reason stands on its squarest toes,
When the mind (like a beard) has a "formal cut,"—
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
But whenever the May-blood stirs and glows,
And the young year draws to the "golden prime,"
And Sir Romeo sticks in his ear a rose,—
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme! 16

In a theme where the thoughts have a pedant-strut,
In a changing quarrel of "Ayes" and "Noes,"
In a starched procession of "If" and "But,"—
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
But whenever a soft glance softer grows,
And the light hours dance to the trysting-time,
And the secret is told "that no one knows,"—
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme! 24

ENVOY

In the work-a-day world,—for its needs and woes,
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
But whenever the May-bells clash and chime,
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

Austin Dobson

SONG IS SO OLD

SONG is so old,
Love is so new—
Let me be still
And kneel to you.

Let me be still
And breathe no word,
Save what my warm blood
Sings unheard. 8

Let my warm blood
Sing low of you—
Song is so fair,
Love is so new! 12

Hermann Hagedorn.

THE HEART'S COUNTRY

HILL people turn to their hills;
  Sea-folk are sick for the sea:
Thou art my land and my country,
  And my heart calls out for thee. 4

The bird beats his wings for the open,
  The captive burns to be free;
But I—I cry at thy window,
  For thou art my liberty. 8

Florence Wilkinson.

THE RETURN

He has come, he is here,
My love has come home,
The minutes are lighter
Than flying foam, 4
The hours are like dancers
On gold-slippered feet,
The days are young runners
Naked and fleet— 8
For my love has returned,
He is home, he is here,
In the whole world no other
Is dear as my dear! 12

Sara Teasdale.

A LOVE SONG

My love should be silent, being deep—
And being very peaceful should be still—
Still as the utmost depths of ocean keep—
Serenely silent as some mighty hill. 4

Yet is my love so great it needs must fill
With very joy the inmost heart of me,
The joy of dancing branches on the hill
The joy of leaping waves upon the sea. 8

Theodosia Garrison.

ONLY OF THEE AND ME*

ONLY of thee and me the night wind sings,
  Only of us the sailors speak at sea,
The earth is filled with wondered whisperings
  Only of thee and me. 4

Only of thee and me the breakers chant,
  Only of us the stir in bush and tree;
The rain and sunshine tell the eager plant
  Only of thee and me. 8

Only of thee and me, till all shall fade;
  Only of us the whole world's thoughts can be—
For we are Love, and God Himself is made
  Only of thee and me. 12

Louis Untermeyer.

ARAB LOVE SONG

THE hunchèd camels of the night
Trouble the bright
And silver waters of the moon.
The Maiden of the Morn will soon 4
Through Heaven stray and sing,
Star gathering.

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*From the author's volume, "First Love," used with his permission.

Now while the dark about our loves is strewn,
Light of my dark, blood of my heart, O come! 8
And night will catch her breath up, and be dumb.

Leave thy father, leave thy mother
And thy brother;
Leave the black tents of thy tribe apart! 12
Am I not thy father and thy brother,
And thy mother?
And thou—what needest with thy tribe's black tents
Who hast the red pavilion of my heart? 16

Francis Thompson.

A SHROPSHIRE LAD

XIII

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
"Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free."
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me. 8

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
"The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;

Dust

'Tis paid with sighs a plenty
And sold for endless rue."
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true,—'tis true. 16

A. E. Housman.

DUST

When the white flame in us is gone,
And we that lost the world's delight
Stiffen in darkness, left alone
To crumble in our separate night; 4

When your swift hair is quiet in death,
And through the lips corruption thrust
Has stilled the labor of my breath—
When we are dust, when we are dust! 8

Not dead, not undesirous yet,
Still sentient, still unsatisfied,
We'll ride the air, and shine, and flit,
Around the places where we died, 12

And dance as dust before the sun,
And light of foot, and unconfined,
Hurry from road to road, and run
About the errands of the wind. 16

And every mote, on earth or air,
Will speed and gleam, down later days,
And like a secret pilgrim fare
By eager and invisible ways. 20

Nor ever rest, nor ever lie,
Till, beyond thinking, out of view,
One mote of all the dust that's I
Shall meet one atom that was you. 24

Then in some garden hushed from wind,
Warm in a sunset's afterglow,
The lovers in the flowers will find
A sweet and strange unquiet grow 28

Upon the peace; and, past desiring
So high a beauty in the air,
And such a light, and such a quiring,
And such a radiant ecstasy there. 32

They'll know not if it's fire, or dew,
Or out of earth, or in the height,
Singing, or flame, or scent, or hue,
Or two that pass, in light, to light. 36

Out of the garden higher, higher . . .
But in that instant they shall learn
The shattering ecstasy of our fire,
And the weak passionless hearts will burn 40

And faint in that amazing glow,
Until the darkness close above;
And they will know—poor fools, they'll know!—
One moment, what it is to love. 44

Rupert Brooke.

SIC VITA*

HEART free, hand free,
  Blue above, brown under,
All the world to me
  Is a place of wonder.
Sun shine, moon shine,
  Stars, and winds a-blowing,
All into this heart of mine
  Flowing, flowing, flowing! 8

Mind free, step free,
  Days to follow after,
Joys of life sold to me
  For the price of laughter.
Girl's love, man's love,
  Love of work and duty,
Just a will of God's to prove
  Beauty, beauty, beauty! 16

William Stanley Braithwaite.

"FROST TO-NIGHT"†

APPLE-GREEN west and an orange bar,
And the crystal eye of a lone, lone star . . .
And, "Child, take the shears and cut what you will,
Frost to-night—so clear and dead-still." 4

*Reprinted, with the author's permission, from his "House of Falling Leaves," 1908.

†Reprinted by permission from "The Flower from the Ashes," published by Thomas Bird Mosher.

Then, I sally forth, half sad, half proud,
And I come to the velvet, imperial crowd,
The wine-red, the gold, the crimson, the pied,—
The dahlias that reign by the garden-side. 8

The dahlias I might not touch till to-night!
A gleam of the shears in the fading light,
And I gathered them all,—the splendid throng,
And in one great sheaf I bore them along. 12

. . . . . .

In my garden of Life with its all-late flowers
I heed a Voice in the shrinking hours:
"Frost to-night—so clear and dead-still" . . .
Half sad, half proud, my arms I fill. 16

Edith M. Thomas.

THE HOUSE AND THE ROAD

THE little Road says, Go,
The little House says, Stay:
And O, its bonny here at home,
But I must go away. 4

The little Road, like me,
Would seek and turn and know;
And forth I must, to learn the things
The little Road would show! 8

Butterflies

And go I must, my dears,
And journey while I may,
Though heart be sore for the little House
That had no word but Stay. 12

Maybe, no other way
Your child could ever know
Why a little House would have you stay,
When a little Road says, Go. 16

Josephine Preston Peabody.

BUTTERFLIES

At sixteen years she knew no care;
And how could she, sweet and pure as light?
And there pursued her everywhere
Butterflies all white. 4

A lover looked. She dropped her eyes
That glowed like pansies wet with dew;
And lo, there came from out the skies
Butterflies all blue. 8

Before she guessed her heart was gone;
The tale of love was swiftly told;
And all about her wheeled and shone
Butterflies all gold. 12

Then he forsook her one sad morn;
She wept and sobbed, "Oh, love, come back!"
There only came to her forlorn
Butterflies all black. 16

John Davidson.

SANDY STAR*

No more from out the sunset,
  No more across the foam,
No more across the windy hills
  Will Sandy Star come home. 4

He went away to search it
  With a curse upon his tongue:
And in his hand the staff of life,
  Made music as it swung. 8

I wonder if he found it,
  And knows the mystery now—
Our Sandy Star who went away,
  With the secret on his brow. 12

William Stanley Braithwaite.

EVENSONG

Beauty calls and gives no warning,
Shadows rise and wander on the day.
In the twilight, in the quiet evening,
We shall rise and smile and go away. 4

*Reprinted, with the author's permission, from his "Sandy Star and Willy Gee," 1922.

The Dying Patriot

Over the flaming leaves
Freezes the sky.
It is the season grieves,
Not you, not I. 8
All our spring-times, all our summers,
We have kept the longing warm within.
Now we leave the after-comers
To attain the dreams we did not win. 12
O we have wakened, Sweet, and had our birth,
And that's the end of earth;
And we have toiled and smiled and kept the light,
And that's the end of night. 16

Ridgely Torrence.

THE DYING PATRIOT

DAY breaks on England down the Kentish hills,
Singing in the silence of the meadow-footing rills,
Day of my dreams, O day!
  I saw them march from Dover, long ago,
  With a silver cross before them, singing low,
Monks of Rome from their home where the blue
    seas break in foam,
  Augustine with his feet of snow. 7

Noon strikes on England, noon on Oxford town,
—Beauty she was statue cold—there's blood upon
    her gown:
Noon of my dreams, O noon!

Proud and godly kings had built her, long ago
  With her towers and tombs and statues all arow
With her fair and floral air and the love that lingers
    there,
  And the streets where the great men go. 14

Evening on the olden, the golden sea of Wales,
When the first star shivers and the last wave pales:
O evening dreams!
  There's a house that Britons walked in, long ago,
  Where now the springs of ocean fall and flow,
And the dead robed in red and sea-lilies overhead
  Sway when the long winds blow. 21

Sleep not, my country: though night is here, afar
Your children of the morning are clamorous for
    war:
Fire in the night, O dreams!
  Though she send you as she sent you, long ago,
  South to desert, east to ocean, west to snow,
West of these out to seas colder than the Hebrides
    I must go
  Where the fleet of stars is anchored, and the
    young Star-captains glow. 28

James Elroy Flecker.

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ODES, SONNETS, AND EPIGRAMS

INTRODUCTION

Odes.—A study of the ode shows that since Spenser's time its form has rounded out a full cycle and returned to something like what it was in his and Milton's hands,—a dignified, eloquent, and organlike rather than lyrical strain of music whose stanzaic and metrical form is not prescribed by very strict laws. In the *Prothalamion* Spenser's stanzas are all eighteen lines in length and have a scheme of six rhymes which is approximately the same for each; in the *Epithalamion* he uses more freedom in varying the number of lines in a stanza and the method of the rhyme; in both poems there is the free variation of the number of stresses in a line which may be taken as characteristic of most English odes. These two poems show the two directions which the ode has taken,—the one an ode in regular stanzaic form bearing strongly in the direction of the lyric; the other a freely varying poem not songlike at all, but finding its kindred in the oration, the prayer, and the panegyric.

These two varieties are seen still more plainly in Milton's odes. The *Hymn on the Morning*

of Christ's Nativity has a regular though complex stanza and is hymn-like, as its name implies. *At a Solemn Music* and *On Time* are fine examples of the freely varying ode. Rhythm and rhyme, not stanza and metre, are the harmonic principles. The rhythm is one of paragraph, as in the blank verse of the mature Shakespeare and in *Paradise Lost.* The line is lost sight of, its artificiality clearly demonstrated; the paragraph is the unit.

Ben Jonson's odes follow classical models, Latin as well as Greek. The *Pindaric Ode* in this volume shows his following of strophe, antistrophe, and epode after the manner of Pindar as he understood it. Not less interesting as regards form are his *Ode to Himself,* and several others where Horace, rather than Pindar, is the model. The only English ode on the Latin model which is universally recognized as a masterpiece is Marvell's stately and finely tempered *Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland;* that, however, because of other things than form. The period of the imitation of the classic ode produced, indeed, very little of value; the form was perhaps too artificial and the imitation so close as to be deadening. With this movement, however, is to be connected the famous mistake of Abraham Cowley which gave the world the anomaly known as the English Pindaric cde. Pindar was believed by Cowley (though we now know much better, and it seems Ben Jonson knew much better) to have written without regularity

of line or stanza. Cowley wrote rhyming odes after this supposed model, striving only to fit as nearly as he could the form to the sense. His lead was followed by poets for more than a century, and his is still perhaps the prevailing popular notion of the ode. That is, a poem made up of irregular lines and strophes, beginning usually with a capital O. It was not so much of a discovery as Cowley doubtless thought it, as it is, after all, not far different from poems by Jonson, Donne, and Milton. Cowley's form fitted roughly the English ode-writing genius, and has been endowed with a heritage inferior to few forms in English poetic literature. Here Dryden wrote his best short poems, *Alexander's Feast* and *A Song for St. Cecilia's Day,* and another, *To the Pious Memory of Mrs. Anne Killigrew,* perhaps greater than either, but, unfortunately, not suited to our purpose. Gray, whose reserved and contemplative genius had in it much that is typical of the ode-writer, gave to the form its true influence, so strong upon the poets of his own and two succeeding generations. We have not included *The Bard,* fine as it is, in this collection, because Gray has there cast into this congenial mould inappropriate material.

Wordsworth and Coleridge, Shelley and Byron, all wrote odes of the irregular variety, each after his own age and his own genius. Added to this list are Bryant, Lowell, Coventry Patmore, and many others, and from them and some of our greater living poets we can find

the contemporary conception of the ode as a form in English poetry, clear, well-defined, and vital. It is this conception which has prevented us from including a number of reflective lyrics in this collection. Many reflective lyrics are, if we take subject matter, melody, and emotional value as criteria, odes in everything but name. Much of Emerson and of Matthew Arnold, without any very serious wrench to either form or popular conception, might be classed as odes. We have not done violence to the form as the poets have conceived it.

A second division of the subject remains to be treated. Shelley's most famous odes are not the ode *To Liberty* and *To Venice*. They are *To a Skylark* and the *Ode to the West Wind*. In the first two he has written English odes in the approved form. In the second two the lyrical ode has made its most lyrical manifestation. They are, however, examples of the ode in regular stanzas which has been present in our poetry from the beginning. Keats, for example, seems to occupy a beautiful middle ground. His dignity and enthusiasm, his classic regularity of metre and evenness of line, give just the impression of the best English odes. It is the same end achieved by a different means. We have therefore included lyrical odes as well as pure odes in this collection.

Sonnets.—An arrangement by authors shows of itself all that is needful as regards the history of the sonnet in English. To the popular mind

the great divisions appear with the names of Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth. To my mind, there is quite as much community between Milton and Wordsworth as between Wordsworth and Rossetti, another of the great sonneteers in our literature. The likeness is probably more in matter and tone than in form; for, as has often been pointed out, Milton does not make the important division between the octave and sestet as Wordsworth and Rossetti do, and is thus the creator of a form quite distinct and separate.

These are, however, only three or four of the forms which the sonnet has taken in English. The English or Shakespearian sonnet, invented by Surrey, prevails, of course, throughout Elizabethan times; but, selected though it was with the certainty of genius as the best possible form, it is only one of the various sonnet-patterns of Elizabethan times. The Spenserian sonnet is the only respectable rival, but hardly a successful one; for the Spenserian form loses rather than gains in the linking of its octave by rhyme, since the sestet is left without corresponding organization. The hybrid form followed by Drummond was without noticeable effect on the development of the sonnet, and Milton, who returned to Italian models, is the sonneteer of the earlier time whose influence has been greatest.

In the great mass of sonnet literature of the nineteenth century the Petrarchan form has prevailed; but it is only fair to say that it has been used very freely. A sonnet is doubtless usually

better when one of the recognized forms has been followed closely; but in making up this collection we have chosen such sonnets as we considered masterpieces, without questioning too narrowly their strict conformity to one model or another.

Milton and Wordsworth, following the lead of Shakespeare in a few of his sonnets, have wrought a far greater change in the sonnet than any mere change in form; for they have brought it about that the great body of sonnet-literature in English is no longer prevailingly amatory, as it was during the first great sonnet period. The sonnet has become a medium for the expression of lofty ideas concerning life, death, and destiny. The "soul-animating strains" of which Wordsworth speaks have sounded through its narrow compass. It has thus achieved an elevation, an impersonality, a purposeful dignity comparable to the ode. The juxtaposition of odes and sonnets in this volume will not therefore be found unfitting.

Such a collection as this may be found much too small; for if once you descend below the very highest level in Elizabethan literature, not to speak of nineteenth-century literature, you find yourself embarrassed and unable to choose, lost as you are in the profusion which surrounds you.

EPIGRAMS.—Room has also been found in this volume for a small collection of epigrams. We have not hunted them out very carefully, but

have taken only those which forced themselves upon our attention as we looked for more important forms. There is no great stock of epigrams in English, mainly because our great epigrammatists did not leave their epigrams, as rounded pebbles, loose in the field of literature, but made them into great conglomerates of rhyming couplets, like *Mac Flecknoe* and the *Essay on Man*. This collection has no very strict basal principle; it is chosen by feeling, and many of the bits here would not fulfil the narrow requirements as to wit, or paronomasia, laid down by writers on this subject. They are, however, delicately finished little poems whose appeal is usually intellectual rather than emotional; they emphasize, set off, or indicate a relationship in the world of thought. Their unity is absolute, their point keen, their emphasis intense.

In each of the collections which this volume contains one is struck as much by the names which do not appear as by those which do. Some of the greatest poets have not been ode-writers, or sonneteers, or epigrammatists.

HARDIN CRAIG.

ODES

PROTHALAMION

CALME was the day, and through the trembling
ayre
Sweete-breathing Zephyrus did softly play
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
Hot Titans beames, which then did glyster
fayre;
When I, (whom sullein care,
Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
In Princes Court, and expectation vayne
Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away,
Like empty shaddowes, did afflict my brayne,)
Walkt forth to ease my payne
Along the shoare of silver streaming Themmes;
Whose rutty Bancke, the which his River
hemmes,
Was paynted all with variable flowers,
And all the meades adornd with daintie
gemmes
Fit to decke maydens bowres,
And crowne their Paramours
Against the Brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end
my Song.

There, in a Meadow, by the Rivers side,
A Flocke of Nymphes I chauncèd to espy,
All lovely Daughters of the Flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks, all loose untyde,
As each had bene a Bryde;
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs, entraylèd curiously,
In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket,
And with fine Fingers cropt full feateously
The tender stalkes on hye.
Of every sort, which in that Meadow grew,
They gathered some; the Violet, pallid blew,
The little Dazie, that at evening closes,
The virgin Lillie, and the Primrose trew,
With store of vermeil Roses,
To decke their Bridegromes posies
Against the Brydale day, which was not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song. 36

With that I saw two Swannes of goodly hewe
Come softly swimming downe along the Lee;
Two fairer Birds I yet did never see;
The snow, which doth the top of Pindus strew,
Did never whiter shew,
Nor Jove himselfe, when he a Swan would be,
For love of Leda, whiter did appeare;
Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing neare;
So purely white they were,

That even the gentle streame, the which them
bare,
Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes
spare
To wet their silken feathers, least they might
Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so
fayre,
And marre their beauties bright,
That shone as heavens light,
Against their Brydale day, which was not
long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end
my Song. 54

Eftsoones the Nymphes, which now had Flowers their fill,
Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,
As they came floating on the Christal Flood;
Whom when they sawe, they stood amazèd still,
Their wondring eyes to fill;
Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fayre,
Of Fowles, so lovely, that they sure did deeme
Them heavenly borne, or to be that same payre
Which through the Skie draw Venus silver
Teeme;
For sure they did not seeme
To be begot of any earthly Seede,
But rather Angels, or of Angels breede;
Yet were they bred of Somers-heat, they say,
In sweetest Season, when each Flower and
weede

The earth did fresh aray;
So fresh they seem'd as day,
Even as their Brydale day, which was not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song. 72

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
Great store of Flowers, the honour of the field,
That to the sense did fragrant odours yeild,
All which upon those goodly Birds they threw
And all the Waves did strew,
That like old Peneus Waters they did seeme,
When downe along by pleasant Tempes shore,
Scattred with Flowres, through Thessaly they streeme,
That they appeare, through Lillies plenteous store,
Like a Brydes Chamber flore.
Two of those Nymphes, meane while, two Garlands bound
Of freshest Flowres which in that Mead they found,
The which presenting all in trim Array,
Their snowie Foreheads therewithall they crownd,
Whil'st one did sing this Lay,
Prepar'd against that Day,
Against their Brydale day, which was not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song. 90

"Ye gentle Birdes! the worlds faire ornament,
And heavens glorie, whom this happie hower
Doth leade unto your lovers blisfull bower,
Joy may you have, and gentle hearts content
Of your loves couplement;
And let faire Venus, that is Queene of love,
With her heart-quelling Sonne upon you smile,
Whose smile, they say, hath vertue to remove
All Loves dislike, and friendships faultie guile
For ever to assoile.
Let endlesse Peace your steadfast hearts
accord,
And blessèd Plentie wait upon your bord;
And let your bed with pleasures chast abound,
That fruitfull issue may to you afford,
Which may your foes confound,
And make your joyes redound
Upon your Brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softlie, till I end
my Song." 108

So ended she; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her undersong,
Which said their brydale daye should not be
long:
And gentle Eccho from the neighbour ground
Their accents did resound.
So forth those joyous Birdes did passe along,
Adowne the Lee, that to them murmurde low,
As he would speake, but that he lackt a tong,
Yet did by signes his glad affection show,
Making his streame run slow.

And all the foule which in his flood did dwell
Gan flock about these twaine, that did excell
The rest, so far as Cynthia doth shend
The lesser starres. So they, enrangéd well,
Did on those two attend,
And their best service lend
Against their wedding day, which was not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song.

126

At length they all to mery London came,
To mery London, my most kyndly Nurse,
That to me gave this Lifes first native sourse,
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of auncient fame:
There when they came, whereas those bricky towres
The which on Themmes brode agèd backe doe ryde,
Where now the studious Lawyers have their bowers,
There whylome wont the Templer Knights to byde,
Till they decayd through pride:
Next whereunto there standes a stately place,
Where oft I gaynèd giftes and goodly grace
Of that great Lord, which therein wont to dwell,
Whose want too well now feeles my freendles case;

But ah! here fits not well
Olde woes, but joyes, to tell
Against the bridale daye, which is not long:
  Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end
    my Song. 144

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble Peer,
Great Englands glory, and the Worlds wide
    wonder,
Whose dreadfull name late through all Spaine
    did thunder,
And Hercules two pillors standing neere
Did make to quake and feare:
Faire branch of Honor, flower of Chevalrie!
That fillest England with thy triumphes
    fame,
Joy have thou of thy noble victorie,
And endlesse happinesse of thine owne name
That promiseth the same;
That through thy prowesse, and victorious
    armes,
Thy country may be freed from forraine
    harmes;
And great Elisaes glorious name may ring
Through al the world, fil'd with thy wide
    Alarmes,
Which some brave muse may sing
To ages following,
Upon the Brydale day, which is not long:
  Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end
    my Song. 162

From those high Towers this noble Lord
issuing,
Like Radiant Hesper, when his golden hayre
In th' Ocean billowes he hath bathèd fayre,
Descended to the Rivers open vewing,
With a great traine ensuing.
Above the rest were goodly to bee seene
Two gentle Knights of lovely face and feature,
Beseeming well the bower of anie Queene,
With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,
Fit for so goodly stature,
That like the twins of Jove they seem'd in
sight,
Which decke the Bauldricke of the Heavens
bright;
They two, forth pacing to the Rivers side,
Received those two faire Brides, their Loves
delight;
Which, at th' appointed tyde,
Each one did make his Bryde
Against their Brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end
my Song. 180

1596. *Edmund Spenser.*

EPITHALAMION

Ye learnèd sisters, which have oftentimes
Beene to me ayding, others to adorne,
Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull
rymes,

Epithalamion

That even the greatest did not greatly scorne
To heare theyr names sung in your simple
layes,
But joyèd in theyr praise;
And when ye list your owne mishaps to
mourne,
Which death, or love, or fortunes wreck did
rayse,
Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your dolefull dreriment:
Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside;
And, having all your heads with girlands
crownd,
Helpe me mine owne loves prayses to resound;
Ne let the same of any be envide:
So Orpheus did for his owne bride!
So I unto my selfe alone will sing;
The woods shall to me answer, and my Eccho
ring. [18]

Early, before the worlds light-giving lampe
His golden beame upon the hils doth spred,
Having disperst the nights unchearefull dampe,
Doe ye awake; and, with fresh lusty-hed,
Go to the bowre of my belovèd love,
My truest turtle dove;
Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his maske to move,
With his bright Tead that flames with many
a flake,

And many a bachelor to waite on him,
In theyr fresh garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore, and soone her dight,
For lo! the wishèd day is come at last,
That shall, for all the paynes and sorrowes past,
Pay to her usury of long delight:
And, whylest she doth her dight,
Doe ye to her of joy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring. 36

Bring with you all the Nymphes that you can heare
Both of the rivers and the forrests greene,
And of the sea that neighbours to her neare:
Al with gay girlands goodly wel beseene.
And let them also with them bring in hand
Another gay girland
For my fayre love, of lillyes and of roses,
Bound truelove wize, with a blew silke riband.
And let them make great store of bridale poses,
And let them eeke bring store of other flowers,
To deck the bridale bowers.
And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong,
Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapred lyke the discolored mead.
Which done, doe at her chamber dore awayt,
For she will waken strayt;

Epithalamion

The whiles doe ye this song unto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer, and your
Eccho ring. 55

Ye Nymphes of Mulla, which with carefull heed
The silver scaly trouts doe tend full well,
And greedy pikes which use therein to feed;
(Those trouts and pikes all others doo excell;)
And ye likewise, which keepe the rushy lake,
Where none doo fishes take;
Bynd up the locks the which hang scatterd
light,
And in his waters, which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the christall bright,
That when you come whereas my love doth lie,
No blemish she may spie.
And eke, ye lightfoot mayds, which keepe the
deere,
That on the hoary mountayne used to towre;
And the wylde wolves, which seeke them to
devoure,
With your steele darts doo chace from com-
ming neer;
Be also present heere,
To helpe to decke her, and to help to sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your
eccho ring. 73

Wake now, my love, awake! for it is time;
The Rosy Morne long since left Tithones bed,
All ready to her silver coche to clyme;
And Phœbus gins to shew his glorious hed

Hark! how the cheerefull birds do chaunt theyr
laies
And carroll of Loves praise.
The merry Larke hir mattins sings aloft;
The Thrush replyes; the Mavis descant playes;
The Ouzell shrills; the Ruddock warbles soft;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this dayes merriment.
Ah! my deere love, why doe ye sleepe thus
long?
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T' awayt the comming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the birds love-learnèd song,
The deawy leaves among!
Nor they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and theyr
eccho ring. 91

My love is now awake out of her dreames,
And her fayre eyes, like stars that dimmèd
were
With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly
beams
More bright then Hesperus his head doth rere
Come now, ye damzels, daughters of delight,
Helpe quickly her to dight:
But first come ye fayre houres, which were
begot
In Joves sweet paradice of Day and Night;
Which doe the seasons of the yeare allot,
And al, that ever in this world is fayre,
Doe make and still repayre:

And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian
    Queene,
The which doe still adorne her beauties pride,
Helpe to addorne my beautifullest bride:
And, as ye her array, still throw betweene
Some graces to be seene;
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shal answer, and your
    eccho ring. 109

Now is my love all ready forth to come:
Let all the virgins therefore well awayt:
And ye fresh boyes, that tend upon her groome,
Prepare your selves; for he is comming strayt.
Set all your things in seemely good aray,
Fit for so joyfull day:
The joyfulst day that ever sunne did see.
Faire Sun! shew forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy lifull heat not fervent be,
For feare of burning her sunshyny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fayrest Phœbus! father of the Muse!
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,
Doe not thy servants simple boone refuse;
But let this day, let this one day, be myne;
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy soverayne prayses loud wil sing,
That all the woods shal answer, and theyr
    eccho ring. 128

Harke! how the Minstrils gin to shrill aloud
Their merry Musick that resounds from far,

The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling Croud,
That well agree withouten breach or jar.
But, most of all, the Damzels doe delite
When they their tymbrels smyte,
And thereunto doe daunce and carrol sweet,
That all the sences they doe ravish quite;
The whyles the boyes run up and downe the
street,
Crying aloud with strong confusèd noyce,
As if it were one voyce,
Hymen, iö Hymen, Hymen, they do shout;
That even to the heavens theyr shouting shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
To which the people standing all about,
As in approvance, doe thereto applaud,
And loud advaunce her laud;
And evermore they Hymen, Hymen sing,
That al the woods them answer, and theyr
eccho ring. 147

Loe! where she comes along with portly pace,
Lyke Phœbe, from her chamber of the East,
Arysing forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seemes a virgin best.
So well it her beseemes, that ye would weene
Some angell she had beene.
Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres
atweene,
Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre;
And, being crownèd with a girland greene,
Seeme lyke some mayden Queene.

Her modest eyes, abashèd to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixèd are;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to heare her prayses sung so loud,
So farre from being proud.
Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayses sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your
eccho ring. 166

Tell me, ye merchants daughters, did ye see
So fayre a creature in your towne before;
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adornd with beautyes grace and vertues
store?
Her goodly eyes lyke Saphyres shining bright,
Her forehead yvory white,
Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath
rudded,
Her lips lyke cherryes charming men to byte,
Her brest like to a bowle of creame uncrudded,
Her paps lyke lyllies budded,
Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre;
And all her body like a pallace fayre,
Ascending up, with many a stately stayre,
To honors seat and chastities sweet bowre.
Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your
eccho ring? 184

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnisht with heavenly guifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonisht lyke to those which red
Medusaes mazeful hed.
There dwels sweet love, and constant chastity,
Unspotted fayth, and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour, and mild modesty;
There vertue raynes as Queene in royal throne,
And giveth lawes alone,
The which the base affections doe obay,
And yeeld theyr services unto her will;
Ne thought of thing uncomely ever may
Thereto approch to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seene these her celestial
threasures,
And unrevealèd pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her prayses sing,
That al the woods should answer, and your
echo ring. 203

Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the postes adorne as doth behove,
And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,
For to receyve this Saynt with honour dew,
That commeth in to you.
With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
She commeth in, before th' Almighties view;
Of her ye virgins learne obedience,

When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces:
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endlesse matrimony make;
And let the roring Organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
The whiles, with hollow throates,
The Choristers the joyous Antheme sing,
That al the woods may answere, and their
eccho ring. 222

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermill
stayne
Like crimsin dyde in grayne:
That even th' Angels, which continually
About the sacred Altare doe remaine,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Ofte peeping in her face, that seems more fayre,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governèd with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one looke to glaunce awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsownd.
Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band!
Sing, ye sweet Angels, Alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answere and your
eccho ring. 241

Now al is done: bring home the bride againe;
Bring home the triumph of our victory:
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine;
With joyance bring her and with jollity.
Never had man more joyfull day then this,
Whom heaven would heape with blis,
Make feast therefore now all this live-long
day;
This day for ever to me holy is.
Poure out the wine without restraint or stay,
Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
Poure out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the postes and wals with wine,
That they may sweat, and drunken be withall.
Crowne ye God Bacchus with a coronall,
And Hymen also crowne with wreathes of
vine;
And let the Graces daunce unto the rest,
For they can doo it best:
The whiles the maydens doe theyr carroll sing,
To which the woods shall answer, and theyr
eccho ring. 260

Ring ye the bels, ye yong men of the towne,
And leave your wonted labors for this day:
This day is holy; doe ye write it downe,
That ye for ever it remember may.
This day the sunne is in his chiefest hight,
With Barnaby the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.

But for this time it ill ordainèd was,
To chose the longest day in all the yeare,
And shortest night, when longest fitter weare:
Yet never day so long, but late would passe.
Ring ye the bels, to make it weare away,
And bonefiers make all day;
And daunce about them, and about them sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your
eccho ring. 277

Ah! when will this long weary day have end,
And lende me leave to come unto my love?
How slowly do the houres theyr numbers
spend?
How slowly does sad Time his feathers move?
Hast thee, O fayrest Planet, to thy home,
Within the Westerne fome:
Thy tyrèd steedes long since have need of rest.
Long though it be, at last I see it gloome,
And the bright evening-star with golden creast
Appeare out of the East.
Fayre childe of beauty! glorious lampe of love!
That all the host of heaven in rankes doost
lead,
And guydest lovers through the nights sad
dread,
How chearefully thou lookest from above,
And seemst to laugh atweene thy twinkling
light,
As joying in the sight
Of these glad many, which for joy doe sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their
echo ring! 295

Now ceasse, ye damsels, your delights fore-
    past;
Enough it is that all the day was youres:
Now day is doen, and night is nighing fast,
Now bring the Bryde into the brydall boures
The night is come, now soon her disaray,
And in her bed her lay;
Lay her in lillies and in violets,
And silken courteins over her display,
And odourd sheetes, and Arras coverlets.
Behold how goodly my faire love does ly,
In proud humility!
Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took
In Tempe, lying on the flowry gras,
Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was,
With bathing in the Acidalian brooke.
Now it is night, ye damsels may be gon,
And leave my love alone,
And leave likewise your former lay to sing:
The woods no more shall answere, nor your
    echo ring. 314

Now welcome, night! thou night so long
    expected,
That long daies labour doest at last defray,
And all my cares, which cruell Love collected,
Hast sumd in one, and cancellèd for aye:
Spread thy broad wing over my love and me,
That no man may us see;
And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
From feare of perrill and foule horror free.
Let no false treason seeke us to entrap,

Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
The safety of our joy;
But let the night be calme, and quietsome,
Without tempestuous storms or sad afray:
Lyke as when Jove with fayre Alcmena lay,
When he begot the great Tirynthian groome:
Or lyke as when he with thy selfe did lie
And begot Majesty.
And let the mayds and yong men cease to
sing;
Ne let the woods them answer nor theyr
eccho ring. 333

Let no lamenting cryes, nor dolefull teares,
Be heard all night within, nor yet without:
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden feares,
Breake gentle sleepe with misconceivèd dout.
Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadfull sights,
Make sudden sad affrights;
Ne let house-fyres, nor lightnings helpelesse
harmes,
Ne let the Pouke, nor other evill sprights,
Ne let mischivous witches with theyr charmes,
Ne let hob Goblins, names whose sence we see
not,
Fray us with things that be not:
Let not the shriech Oule nor the Storke be
heard,
Nor the night Raven, that still deadly yels;
Nor damnèd ghosts, cald up with mighty spels,
Nor griesly vultures, make us once affeard:

Ne let th' unpleasant Quyre of Frogs still
croking
Make us to wish theyr choking.
Let none of these theyr drery accents sing;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr
eccho ring. 352

But let stil Silence trew night-watches keepe,
That sacred Peace may in assurance rayne,
And tymely Sleep, when it is tyme to sleepe,
May poure his limbs forth on your pleasant
playne;
The whiles an hundred little wingèd loves,
Like divers-fethered doves,
Shall fly and flutter round about your bed,
And in the secret darke, that none reproves,
Their prety stealthes shal worke, and snares
shal spread
To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
Conceald through covert night.
Ye sonnes of Venus, play your sports at will!
For greedy pleasure, carelesse of your toyes,
Thinks more upon her paradise of joyes,
Then what ye do, albe it good or ill.
All night therefore attend your merry play,
For it will soone be day:
Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing;
Ne will the woods now answer, nor your
Eccho ring. 371

Who is the same, which at my window peepes?
Or whose is that faire face that shines so
bright?

Epithalamion

Is it not Cinthia, she that never sleepes,
But walkes about high heaven al the night?
O! fayrest goddesse, do thou not envy
My love with me to spy:
For thou likewise didst love, though now unthought,
And for a fleece of wooll, which privily
The Latmian shepherd once unto thee brought
His pleasures with thee wrought.
Therefore to us be favorable now;
And sith of wemens labours thou hast charge
And generation goodly dost enlarge,
Encline thy will t' effect our wishfull vow,
And the chast wombe informe with timely seed,
That may our comfort breed:
Till which we cease our hopefull hap to sing;
Ne let the woods us answere, nor our Eccho ring. 389

And thou, great Juno! which with awful might
The lawes of wedlock still dost patronize;
And the religion of the faith first plight
With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize;
And eeke for comfort often called art
Of women in their smart;
Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
And all thy blessings unto us impart.
And thou, glad Genius! in whose gentle hand
The bridale bowre and geniall bed remaine,
Without blemish or staine;

And the sweet pleasures of theyr loves delight
With secret ayde doest succor and supply,
Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny;
Send us the timely fruit of this same night.
And thou, fayre Hebe! and thou, Hymen free!
Grant that it may so be.
Til which we cease your further prayse to sing;
Ne any woods shall answer, nor your Eccho ring. 408

And ye high heavens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thousand torches flaming bright
Doe burne, that to us wretched earthly clods
In dreadful darknesse lend desirèd light;
And all ye powers which in the same remayne,
More then we men can fayne!
Poure out your blessing on us plentiously,
And happy influence upon us raine,
That we may raise a large posterity,
Which from the earth, which they may long possesse
With lasting happinesse,
Up to your haughty pallaces may mount;
And, for the guerdon of theyr glorious merit,
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of blessèd Saints for to increase the count.
So let us rest, sweet love, in hope of this,
And cease till then our tymely joyes to sing:
The woods no more us answer, nor our eccho ring! 426

Song! made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my love should duly have been
dect,
Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
Ye would not stay your dew time to expect,
But promist both to recompens;
Be unto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endlesse moniment. 433

1595 *Edmund Spenser.*

A PINDARIC ODE

ON THE DEATH OF SIR H. MORISON

Brave infant of Saguntum, clear
Thy coming forth in that great year,
When the prodigious Hannibal did crown
His rage, with razing your immortal town.
Thou looking then about,
Ere thou wert half got out,
Wise child, didst hastily return,
And mad'st thy mother's womb thine urn.
How summed a circle didst thou leave mankind
Of deepest lore, could we the centre find! 10

Did wiser nature draw thee back,
From out the horror of that sack;
Where shame, faith, honour, and regard of right,
Lay trampled on? the deeds of death and night,
Urged, hurried forth, and hurled
Upon th' affrighted world;

Sword, fire, and famine with fell fury met,
And all on utmost ruin set:
As, could they but life's miseries foresee,
No doubt all infants would return like thee. 20

For what is life, if measured by the space,
Not by the act?
Or masked man, if valued by his face,
Above his fact?
Here 's one outlived his peers,
And told forth fourscore years:
He vexed time, and busied the whole state;
Troubled both foes and friends;
But ever to no ends:
What did this stirrer but die late?
How well at twenty had he fallen or stood!
For three of his fourscore he did no good. 32

He entered well by virtuous parts,
Got up, and thrived with honest arts;
He purchased friends, and fame, and honours then,
And had his noble name advanced with men:
But weary of that flight,
He stooped in all men's sight
To sordid flatteries, acts of strife,
And sunk in that dead sea of life,
So deep, as he did then death's waters sup,
But that the cork of title buoyed him up. 42

Alas! but Morison fell young:
He never fell,—thou fall'st, my tongue.

He stood a soldier to the last right end,
A perfect patriot, and a noble friend;
But most a virtuous son.
All offices were done
By him, so ample, full, and round,
In weight, in measure, number, sound,
As, though his age imperfect might appear,
His life was of humanity the sphere. 52

Go now, and tell our days summed up with fears,
And make them years;
Produce thy mass of miseries on the stage,
To swell thine age:
Repeat of things a throng,
To shew thou hast been long,
Not lived; for life doth her great actions spell,
By what was done and wrought
In season, and so brought
To light: her measures are, how well
Each syllable answered, and was formed, how fair;
These make the lines of life, and that 's her air! 64

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear:
A lily of a day,
Is fairer far, in May,

Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be. 74

Call, noble *Lucius,* then for wine,
And let thy looks with gladness shine:
Accept this Garland, plant it on thy head,
And think, nay know, thy *Morison's* not dead.
He leaped the present age,
Possest with holy rage,
To see that bright eternal day;
Of which we priests and poets say
Such truths as we expect for happy men:
And there he lives with memory and *Ben* 84

Jonson, who sung this of him, ere he went,
Himself, to rest,
Or taste a part of that full joy he meant
To have exprest,
In this bright asterism!—
Where it were friendship's schism,
Were not his *Lucius* long with us to tarry,
To separate these twi-
Lights, the Dioscuri,
And keep the one half from his *Harry.*
But fate doth so alternate the design,
Whilst that in Heaven, this light on earth must
shine,— 96

And shine as you exalted are;
Two names of friendship, but one star:

Of hearts the union, and those not by chance
Made, or indenture, or leased out t' advance
The profits for a time.
No pleasures vain did chime,
Of rhymes, or riots, at your feasts,
Orgies of drink, or feigned protests:
But simple love of greatness and of good,
That knits brave minds and manners more than
blood. 106

This made you first to know the *why*
You liked, then after, to apply
That liking; and approach so one the t'other
Till either grew a portion of the other:
Each styled by his end,
The copy of his friend.
You lived to be the great sir-names,
And titles, by which all made claims
Unto the Virtue: nothing perfect done,
But as a *CARY,* or a *MORISON.* 116

And such the force the fair example had,
As they that saw
The good, and durst not practise it were glad
That such a law
Was left yet to mankind;
Where they might read and find
FRIENDSHIP, indeed, was written not in
words;

And with the heart, not pen,
Of two so early men,
Whose lines her rolls were, and records:
Who, ere the first down bloomèd on the chin,
Had sowed these fruits, and got the harvest
in. 128

1629. 1640. *Ben Jonson.*

ODE ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace. 7

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay. 14

Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity

Say heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain
To welcome him to this new abode;
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
  Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in
    squadrons bright? 21

See how from far, upon the eastern road,
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet:
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
  And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd
    fire. 28

THE HYMN

It was the winter wild
While the heaven-born Child
  All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to him
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
  With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour. 36

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
  To hide her guilty front with innocent snow;

And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
  The saintly veil of maiden white to throw;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul de-
    formities. 44

But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;
  She, crown'd with olive green, came softly
    sliding
Down through the turning sphere
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and
    land. 52

No war, or battle's sound
Was heard the world around:
  The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hookéd chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood;
  The trumpet spake not to the arméd throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord
    was by. 60

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
  His reign of peace upon the earth began:

Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity

The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist
  Whispering new joys to the mild ocean—
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the
    charméd wave. 68

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,
  Bending one way their precious influence;
And will not take their flight
For all the morning light,
  Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them
    go. 76

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
  The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
  The new-enlighten'd world no more should
    need;
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree
    could bear. 84

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
  Sate simply chatting in a rustic row;

Full little thought they than
That the mighty Pan
  Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy
    keep. 92

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
  As never was by mortal finger strook—
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringéd noise,
  As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each hea-
    venly close. 100

Nature that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
  Of Cynthia's seat the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
  And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier
    union 108

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
  That with long beams the shamefaced night
    array'd;

Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity

The helméd Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim
  Are seen in glittering ranks with wings
    display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born
    Heir. 116

Such music (as 't is said)
Before was never made
  But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set
  And the well-balanced world on hinges hung;
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel
    keep. 124

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,
  (If ye have power to touch our senses so)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
  And let the base of heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to th' angelic symphony. 132

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
  Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;

And speckled vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
  And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering
    day. 140

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
  Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between
Throned in celestial sheen,
  With radiant feet the tissued clouds down
    steering;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace
    hall. 148

But wisest Fate says no;
This must not yet be so,
  The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
  So both himself and us to glorify:
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder
    through the deep. 156

With such a horrid clang
As on mount Sinai rang
  While the red fire and smoldering clouds
    outbrake:

Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity

The aged Earth aghast
With terror of that blast
  Shall from the surface to the centre shake,
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread
    his throne. 164

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
  But now begins; for from this happy day
Th' old Dragon under ground
In straiter limits bound,
  Not half so far casts his usurpéd sway;
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail. 172

The oracles are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum
  Runs through the archéd roof in words
    deceiving:
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
  With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos
    leaving:
No nightly trance, or breathéd spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic
    cell. 180

The lonely mountains o'er
And the resounding shore
  A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;

From haunted spring, and dale
Edged with poplar pale,
  The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets
    mourn. 188

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
  The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight
    plaint;
In urns, and altars round
A drear and dying sound
  Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted
    seat. 196

Peor and Baalim
Forsake their temples dim,
  With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine;
And moonéd Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
  Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded
    Thammuz mourn. 204

And sullen Moloch fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
  His burning idol all of blackest hue;

In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
  In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis haste. 212

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove, or green,
  Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud:
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest;
  Naught but profoundest hell can be his shroud;
In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark
The sable-stoléd sorcerers bear his worshipt ark. 220

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded infant's hand;
  The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
  Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the damnéd crew. 228

So when the sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
  Pillows his chin upon an orient wave;
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to th' infernal jail,
  Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave;

And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-
loved maze. 236

But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest;
Time is our tedious song should here have
ending:
Heaven's youngest-teemed star
Hath fixed her polish'd car,
Her sleeping Lord with hand-maid lamp
attending:
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harness'd angels sit in order
serviceable. 244

1629. 1645. *John Milton.*

ON TIME

Fly envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummets pace;
And glut thy self with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more then what is false and vain,
And meerly mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
And last of all, thy greedy self consum'd, 10

Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss;
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood;
When every thing that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine
About the supreme Throne
Of him, t' whose happy-making sight alone,
When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall clime,
Then all this earthy grossness quit, 20
Attir'd with stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee O Time.

1645. *John Milton.*

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC

Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce,
And to our high-raised phantasy present
That undisturbèd Song of pure content,
Aye sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne
To Him that sits thereon
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee,
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row 10
Their loud up-lifted angel trumpets blow;
And the Cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,

With those just Spirits that wear victorious
palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly;
That we on Earth, with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh
din 20
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion
sway'd
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O may we soon again renew that Song,
And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long
To his celestial concert us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of
light!

1645. *John Milton.*

AN HORATIAN ODE

UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND

The forward youth that would appear
Must now forsake his Muses dear,
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing. 4

An Horatian Ode

'T is time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unused armour's rust,
    Removing from the wall
    The corslet of the hall. 8

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
    But through adventurous war
    Urgèd his active star: 12

And like the three-fork'd lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
    Did thorough his own side
    His fiery way divide: 16

(For 't is all one to courage high,
The emulous, or enemy;
    And with such, to enclose
    Is more than to oppose;) 20

Then burning through the air he went
And palaces and temples rent;
    And Cæsar's head at last
    Did through his laurels blast. 24

'T is madness to resist or blame
The face of angry Heaven's flame;
    And if we would speak true,
    Much to the man is due, 28

Who, from his private gardens, where
He lived reservèd and austere,

(As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot;) 32

Could by industrious valour climb
To ruin the great work of Time,
And cast the Kingdoms old
Into another mould; 36

Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain;
(But those do hold or break
As men are strong or weak.) 40

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come. 44

What field of all the civil war
Where his were not the deepest scar?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art; 48

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
That Charles himself might chase
To Caresbrooke's narrow case; 52

That thence the Royal actor borne,
The tragic scaffold might adorn:
While round the armèd bands
Did clap their bloody hands. 56

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
    But, with his keener eye
    The axe's edge did try; 60

Nor call'd the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right;
    But bow'd his comely head
    Down, as upon a bed. 64

This was that memorable hour
Which first assured the forcèd power:
    So when they did design
    The Capitol's first line, 68

A bleeding head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run;
    And yet in that the State
    Foresaw its happy fate! 72

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed;
    So much one man can do,
    That does both act and know. 76

They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confessed
    How good he is, how just
    And fit for highest trust. 80

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the republic's hand—

How fit he is to sway
That can so well obey! 84

He to the Commons' feet presents
A Kingdom for his first year's rents;
And, what he may, forbears
His fame, to make it theirs: 88

And has his sword and spoils ungirt,
To lay them at the public's skirt.
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky, 92

She, having kill'd, no more doth search,
But on the next green bough to perch;
Where, when he first does lure,
The falconer has her sure. 96

What may not then our Isle presume
While victory his crest does plume?
What may not others fear,
If thus he crowns each year? 100

As Cæsar he, ere long, to Gaul,
To Italy an Hannibal,
And to all States not free,
Shall climacteric be. 104

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his particolour'd mind.
But, from this valour, sad
Shrink underneath the plaid; 108

Happy, if in the tufted brake
The English hunter him mistake,
Nor lay his hounds in near
The Caledonian deer. 112

But thou, the war's and fortune's son,
March indefatigably on;
And for the last effect,
Still keep the sword erect: 116

Besides the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night,
The same arts that did gain
A power, must it maintain. 120

1650. 1776. *Andrew Marvell.*

A SUPPLICATION

From *Davideis*

Awake, awake, my Lyre!
And tell thy silent master's humble tale
In sounds that may prevail;
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire:
Though so exalted she,
And I so lowly be,
Tell her, such different notes make all thy
harmony. 7

Hark! how the strings awake:
And, though the moving hand approach not near,
Themselves with awful fear
A kind of numerous trembling make.
Now all thy forces try;
Now all thy charms apply;
Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her
eye. 14

Weak Lyre! thy virtue sure
Is useless here, since thou art only found
To cure, but not to wound;
And she to wound, but not to cure.
Too weak too wilt thou prove
My passion to remove;
Physic to other ills, thou 'rt nourishment to
love. 21

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre!
For thou canst never tell my humble tale
In sounds that will prevail,
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire;
All thy vain mirth lay by,
Bid thy strings silent lie,
Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre, and let thy master
die. 28

1656. *Abraham Cowley.*

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began;
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead!
Then cold and hot, and moist and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man. 15

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell,
To worship that celestial sound.

Less than a God they thought there could not
dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell? 24

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger,
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, Hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 't is too late to retreat! 32

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.
Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful dame.
But O, what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above. 47

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees unrooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre;
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appeared
Mistaking earth for heaven. 54

GRAND CHORUS

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blessed above;
So, when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky. 63

1687. *John Dryden.*

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC

'T was at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne;
His valiant peers were placed around,

Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound
(So should desert in arms be crowned);
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair. 15

CHORUS

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair. 19

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touched the lyre;
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above
(Such is the power of mighty love).
A dragon's fiery form belied the god;
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed,
And while he sought her snowy breast;
Then round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign
of the world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity! they shout around;
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS

With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres. 46

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus—ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums:
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face:
Now give the hautboys breath. He comes! he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain. 60

CHORUS

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain. 65

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius, great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyous victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow. 88

CHORUS

Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow. 92

The mighty master smiled, to see
That love was in the next degree;
'T was but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor, but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O, think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast. 115

CHORUS

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Who caused his care,
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The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast. 122

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head;
As awaked from the dead,
And, amazed he stares around.
Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain,
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,

How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!
The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to
destroy:
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another
Troy! 150

CHORUS

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to
destroy:
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy! 154

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft
desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown
before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
  Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies,
  She drew an angel down. 170

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1697. *John Dryden.*

ODE TO ADVERSITY

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
  Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
  The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone. 8

Ode to Adversity

When first thy sire to send on earth
  Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
  And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore;
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others'
    woe. 16

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
  Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
  And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe;
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again
    believed. 24

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
  Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid
  With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend;
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing
    tear. 32

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
  Dread Goddess, lay thy chastening hand!

Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
  Nor circled with the vengeful band
  (As by the impious thou art seen)
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Pov-
    erty.

Thy form benign, oh Goddess, wear,
  Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
  To soften, not to wound my heart,
The generous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are, to feel, and know myself a
    Man.

1742. 1753. *Thomas Gray.*

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
  That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
  Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
  Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,

Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
  His silver-winding way. 10

Ah happy hills, ah pleasing shade,
  Ah fields beloved in vain,
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
  A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
  As waving fresh their gladsome wing
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
  To breathe a second spring. 20

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
  Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
  The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
  The captive linnet which enthrall,
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
  Or urge the flying ball? 30

While some on earnest business bent
  Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
  To sweeten liberty;

Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
  And unknown regions dare descry;
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
  And snatch a fearful joy. 40

Gay Hope is theirs by fancy fed,
  Less pleasing when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
  The sunshine of the breast;
Theirs buxom Health of rosy hue,
Wild Wit, Invention ever-new,
  And lively Cheer of Vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
  That fly th' approach of morn. 50

Alas, regardless of their doom,
  The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
  Nor care beyond to-day;
Yet see how all around 'em wait
The Ministers of human fate,
  And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, shew them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murtherous band!
  Ah, tell them they are men! 60

These shall the fury Passions tear,
  The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
  And Shame that skulks behind

Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
  That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
  And Sorrow's piercing dart. 70

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
  Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
  And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
  That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
  Amid severest woe. 80

Lo! in the Vale of Years beneath
  A griesly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
  More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
  Those in the deeper vitals rage;
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
  And slow-consuming Age. 90

To each his sufferings; all are men,
  Condemn'd alike to groan,

The tender for another's pain,
  The unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah! why should they know their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
  And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
  'Tis folly to be wise. 100

1742. 1747. *Thomas Gray.*

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

A Pindaric Ode

Awake, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
  A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flowers that round them blow
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of Music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign;
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the
  roar. 12

O Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares

And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropt his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his
eye.[24]

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day
With antic Sport, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach
declare:
Where'er she turns the Graces homage
pay:
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light
of Love.[41]

Man's feeble race what ills await!
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my Song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war. 53

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the shivering Native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctured Chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
The unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame. 65

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown the Ægean deep,

Fields that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish!
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathed around;
Every shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, O Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast. 82

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty Mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless Child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smiled.
This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears. 94

Nor second He, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of the Abyss to spy:

He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and
Time:
The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where Angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
Two Coursers of ethereal race
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-
resounding pace.
Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 't is heard no more ——
O! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit
Wakes thee now? Tho' he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban Eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the
Great.

1757. *Thomas Gray.*

THE PASSIONS

An Ode for Music

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell,—
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,—
Possessed beyond the muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 't is said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power. 16

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
  Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
  E'en at the sound himself had made. 20

Next Anger rushed; his eyes, on fire,
  In lightnings owned his secret stings:

In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
  And swept with hurried hand the strings. 24

With woful measures wan Despair,
  Low, sullen sounds, his grief beguiled,—
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
  'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild. 28

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,—
  What was thy delightful measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
  And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
  And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still, through all the song;
  And where her sweetest theme she chose,
  A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.
And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
  Revenge impatient rose;
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down;
  And, with a withering look,
  The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!
  And ever and anon he beat
  The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,

Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mien,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting
from his head. 52

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed,—
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of differing themes the veering song was
mixed;
And now it courted Love,—now, raving,
called on Hate. 56

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sate retired;
And from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive
soul:
And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled
measure stole;
Or o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.
But O, how altered was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that date and thicket rung,—

The hunter's call, to faun and dryad known!
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green:
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;
And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear. 79

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addrest;
But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best;
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round:
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings. 94

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid!
Why, goddess, why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As, in that loved Athenian bower,
You learned an all-commanding power,

Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared,
Can well recall what then it heard. 102

Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording sister's page;
'T is said—and I believe the tale—
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,—
E'en all at once together found,—
Cecilia's mingled world of sound.
O, bid our vain endeavors cease;
Revive the just designs of Greece!
Return in all thy simple state,—
Confirm the tales her sons relate! 118

1746. *William Collins.*

ODE TO EVENING

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales, 4

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-hair'd sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,

With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed: 8

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short, shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn, 12

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some soften'd strain, 16

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May, not unseemly, with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return! 20

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in flowers the day, 24

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car. 28

Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallow'd pile,
Or up-land fallows grey
Reflect its last cool gleam. 32

But when chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods, 36

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires;
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil. 40

While spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest eve!
While summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light; 44

While sallow autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes; 48

So long, sure-found beneath the sylvan shed,
Shall fancy, friendship, science, rose-lipp'd
health,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy favourite name! 52

1746. *William Collins.*

"WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?"

An Ode in Imitation of Alcæus

WHAT constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to
pride.
No; men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued 10
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare
maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a State,
And sovereign Law, that State's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate

Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill. 20
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend, Dissension, like a vapor sinks;
And e'en the all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
Such was this heaven-loved isle,
Than Lesbos fairer, and the Cretan shore!
No more shall freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave 30
'T is folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

1781. *Sir William Jones.*

ODE

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparell'd in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more. 9

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose,
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath pass'd away a glory from the
earth. 18

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the
steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday;—
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou
happy
Shepherd-boy! 36

Ye blessèd creatures, I have heard the call
    Ye to each other make: I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
    My heart is at your festival,
    My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
        O evil day! if I were sullen
        While Earth herself adorning,
          This sweet May-morning,
        And the children are culling
          On every side,
        In a thousand valleys far and wide,
        Fresh flowers; while the sun shines
            warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm:—
        I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
        —But there 's a tree, of many, one,
A single field which I have look'd upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
          The pansy at my feet
          Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream? 58

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
        Hath had elsewhere its setting,
          And cometh from afar:
        Not in entire forgetfulness,
        And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
          From God, who is our home:

Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day. 77

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.
Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learnéd art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,

And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation. 108

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity;
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal Mind,—
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,

And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life! 129

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That Nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest—
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his
breast:
—Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprized:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;
Uphold us—cherish—and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence, in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore. 168

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts today
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind. 187

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and
Groves,
Forbode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquish'd one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are
won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears. 204

1807. *William Wordsworth.*

ODE TO DUTY

Stern Daughter of the voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity! 8

Ode to Duty

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot
Who do thy work, and know it not:
Oh! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around them cast. 16

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need. 24

I, loving freedom, and untried;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust:
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferr'd
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may. 32

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,

I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this uncharter'd freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance-desires:
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same. 40

Stern lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are
fresh and strong. 48

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me
live. 56

1807. *William Wordsworth.*

FRANCE: AN ODE

Ye Clouds! that far above me float and pause,
  Whose pathless march no mortal may
    control!
  Ye Ocean Waves! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
Yield homage only to eternal laws!
Ye Woods! that listen to the nightbirds'
    singing,
  Midway the smooth and perilous slope
    reclined,
Save when your own imperious branches
    swinging,
  Have made a solemn music of the wind!
Where, like a man beloved of God,
Through glooms, which never woodman trod,
    How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I
    wound,
    Inspired, beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape and wild unconquerable
    sound!
O ye loud Waves! and O ye Forests high!
  And O ye Clouds that far above me soared!
Thou rising Sun! thou blue rejoicing Sky!
  Yea, every thing that is and will be free!
  Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
  With what deep worship I have still adored
    The spirit of divinest Liberty. 21

When France in wrath her giant-limbs up-
reared,
And with that oath, which smote air, earth
and sea,
Stamped her strong foot and said she would
be free,
Bear witness for me, how I hoped and feared!
With what a joy my lofty gratulation
Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band:
And when to whelm the disenchanted nation,
Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand,
The Monarchs marched in evil day,
And Britain join'd the dire array;
Though dear her shores and circling ocean,
Though many friendships, many youthful loves
Had swoln the patriot emotion
And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and
groves;
Yet still my voice, unaltered, sang defeat
To all that braved the tyrant-quelling lance,
And shame too long delay'd and vain retreat!
For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim
I dimmed thy light or damped thy holy flame;
But blessed the pæans of delivered France,
And hung my head and wept at Britain's
name.[42]

"And what," I said, "though Blasphemy's
loud scream
With that sweet music of deliverance strove!
Though all the fierce and drunken passions
wove

A dance more wild than e'er was maniac's
dream!
Ye storms, that round the dawning east
assembled,
The Sun was rising, though ye hid his light!"
And when, to soothe my soul, that hoped and
trembled,
The dissonance ceased, and all seemed calm
and bright;
When France her front deep-scarr'd and gory
Concealed with clustering wreaths of glory;
When, insupportably advancing,
Her arm made mockery of the warrior's
ramp;
While timid looks of fury glancing,
Domestic treason, crushed beneath her fatal
stamp,
Writhed like a wounded dragon in his gore;
Then I reproached my fears that would not
flee;
"And soon," I said, "shall Wisdom teach her
lore
In the low huts of them that toil and groan!
And, conquering by her happiness alone,
Shall France compel the nations to be free,
Till Love and Joy look round, and call the
earth their own." 63

Forgive me, Freedom! O forgive those
dreams!
I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,
From bleak Helvetia's icy caverns sent—

I hear thy groans upon her blood-stained
streams!
Heroes, that for your peaceful country
perished,
And ye that, fleeing, spot your mountain snows
With bleeding wounds; forgive me, that I
cherished
One thought that ever blessed your cruel foes!
To scatter rage and traitorous guilt
Where Peace her jealous home had built;
A patriot-race to disinherit
Of all that made their stormy wilds so dear;
And with inexpiable spirit
To taint the bloodless freedom of the mountaineer—
O France, that mockest Heaven, adulterous,
blind,
And patriot only in pernicious toils!
Are these thy boasts, Champion of human
kind?
To mix with Kings in the low lust of sway,
Yell in the hunt, and share the murderous
prey;
To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils
From freemen torn; to tempt and to
betray?

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad
game
They burst their manacles and wear the name
Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain!

Dejection: An Ode

O Liberty! with profitless endeavour
Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour;
But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain nor ever
Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.
Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee,
(Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays thee)
Alike from Priestcraft's harpy minions,
And factious Blasphemy's obscener slaves,
Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of the waves!
And then I felt thee!—on that sea-cliff's verge,
Whose pines, scarce travelled by the breeze above,
Had made one murmur with the distant surge!
Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,
And shot my being through earth, sea and air,
Possessing all things with intensest love,
O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there. 105

1798. *Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

DEJECTION: AN ODE

Late, late yestreen I saw the new Moon,
With the old Moon in her arms;
And I fear, I fear, my master dear!
We shall have a deadly storm.

Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence.

WELL! If the Bard was weather-wise, who made
The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,
This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence
Unroused by winds, that ply a busier trade

Than those which mould yon cloud in lazy
flakes,
Or the dull sobbing draft, that moans and rakes
Upon the strings of this Æolian lute,
Which better far were mute.
For lo! the New-moon winter-bright!
And overspread with phantom light,
(With swimming phantom light o'erspread
But rimmed and circled by a silver thread)
I see the old Moon in her lap, foretelling
The coming-on of rain and squally blast.
And oh! that even now the gust were swelling,
And the slant night-shower driving loud and
fast!
Those sounds which oft have raised me, whilst
they awed,
And sent my soul abroad,
Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give,
Might startle this dull pain, and make it move
and live!

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
In word, or sigh, or tear—
O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,
To other thoughts by yonder throstle woo'd,
All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
Have I been gazing on the western sky,
And its peculiar tint of yellow green:
And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye!

And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
That give away their motion to the stars;
Those stars, that glide behind them or between,
Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen:
Yon crescent Moon, as fixed as if it grew
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue;
I see them all so excellently fair,
I see, not feel, how beautiful they are! 38

My genial spirits fail;
And what can these avail
To lift the smothering weight from off my
breast?
It were a vain endeavor,
Though I should gaze for ever
On that green light that lingers in the west:
I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life, whose fountains are
within. 46

O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live:
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold, of higher worth,
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the Earth—
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element! 58

O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be!
What, and wherein it doth exist,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful and beauty-making power.
  Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that ne'er was given,
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once and
    shower,
Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power,
Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower,
  A new Earth and new Heaven,
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—
Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—
    We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight.
  All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light. 75

There was a time when, though my path was
    rough,
  This joy within me dallied with distress,
And all misfortunes were but as the stuff
  Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness:
For hope grew round me, like the twining vine,
And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seemed
    mine.
But now afflictions bow me down to earth:
Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth;
    But oh! each visitation
Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,
  My shaping spirit of Imagination.

Dejection: An Ode

For not to think of what I needs must feel,
  But to be still and patient, all I can;
And haply by abstruse research to steal
  From my own nature all the natural man—
  This was my sole resource, my only plan:
Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
And now is almost grown the habit of my soul. 93

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my mind,
  Reality's dark dream!
I turn from you, and listen to the wind,
  Which long has raved unnoticed.
  What a scream
Of agony by torture lengthened out
That lute sent forth! Thou Wind, that rav'st without,
  Bare crag, or mountain-tairn, or blasted tree,
Or pine-grove whither woodman never clomb,
Or lonely house, long held the witches' home,
  Methinks were fitter instruments for thee,
Mad Lutanist! who in this month of showers,
Of dark-brown gardens, and of peeping flowers,
Mak'st Devils' yule, with worse than wintry song,
The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among.
  Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!
Thou mighty Poet, even to frenzy bold!
  What tell'st thou now about?
  'T is of the rushing of an host in rout,
  With groans of trampled men, with smarting wounds—

At once they groan with pain, and shudder with
the cold!
But hush! there is a pause of deepest silence!
And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,
With groans, and tremulous shudderings—all is
over—
It tells another tale, with sounds less deep
and loud!
A tale of less affright,
And tempered with delight,
As Otway's self had framed the tender lay,
'T is of a little child
Upon a lonesome wild,
Not far from home, but she hath lost her way:
And now moans low in bitter grief and fear,
And now screams loud, and hopes to make her
mother hear. 126

'T is midnight, but small thoughts have I of
sleep:
Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep!
Visit her, gentle Sleep! with wings of healing,
And may this storm be but a mountain-birth,
May all the stars hang bright above her
dwelling,
Silent as though they watched the sleeping
Earth!
With light heart may she rise,
Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,
Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice;
To her may all things live, from pole to pole,

Their life the eddying of her living soul!
  O simple spirit, guided from above,
Dear Lady! friend devoutest of my choice,
Thus mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice. 140

1802. *Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE

"Expende Annibalem: — quot libras in duce summo
Invenies?"—Juvenal, *Sat.* x.

'T is done—but yesterday a King!
  And arm'd with Kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing:
  So abject—yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strew'd our earth with hostile bones,
  And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far. 9

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind
  Who bow'd so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
  Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestion'd,—power to save,—
Thine only gift hath been the grave,
  To those that worshipp'd thee;
  Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness! 18

Thanks for that lesson—It will teach
  To after-warriors more,
Than high Philosophy can preach,
  And vainly preach'd before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite again,
  That led them to adore
Those Pagod things of sabre sway
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay. 27

The triumph and the vanity,
  The rapture of the strife—
The earthquake voice of Victory,
  To thee the breath of life;
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
Which man seem'd made but to obey,
  Wherewith renown was rife—
All quell'd!—Dark Spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory! 36

The Desolator desolate!
  The Victor overthrown!
The Arbiter of others' fate
  A Suppliant for his own!
Is it some yet imperial hope
That with such change can calmly cope?
  Or dread of death alone?
To die a prince—or live a slave—
Thy choice is most ignobly brave! 45

He who of old would rend the oak,
  Dream'd not of the rebound:

Chain'd by the trunk he vainly broke—
  Alone—how look'd he round?
Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,
An equal deed hast done at length,
  And darker fate hast found:
He fell, the forest prowlers' prey;
But thou must eat thy heart away! 54

The Roman, when his burning heart
  Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger—dared depart,
  In savage grandeur, home—
He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
  Yet left him such a doom!
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld abandon'd power. 63

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
  Had lost its quickening spell,
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
  An empire for a cell;
A strict accountant of his beads,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
  His dotage trifled well:
Yet better had he neither known
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne. 72

But thou—from thy reluctant hand
  The thunderbolt is wrung—
Too late thou leav'st the high command
  To which thy weakness clung;

All Evil Spirit as thou art,
It is enough to grieve the heart
  To see thine own unstrung;
To think that God's fair world hath been
The footstool of a thing so mean; 81

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,
  Who thus can hoard his own!
And Monarchs bow'd the trembling limb,
  And thank'd him for a throne!
Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
  In humblest guise have shown.
Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind! 90

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
  Nor written thus in vain—
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
  Or deepen every stain:
If thou hadst died as honor dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
  To shame the world again—
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night? 90

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust
  Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, Mortality! are just
  To all that pass away:
But yet methought the living great

Some higher sparks should animate,
  To dazzle and dismay:
Nor deem'd Contempt could thus make mirth
Of these, the Conquerors of the earth. . 108

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
  Thy still imperial bride;
How bears her breast the torturing hour?
  Still clings she to thy side?
Must she too bend, must she too share
Thy late repentance, long despair,
  Thou throneless Homicide?
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem,—
'T is worth thy vanish'd diadem! 117

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,
  And gaze upon the sea;
That element may meet thy smile—
  It ne'er was ruled by thee!
Or trace with thine all idle hand
In loitering mood upon the sand
  That Earth is now as free!
That Corinth's pedagogue hath now
Transferr'd his by-word to thy brow. 126

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage
  What thoughts will there be thine,
While brooding in thy prison'd rage?
  But one—"The world *was* mine!"
Unless, like he of Babylon,
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,

Life will not long confine
That spirit pour'd so widely forth—
So long obey'd—so little worth! 135

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,
Wilt thou withstand the shock?
And share with him, the unforgiven,
His vulture and his rock!
Foredoom'd by God—by man accurst,
And that last act, though not thy worst,
The very Fiend's arch mock;
He in his fall preserved his pride,
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died! 144

There was a day—there was an hour,
While earth was Gaul's—Gaul thine—
When that immeasurable power
Unsated to resign
Had been an act of purer fame
Than gathers round Marengo's name,
And gilded thy decline,
Through the long twilight of all time,
Despite some passing clouds of crime. 153

But thou forsooth must be a king,
And don the purple vest,
As if that foolish robe could wring
Remembrance from thy breast.
Where is that faded garment? where
The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,
The star, the string, the crest?

Vain froward child of empire! say,
Are all thy playthings snatched away? 162

Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the Great;
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeath'd the name of Washington,
To make man blush there was but one! 171

1814. *Lord Byron.*

ODE ON VENICE

Oh Venice! Venice! when thy marble walls
Are level with the waters, there shall be
A cry of nations o'er thy sunken halls,
A loud lament along the sweeping sea!
If I, a northern wanderer, weep for thee,
What should thy sons do?—anything but weep:
And yet they only murmur in their sleep.
In contrast with their fathers—as the slime,
The dull green ooze of the receding deep,
Is with the dashing of the spring-tide foam 10
That drives the sailor shipless to his home,
Are they to those that were; and thus they creep,
Crouching and crab-like, through their sapping
streets.

Oh! agony—that centuries should reap
No mellower harvest! Thirteen hundred years
Of wealth and glory turn'd to dust and tears;
And every monument the stranger meets,
Church, palace, pillar, as a mourner greets;
And even the Lion all subdued appears,
And the harsh sound of the barbarian drum, 20
With dull and daily dissonance, repeats
The echo of thy tyrant's voice along
The soft waves, once all musical to song,
That heaved beneath the moonlight with the throng
Of gondolas—and to the busy hum
Of cheerful creatures, whose most sinful deeds
Were but the overbeating of the heart,
And flow of too much happiness, which needs
The aid of age to turn its course apart
From the luxuriant and voluptuous flood 30
Of sweet sensations, battling with the blood.
But these are better than the gloomy errors,
The weeds of nations in their last decay,
When Vice walks forth with her unsoften'd terrors,
And Mirth is madness, and but smiles to slay;
And Hope is nothing but a false delay,
The sick man's lightning half an hour ere death,
When Faintness, the last mortal birth of Pain,
And apathy of limb, the dull beginning
Of the cold staggering race which Death is winning, 40
Steals vein by vein and pulse by pulse away;
Yet so relieving the o'er-tortured clay,

To him appears renewal of his breath,
And freedom the mere numbness of his chain;
And then he talks of life, and how again
He feels his spirit soaring—albeit weak,
And of the fresher air, which he would seek:
And as he whispers knows not that he gasps,
That his thin finger feels not what it clasps,
And so the film comes o'er him, and the dizzy 50
Chamber swims round and round, and shadows
busy,
At which he vainly catches, flit and gleam,
Till the last rattle chokes the strangled scream,
And all is ice and blackness,—and the earth
That which it was the moment ere our birth.

There is no hope for nations!—Search the page
Of many thousand years—the daily scene,
The flow and ebb of each recurring age,
The everlasting *to be* which *hath been,*
Hath taught us nought, or little: still we
lean 60
On things that rot beneath our weight, and wear
Our strength away in wrestling with the air:
For 't is our nature strikes us down: the beasts
Slaughter'd in hourly hecatombs for feasts
Are of as high an order—they must go
Even where their driver goads them, though to
slaughter.
Ye men, who pour your blood for kings as water,
What have they given your children in return?
A heritage of servitude and woes,
A blindfold bondage, where your hire is blows. 70

What! do not yet the red-hot plough-shares burn,
O'er which you stumble in a false ordeal,
And deem this proof of loyalty the *real;*
Kissing the hand that guides you to your scars,
And glorying as you tread the glowing bars?
All that your sires have left you, all that Time
Bequeaths of free, and History of sublime,
Spring from a different theme! Ye see and read,
Admire and sigh, and then succumb and bleed!
Save for the few spirits who, despite of all, 80
And worse than all, the sudden crimes engender'd
By the down-thundering of the prison-wall,
And thirst to swallow the sweet waters tender'd,
Gushing from Freedom's fountains, when the crowd,
Madden'd with centuries of drought, are loud,
And trample on each other to obtain
The cup which brings oblivion of a chain
Heavy and sore, in which long yoked they plough'd
The sand,—or if there sprung the yellow grain,
'T was not for them, their necks were too much bow'd, 90
And their dead palates chew'd the cud of pain:
Yes! the few spirits, who, despite of deeds
Which they abhor, confound not with the cause
Those momentary starts from Nature's laws,
Which, like the pestilence and earthquake, smite
But for a term, then pass, and leave the earth
With all her seasons to repair the blight
With a few summers, and again put forth
Cities and generations—fair, when free—
For, Tyranny, there blooms no bud for thee! 100

Glory and Empire! once upon these towers
  With Freedom—godlike Triad! how ye sate!
The league of mightiest nations, in those hours
  When Venice was an envy, might abate,
  But did not quench her spirit; in her fate
All were enwrapp'd: the feasted monarchs knew
  And loved their hostess, nor could learn to
    hate,
Although they humbled—with the kingly few
The many felt, for from all days and climes
She was the voyager's worship; even her
    crimes
Were of softer order—born of Love,
She drank no blood, nor fatten'd on the dead,
But gladden'd where her harmless conquests
    spread;
For these restored the Cross, that from above
Hallow'd her sheltering banners, which incessant
Flew between earth and the unholy Crescent,
Which, if it waned and dwindled, Earth may
    thank
The city it has clothed in chains, which clank
Now, creaking in the ears of those who owe
The name of Freedom to her glorious
    struggles;
Yet she but shares with them a common woe,
And call'd the "kingdom" of a conquering foe,
But knows what all—and, most of all, *we* know—
With what set gilded terms a tyrant juggles!

The name of Commonwealth is past and gone
  O'er the three fractions of the groaning globe:

Venice is crush'd, and Holland deigns to own
  A sceptre, and endures the purple robe;
If the free Switzer yet bestrides alone
His chainless mountains, 't is but for a time, 130
For tyranny of late is cunning grown,
And in its own good season tramples down
The sparkles of our ashes. One great clime,
Whose vigorous offspring by dividing ocean
Are kept apart and nursed in the devotion
Of Freedom, which their fathers fought for, and
Bequeath'd—a heritage of heart and hand,
And proud distinction from each other land,
Whose sons must bow them at a monarch's
    motion,
As if his senseless sceptre was a wand 140
Full of the magic of exploded science—
Still one great clime, in full and free defiance,
Yet rears her crest, unconquer'd and sublime,
Above the far Atlantic!—She has taught
Her Esau-brethren that the haughty flag,
The floating fence of Albion's feebler crag,
May strike to those whose red right hands have
    bought
Rights cheaply earn'd with blood. Still, still,
    for ever,
Better, though each man's life-blood were a river,
That it should flow, and overflow, than creep 150
Through thousand lazy channels in our veins,
Damm'd like the dull canal with locks and chains,
And moving, as a sick man in his sleep,
Three paces, and then faltering: better be
Where the extinguish'd Spartans still are free,

In their proud charnel of Thermopylæ,
Than stagnate in our marsh,—or o'er the deep
Fly, and one current to the ocean add,
One spirit to the souls our fathers had,
One freeman more, America, to thee! 160

1818. *Lord Byron.*

HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY

THE awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats tho' unseen amongst us,—visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower,—
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,
It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance;
Like hues and harmonies of evening,—
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,—
Like memory of music fled,—
Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery. 12

Spirit of BEAUTY, that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
Of human thought or form,—where art thou gone?

Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,
This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate?
Ask why the sunlight not for ever
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river,
Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown,
Why fear and dream and death and birth
Cast on the daylight of this earth
Such gloom,—why man has such a scope
For love and hate, despondency and hope? 24

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
To sage or poet these responses given—
Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost, and Heaven,
Remain the records of their vain endeavour,
Frail spells—whose uttered charm might not avail to sever,
From all we hear and all we see,
Doubt, chance, and mutability.
Thy light alone—like mist o'er mountains driven,
Or music by the night wind sent,
Thro' strings of some still instrument,
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream. 36

Love, Hope, and Self-esteem, like clouds depart
And come, for some uncertain moments lent.
Man were immortal, and omnipotent,
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,

Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his
heart.
Thou messenger of sympathies,
That wax and wane in lovers' eyes—
Thou—that to human thought art nourishment,
Like darkness to a dying flame!
Depart not as thy shadow came,
Depart not—lest the grave should be,
Like life and fear, a dark reality. 48

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
Thro' many a listening chamber, cave and
ruin,
And starlight wood, with fearful steps
pursuing
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.
I called on poisonous names with which our
youth is fed;
I was not heard—I saw them not—
When musing deeply on the lot
Of life, at the sweet time when winds are wooing
All vital things that wake to bring
News of birds and blossoming,—
Sudden, thy shadow fell on me;
I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy! 60

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine—have I not kept the vow?
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even
now
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours

Each from his voiceless grave: they have in visioned bowers
Of studious zeal or love's delight
Outwatched with me the envious night—
They know that never joy illumed my brow
Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free
This world from its dark slavery,
That thou—O awful LOVELINESS,
Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express. 72

The day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is past—there is a harmony
In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
Which thro' the summer is not heard or seen,
As if it could not be, as if it had not been!
Thus let thy power, which like the truth
Of nature on my passive youth
Descended, to my onward life supply
Its calm—to one who worships thee,
And every form containing thee,
Whom, SPIRIT fair, thy spells did bind
To fear himself, and love all human kind. 84

1816. 1819. *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

TO A SKYLARK

HAIL to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art. 5

To a Skylark

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever
singest. 10

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun. 15

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill
delight, 20

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there. 25

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is
overflow'd. 30

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of
melody. 35

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded
not: 40

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace-tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her
bower: 45

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it
from the view: 50

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-
winged thieves. 55

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awaken'd flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth
surpass: 60

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine. 65

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Match'd with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden
want. 70

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of
pain? 75

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety. 80

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream? 85

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought. 90

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near. 95

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground! 100

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,

Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening
now! 105

1820. *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's
being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves
dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter
fleeing, 3

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes! O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed 6

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow 9

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill: 12

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, Oh, hear! 14

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean, 17

Angels of rain and lightning! there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head 20

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge 23

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might 26

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: Oh, hear! 28

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams, 31

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day, 34

Ode to the West Wind

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them!
Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers 37

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know 40

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: Oh, hear! 42

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share 45

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! if even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be 48

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seem'd a vision; I would ne'er have
striven 51

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed! 54

A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd
One too like thee: tameless and swift, and
proud. 56

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
  What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies 59

  Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Swect though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
  My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one! 62

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
  Like wither'd leaves, to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse, 65

  Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
  Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth 68

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind? 70

1820. *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
  My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
  One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'T is not through envy of thy happy lot,
  But being too happy in thine happiness,—
    That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
      In some melodious plot
  Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
    Singest of summer in full-throated ease. 10

Ode to a Nightingale

O for a draught of vintage! that hath been
  Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
  Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt
    mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
  Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
    With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
      And purple-stained mouth;
  That I might drink, and leave the world
      unseen,
    And with thee fade away into the forest
      dim: 20

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
  What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
  Here, where men sit and hear each other
      groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
  Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin,
      and dies;
    Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
      And leaden-eyed despairs,
  Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
    Or new Love pine at them beyond to-
      morrow. 30

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
  Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
  Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:

Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways. 40

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves. 50

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod. 60

Ode

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
  No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
  In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
  Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
    She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
      The same that oft-times hath
  Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
    Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn. 70

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
  To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
  As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
  Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
    Up the hill-side; and now 't is buried deep
      In the next valley-glades:
  Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
    Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep? 80

1819. *John Keats.*

ODE

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Have ye souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new?
Yes, and those of heaven commune

With the spheres of sun and moon;
With the noise of fountains wond'rous
And the parle of voices thund'rous;
With the whisper of heaven's trees
And one another, in soft ease
Seated on Elysian lawns
Brows'd by none but Dian's fawns;
Underneath large blue-bells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not;
Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, tranced thing,
But divine melodious truth;
Philosophic numbers smooth;
Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again;
And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us, here, the way to find you,
Where your other souls are joying,
Never slumber'd, never cloying.
Here, your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals, of their little week;
Of their sorrows and delights;
Of their passions and their spites;
Of their glory and their shame;
What doth strengthen and what maim.
Thus ye teach us, every day,
Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Ye have souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new! 40

1820. *John Keats.*

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

THOU still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy? 10

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,

Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair! 20

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting, and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue. 30

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul, to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return. 40

O Attic shape! fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought

As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know. 50

1820. *John Keats.*

ODE TO PSYCHE

O Goddess! hear these tuneless numbers, wrung
By sweet enforcement and remembrance dear,
And pardon that thy secrets should be sung
Even into thine own soft-couched ear:
Surely I dreamt to-day, or did I see
The winged Psyche with awaken'd eyes?
I wander'd in a forest thoughtlessly,
And, on the sudden, fainting with surprise,
Saw two fair creatures, couched side by side
In deepest grass, beneath the whisp'ring roof
Of leaves and trembled blossoms, where
there ran
A brooklet, scarce espied: 12

'Mid hush'd, cool-rooted flowers fragrant-eyed,
Blue, silver-white, and budded Tyrian,
They lay calm-breathing on the bedded grass;
Their arms embraced, and their pinions too;
Their lips touch'd not, but had not bade adieu,

As if disjoined by soft-handed slumber,
And ready still past kisses to outnumber
At tender eye-dawn of aurorean love:
The winged boy I knew;
But who wast thou, O happy, happy dove?
His Psyche true! 23

O latest-born and loveliest vision far
Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy!
Fairer than Phœbe's sapphire-region'd star,
Or Vesper, amorous glow-worm of the sky;
Fairer than these, though temple thou hast none,
Nor altar heap'd with flowers;
Nor Virgin-choir to make delicious moan
Upon the midnight hours;
No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet
From chain-swung censer teeming;
No shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat
Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming. 35

O brightest! though too late for antique vows,
Too, too late for the fond believing lyre,
When holy were the haunted forest boughs,
Holy the air, the water, and the fire;
Yet even in these days so far retired
From happy pieties, thy lucent fans,
Fluttering among the faint Olympians,
I see, and sing, by my own eyes inspired.
So let me be thy choir, and make a moan
Upon the midnight hours;

Ode to Psyche

Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense sweet
  From swinged censer teeming;
Thy shrine, thy grove, thy oracle, thy heat
  Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming. 49

Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane
  In some untrodden region of my mind,
Where branched thoughts, new-grown with pleasant pain,
  Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind:
Far, far around shall those dark-cluster'd trees
  Fledge the wild-ridged mountains steep by steep;
And there by zephyrs, streams, and birds, and bees,
  The moss-lain Dryads shall be lull'd to sleep;
And in the midst of this wide quietness
A rosy sanctuary will I dress
With the wreath'd trellis of a working brain,
  With buds, and bells, and stars without a name,
With all the gardener Fancy e'er could feign,
  Who, breeding flowers, will never breed the same:
And there shall be for thee all soft delight
  That shadowy thought can win,
A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,
  To let the warm Love in! 67

1820. *John Keats.*

TO AUTUMN

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
  Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
  With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
  And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
    To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
  And still more, later flowers for the bees,
  Until they think warm days will never cease,
    For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
  Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
  Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
  Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
    Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:

And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
  Steady thy laden head across a brook;
  Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
    Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by
      hours. 22

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where
      are they?
  Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
  And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
  Among the river sallows, borne aloft
    Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly
      bourn;
  Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
  The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
    And gathering swallows twitter in the
      skies. 33

1820. *John Keats.*

FANCY

Ever let the Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home:
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;
Then let winged Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her:
Open wide the mind's cage-door,
She 'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.

O sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Summer's joys are spoilt by use, 10
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming;
Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,
Cloys with tasting: What do then?
Sit thee by the ingle, when
The sear fagot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night;
When the soundless earth is muffled
And the caked snow is shuffled 20
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.
Sit thee there, and send abroad,
With a mind self-overawed,
Fancy, high-commission'd:—send her!
She has vassals to attend her:
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost; 30
She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer weather;
All the buds and bells of May,
From dewy sward or thorny spray;
All the heaped Autumn's wealth,
With a still, mysterious stealth:
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it:—thou shalt hear
Distant harvest-carols clear; 40

Rustle of the reaped corn;
Sweet birds antheming the morn:
And, in the same moment—hark!
'T is the early April lark,
Or the rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw.
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold;
White-plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst; 50
Shaded hyacinth, alway
Sapphire queen of the mid-May;
And every leaf, and every flower
Pearled with the self-same shower.
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
Meagre from its celled sleep;
And the snake all winter-thin
Cast on sunny bank its skin;
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree, 60
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
Quiet on her mossy nest;
Then the hurry and alarm
When the bee-hive casts its swarm;
Acorns ripe down-pattering
While the autumn breezes sing.

Oh, sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Everything is spoilt by use;
Where 's the cheek that doth not fade,
Too much gazed at? Where 's the maid 70

Whose lip mature is ever new?
Where 's the eye, however blue,
Doth not weary? Where 's the face
One would meet in every place?
Where 's the voice, however soft,
One would hear so very oft?
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.
Let, then, winged Fancy find
Thee a mistress to thy mind: 80
Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter
Ere the god of torment taught her
How to frown and how to chide;
With a waist and with a side
White as Hebe's, when her zone
Slipt its golden clasp, and down
Fell her kirtle to her feet,
While she held the goblet sweet,
And Jove grew languid.—Break the mesh
Of the Fancy's silken leash; 90
Quickly break her prison-string,
And such joys as these she 'll bring.—
Let the winged Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home.

1820. *John Keats.*

TO A WATERFOWL

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps
of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way? 4

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along. 8

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side? 12

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost. 16

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near. 20

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest. 24

Thou 'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart. 28

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright. 32

1818. *William Cullen Bryant.*

AUTUMN

I SAW old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless like Silence, listening
To silence, for no lonely bird would sing
Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn,
Nor lowly hedge nor solitary thorn;
Shaking his languid locks all dewy bright
With tangled gossamer that fell by night,
Pearling his coronet of golden corn. 8

Where are the songs of Summer?—With the sun,
Oping the dusky eyelids of the south,

Till shade and silence waken up as one,
And Morning sings with a warm odorous mouth.
Where are the merry birds?—Away, away,
On panting wings through the inclement skies,
Lest owls should prey
Undazzled at noon-day,
And tear with horny beak their lustrous eyes. 17

Where are the blooms of Summer?—In the west,
Blushing their last to the last sunny hours,
When the mild Eve by sudden Night is prest
Like tearful Proserpine, snatch'd from her flow'rs
To a most gloomy breast.
Where is the pride of Summer,—the green prime,—
The many, many leaves all twinkling?—Three
On the moss'd elm; three on the naked lime
Trembling,—and one upon the old oak-tree!
Where is the Dryad's immortality?—
Gone into mournful cypress and dark yew,
Or wearing the long gloomy Winter through
In the smooth holly's green eternity. 30

The squirrel gloats on his accomplish'd hoard,
The ants have brimm'd their garners with ripe grain,
And honey bees have stored
The sweets of Summer in their luscious cells;
The swallows all have wing'd across the main;
But here the Autumn melancholy dwells,
And sighs her tearful spells

Amongst the sunless shadows of the plain.
Alone, alone,
Upon a mossy stone,
She sits and reckons up the dead and gone,
With the last leaves for a love-rosary;
Whilst all the wither'd world looks drearily,
Like a dim picture of the drownèd past
In the hush'd mind's mysterious far-away,
Doubtful what ghostly thing will steal the last
Into that distance, gray upon the gray. 47

O go and sit with her, and be o'ershaded
Under the languid downfall of her hair;
She wears a coronal of flowers faded
Upon her forehead, and a face of care;—
There is enough of wither'd everywhere
To make her bower,—and enough of gloom;
There is enough of sadness to invite,
If only for the rose that died, whose doom
Is Beauty's,—she that with the living bloom
Of conscious cheeks most beautifies the light:
There is enough of sorrowing, and quite
Enough of bitter fruits the earth doth bear,—
Enough of chilly droppings for her bowl;
Enough of fear and shadowy despair,
To frame her cloudy prison for the soul! 64

1823. *Thomas Hood.*

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

Bury the Great Duke
  With an empire's lamentation,
Let us bury the Great Duke
  To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?
Here, in streaming London's central roar.
Let the sound of those he wrought for, 10
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore.

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,
As fits an universal woe,
Let the long long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow;
The last great Englishman is low.

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
Remembering all his greatness in the Past. 20

No more in soldier fashion will he greet
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute:
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good.
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war, 30
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men
drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds
that blew!
Such was he whom we deplore. 40
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
The great World-victor's victor will be seen
no more.

All is over and done:
Render thanks to the Giver,
England, for thy son.
Let the bell be toll'd.
Render thanks to the Giver,

And render him to the mould.
Under the cross of gold
That shines over city and river, 50
There he shall rest for ever
Among the wise and the bold.
Let the bell be toll'd:
And a reverent people behold
The towering car, the sable steeds:
Bright let it be with its blazon'd
deeds,
Dark in its funeral fold.
Let the bell be toll'd:
And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd;
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem
roll'd 60
Thro' the dome of the golden cross;
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss;
He knew their voices of old.
For many a time in many a clime
His captain's-ear has heard them boom
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom:
When he with those deep voices wrought,
Guarding realms and kings from shame;
With those deep voices our dead captain
taught
The tyrant, and asserts his claim 70
In that dread sound to the great name
Which he has worn so pure of blame,
In praise and in dispraise the same,
A man of well-attemper'd frame.
O civic muse, to such a name,
To such a name for ages long,

To such a name,
Preserve a broad approach of fame,
And ever-echoing avenues of song.

Who is he that cometh, like an honor'd
guest, 80
With banner and with music, with soldier
and with priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my
rest?
Mighty Seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous
man,
The greatest sailor since our world began.
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes;
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea; 90
His foes were thine; he kept us free;
O give him welcome, this is he
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
And worthy to be laid by thee;
For this is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun;
This is he that far away
Against the myriads of Assaye
Clash'd with his fiery few and won; 100
And underneath another sun,
Warring on a later day,
Round affrighted Lisbon drew

The treble works, the vast designs
Of his labor'd rampart-lines,
Where he greatly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms, 110
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Beyond the Pyrenean pines,
Follow'd up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamor of men,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing
wings, 120
And barking for the thrones of kings;
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler
down;
A day of onsets of despair!
Dash'd on every rocky square
Their surging charges foam'd themselves
away;
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;
Thro' the long-tormented air
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
And down we swept and charged and
overthrew. 130
So great a soldier taught us there,

What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world earthquake, Waterloo!
Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all, 140
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine!
And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name. 150

A people's voice! we are a people yet.
Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless
Powers;
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly
set
His Briton in blown seas and storming
showers,
We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought, and kept
it ours.

And keep it ours, O God, from brute
control;
O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the
soul 160
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
That sober freedom out of which there
springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings;
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
And drill the raw world for the march of
mind,
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be
just.
But wink no more in slothful overtrust. 170
Remember him who led your hosts;
He bade you guard the sacred coasts.
Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall;
His voice is silent in your council-hall
For ever; and whatever tempests lour
For ever silent; even if they broke
In thunder, silent; yet remember all
He spoke among you, and the Man who
spoke;
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power; 180
Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
Thro' either babbling world of high and low;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life;

Who never spoke against a foe;
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right:
Truth-teller was our England's Alfred
named;
Truth-lover was our English Duke;
Whatever record leap to light 190
He never shall be shamed.

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
Follow'd by the brave of other lands,
He, on whom from both her open hands
Lavish Honour shower'd all her stars,
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.
Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great,
But as he saves or serves the state. 200
Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden-roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory. 210
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has
won

His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
Such was he: his work is done.
But while the races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand 220
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure:
Till in all lands and thro' all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory:
And let the land whose hearts he saved
from shame
For many and many an age proclaim
At civic revel and pomp and game,
And when the long-illumined cities flame,
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
With honour, honour, honour, honour to
him, 230
Eternal honour to his name.

Peace, his triumph will be sung
By some yet unmoulded tongue
Far on in summers that we shall not see:
Peace, it is a day of pain
For one about whose patriarchal knee
Late the little children clung:
O peace, it is a day of pain
For one, upon whose hand and heart and
brain
Once the weight and fate of Europe
hung. 240

Ours the pain, be his the gain!
More than is of man's degree
Must be with us, watching here
At this, our great solemnity.
Whom we see not we revere;
We revere, and we refrain
From talk of battles loud and vain,
And brawling memories all too free
For such a wise humility
As befits a solemn fane: 250
We revere, and while we hear
The tides of Music's golden sea
Setting toward eternity,
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
Until we doubt not that for one so true
There must be other nobler work to do
Than when he fought at Waterloo,
And Victor he must ever be.
For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore 260
Make and break, and work their will;
Tho' world on world in myriad myriads
roll
Round us, each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul?
On God and Godlike men we build our
trust.
Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's
ears:
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs
and tears:

The black earth yawns: the mortal
disappears;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust; 270
He is gone who seem'd so great.—
Gone; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in State,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
Speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him. 280
God accept him, Christ receive him.

1852. *Lord Tennyson.*

TO THE PAST

WONDROUS and awful are thy silent halls,
O kingdom of the past!
There lie the bygone ages in their palls,
Guarded by the shadows vast;
There all is hushed and breathless,
Save when some image of old error falls
Earth worshipped once as deathless. 7

There sits drear Egypt, mid beleaguering sands,
Half woman and half beast,
The burnt-out torch within her mouldering hands
That once lit all the East;
A dotard bleared and hoary,

There Asser crouches o'er the blackened brands
Of Asia's long-quenched glory. 14

Still as a city buried 'neath the sea
Thy courts and temples stand;
Idle as forms on wind-waved tapestry
Of saints and heroes grand,
Thy phantasms grope and shiver,
Or watch the loose shores crumbling silently
Into Time's gnawing river. 21

Titanic shapes with faces blank and dun,
Of their old godhead lorn,
Gaze on the embers of the sunken sun,
Which they misdeem for morn;
And yet the eternal sorrow
In their unmonarched eyes says day is done
Without the hope of morrow. 28

O realm of silence and of swart eclipse,
The shapes that haunt thy gloom
Make signs to us and move their withered lips
Across the gulf of doom;
Yet all their sound and motion
Bring no more freight to us than wraiths of ships
On the mirage's ocean. 35

And if sometimes a moaning wandereth
From out thy desolate halls,
If some grim shadow of thy living death
Across our sunshine falls

To the Past

And scares the world to error,
The eternal life sends forth melodious breath
To chase the misty terror. 42

Thy mighty clamors, wars, and world-noised deeds
Are silent now in dust,
Gone like a tremble of the huddling reeds
Beneath some sudden gust;
Thy forms and creeds have vanished,
Tossed out to wither like unsightly weeds
From the world's garden banished. 49

Whatever of true life there was in thee
Leaps in our age's veins;
Wield still thy bent and wrinkled empery,
And shake thine idle chains;—
To thee thy dross is clinging,
For us thy martyrs die, thy prophets see,
Thy poets still are singing. 56

Here, mid the bleak waves of our strife and care,
Float the green Fortunate Isles
Where all thy hero-spirits dwell, and share
Our martyrdoms and toils;
The present moves attended
With all of brave and excellent and fair
That made the old time splendid. 63

1845. *James Russell Lowell.*

TO THE FUTURE

O Land of Promise! from what Pisgah's height
  Can I behold thy stretch of peaceful bowers,
Thy golden harvests flowing out of sight,
  Thy nestled homes and sun-illumined towers?
Gazing upon the sunset's high-heaped gold,
  Its crags of opal and of chrysolite,
Its deeps on deeps of glory, that unfold
    Still brightening abysses,
    And blazing precipices,
Whence but a scanty leap it seems to heaven,
    Sometimes a glimpse is given
Of thy more gorgeous realm, thy more unstinted
    blisses. 12

O Land of Quiet! to thy shore the surf
  Of the perturbed Present rolls and sleeps;
Our storms breathe soft as June upon thy turf
  And lure out blossoms; to thy bosom leaps,
As to a mother's, the o'erwearied heart,
Hearing far off and dim the toiling mart,
    The hurrying feet, the curses without
      number,
    And, circled with the glow Elysian,
    Of thine exulting vision,
Out of its very cares wooes charms for peace
    and slumber. 22

To the Future

To thee the Earth lifts up her fettered hands
  And cries for vengeance; with a pitying
    smile
Thou blessest her, and she forgets her bands,
  And her old woe-worn face a little while
Grows young and noble; unto thee the Oppressor
    Looks, and is dumb with awe;
    The eternal law,
Which makes the crime its own blindfold
    redresser,
  Shadows his heart with perilous foreboding,
    And he can see the grim-eyed Doom
    From out the trembling gloom
Its silent-footed steeds towards his palace
    goading. 34

What promises hast thou for Poet's eyes,
  Aweary of the turmoil and the wrong!
To all their hopes what overjoyed replies!
  What undreamed ecstasies for blissful song!
Thy happy plains no war-trump's brawling
    clangor
  Disturbs, and fools the poor to hate the
    poor;
The humble glares not on the high with anger;
  Love leaves no grudge at less, no greed for
    more;
In vain strives Self the godlike sense to smother;
    From the soul's deeps
    It throbs and leaps;
The noble 'neath foul rags beholds his long-lost
    brother. 46

To thee the Martyr looketh, and his fires
  Unlock their fangs and leave his spirit free;
To thee the Poet mid his toil aspires,
  And grief and hunger climb about his knee
Welcome as children; thou upholdest
  The lone Inventor by his demon haunted;
The Prophet cries to thee when hearts are coldest,
    And gazing o'er the midnight's bleak abyss,
    Sees the drowsed soul awaken at thy kiss,
And stretch its happy arms and leap up disenchanted. 56

Thou bringest vengeance, but so loving-kindly
  The guilty thinks it pity; taught by thee
Fierce tyrants drop the scourges wherewith blindly
  Their own souls they were scarring; conquerors see
With horror in their hands the accursed spear
  That tore the meek One's side on Calvary,
And from their trophies shrink with ghastly fear;
  Thou, too, art the Forgiver,
The beauty of man's soul to man revealing;
  The arrows from thy quiver
Pierce error's guilty heart, but only pierce for healing. 67

Oh, whither, whither, glory-wingèd dreams,
  From out Life's sweat and turmoil would ye bear me?

Ode

Shut, gates of Fancy, on your golden gleams,—
  This agony of hopeless contrast spare me!
Fade, cheating glow, and leave me to my night!
      He is a coward, who would borrow
      A charm against the present sorrow
From the vague Future's promise of delight:
  As life's alarums nearer roll,
      The ancestral buckler calls,
      Self-clanging from the walls
  In the high temple of the soul;
Where are most sorrows, there the poet's
        sphere is,
      To feed the soul with patience,
      To heal its desolations
With words of unshorn truth, with love that
        never wearies. 83

1845. *James Russell Lowell.*

ODE

Sung in the Town Hall, Concord,
July 4th, 1857

O TENDERLY the haughty day
  Fills his blue urn with fire;
One morn is in the mighty heaven,
  And one in our desire. 4

The cannon booms from town to town,
  Our pulses beat not less,
The joy-bells chime their tidings down,
  Which children's voices bless. 8

For He that flung the broad blue fold
  O'er-mantling land and sea,
One third part of the sky unrolled
  For the banner of the free. 12

The men are ripe of Saxon kind
  To build an equal state,—
To take the statute from the mind
  And make of duty fate. 16

United States! the ages plead,—
  Present and Past in under-song,—
Go put your creed into your deed,
  Nor speak with double tongue. 20

For sea and land don't understand,
  Nor skies without a frown
See rights for which the one hand fights
  By the other cloven down. 24

Be just at home; then write your scroll
  Of honor o'er the sea,
And bid the broad Atlantic roll,
  A ferry of the free. 28

And henceforth there shall be no chain,
  Save underneath the sea
The wires shall murmur through the main
  Sweet songs of liberty. 32

The conscious stars accord above,
  The waters wild below,

And under, through the cable wove,
Her fiery errands go.

For He that worketh high and wise,
Nor pauses in his plan,
Will take the sun out of the skies
Ere freedom out of man.

1867. *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

TO THE UNKNOWN EROS

WHAT rumour'd heavens are these
Which not a poet sings,
O, Unknown Eros? What this breeze
Of sudden wings
Speeding at far returns of time from inter-
stellar space
To fan my very face,
And gone as fleet,
Through delicatest ether feathering soft their
solitary beat,
With ne'er a light plume dropp'd, nor any
trace
To speak of whence they came, or whither they
depart?
And why this palpitating heart,
This blind and unrelated joy,
This meaningless desire,
That moves me like the Child
Who in the flushing darkness troubled lies,
Inventing lonely prophecies,

Which even to his Mother mild
He dares not tell;
To which himself is infidel;
His heart not less on fire 20
With dreams impossible as wildest Arab Tale,
(So thinks the boy,)
With dreams that turn him red and pale,
Yet less impossible and wild
Than those which bashful Love, in his own
way and hour,
Shall duly bring to flower?
O, Unknown Eros, sire of awful bliss,
What portent and what Delphic word,
Such as in form of snake forebodes the bird,
Is this? 30
In me life's even flood
What eddies thus?
What in its ruddy orbit lifts the blood,
Like a perturbed moon of Uranus,
Reaching to some great world in ungauged
darkness hid;
And whence
This rapture of the sense
Which, by the whisper bid,
Reveres with obscure rite and sacramental sign
A bond I know not of nor dimly can divine; 40
This subject loyalty which longs
For chains and thongs
Woven of gossamer and adamant,
To bind me to my unguess'd want,
And so to lie,
Between those quivering plumes that thro' fine
ether pant,

For hopeless, sweet eternity?
What God unhonour'd hitherto in songs,
Or which, that now
Forgettest the disguise 50
That Gods must wear who visit human eyes,
Art Thou?
Thou art not Amor; or, if so, yon pyre,
That waits the willing victim, flames with
vestal fire;
Nor mooned Queen of maids; or, if thou 'rt
she,
Ah, then, from Thee
Let Bride and Bridegroom learn what
kisses be!
In what veil'd hymn
Or mystic dance
Would he that were thy Priest advance 60
Thine earthly praise, thy glory limn?
Say, should the feet that feel thy thought
In double-center'd circuit run,
In that compulsive focus, Nought,
In this a furnace like the sun;
And might some note of thy renown
And high behest
Thus in enigma be expressed:
"There lies the crown
Which all thy longing cures. 70
Refuse it, Mortal, that it may be yours!
It is a Spirit, though it seems red gold;
And such may no man, but by shunning, hold.
Refuse it, till refusing be despair;
And thou shalt feel the phantom in thy hair."

1877. *Coventry Patmore.*

SONNETS

1

"NUNS FRET NOT AT THEIR CONVENT'S NARROW ROOM"

Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room;
  And hermits are contented with their cells;
  And students with their pensive citadels;
Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for bloom,
  High as the highest peak of Furness fells,
  Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells:
In truth the prison unto which we doom

Ourselves, no prison is: and hence for me,
  In sundry moods, 't was pastime to be bound
  Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground;
Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs
    must be)
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
  Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

1807.

2

"SCORN NOT THE SONNET"

Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frown'd,
  Mindless of its just honours; with this key
  Shakespeare unlock'd his heart; the melody

Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
With it Camöens sooth'd an exile's grief;
The Sonnet glitter'd a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crown'd

His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp,
It cheer'd mild Spenser, call'd from Faery-land
To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet; whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

1827. *William Wordsworth.*

THE SONNET

A Sonnet is a moment's monument,—
Memorial from the Soul's eternity
To one dead deathless hour. Look that it be,
Whether for lustral rite or dire portent,
Of its own arduous fulness reverent:
Carve it in ivory or in ebony,
As Day or Night may rule; and let Time see
Its flowering crest impearled and orient.

A Sonnet is a coin: its face reveals
The soul,—its converse, to what Power 't is due:—

Whether for tribute to the august appeals
Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinue,
It serve; or, 'mid the dark wharf's cavernous
breath,
In Charon's palm it pay the toll to Death.

1881. *Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*

AMORETTI

LXVIII

Most glorious Lord of Life! that, on this day,
Didst make Thy triumph over death and sin;
And, having harrow'd hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win:
This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin;
And grant that we, for whom thou diddest die,
Being with Thy dear blood clean washt from
sin,
May live for ever in felicity!
And that Thy love we weighing worthily,
May likewise love Thee for the same again;
And for Thy sake, that all like dear didst buy,
With love may one another entertain!
So let us love, dear Love, like as we ought,
—Love is the lesson which the Lord us
taught.

LXX

FRESH Spring, the herald of loves mighty king,
In whose coat-armour richly are displayed
All sorts of flowers, the which on earth do spring,
In godly colours gloriously arrayed—
Go to my love, where she is careless laid,
Yet in her winters bower not well awake;
Tell her the joyous time will not be stayed,
Unless she do him by the forelock take;
Bid her therefore her self soon ready make,
To wait on Love amongst his lovely crew;
Where every one, that misseth then her make,
Shall be by him amerced with penance due.
Make haste, therefore, sweet love, whilst it is prime;
For none can call again the passèd time.

1595. *Edmund Spenser.*

ASTROPHEL AND STELLA

XXXI

WITH how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What! may it be that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes

Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case:
I read it in thy looks; thy languish'd grace
To me, that feel the like, thy state descries.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deem'd there but want
of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth
possess?
Do they call "virtue" there—ungrate-
fulness?

XXXIX

Come, Sleep; O Sleep! the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low;
With shield of proof shield me from out the
press
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw:
O make in me those civil wars to cease;
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind of light,
A rosy garland and a weary head;
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

LIV

Because I breathe not love to every one,
Nor do not use set colours for to wear,
Nor nourish special locks of vowèd hair,
Nor give each speech a full point of a groan,—
The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the moan
Of them who in their lips Love's standard bear,
"What he!" say they of me, "Now I dare swear
He cannot love: No, no, let him alone!"
And think so still,—so Stella know my mind.
Profess, indeed, I do not Cupid's art;
But you, fair maids, at length this true shall find,—
That his right badge is but worn in the heart.
Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers prove:
They love indeed who quake to say they love.

1581-4. 1591. *Sir Philip Sidney.*

TO SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S SOUL

GIVE pardon, blessèd soul, to my bold cries,
If they, importune, interrupt thy song,
Which now with joyful notes thou sing'st
among
The angel-quiristers of th' heavenly skies.
Give pardon eke, sweet soul, to my slow eyes,
That since I saw thee now it is so long,
And yet the tears that unto thee belong
To thee as yet they did not sacrifice.
I did not know that thou wert dead before;
I did not feel the grief I did sustain;
The greater stroke astonisheth the more;
Astonishment takes from us sense of pain;
I stood amazed when others' tears begun,
And now begin to weep when they have done.

1595. *Henry Constable.*

DELIA

XLIX

CARE-CHARMER Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born:
Relieve my languish and restore the light;
With dark forgetting of my care, return,

And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth:
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the imag'ry of day desires,
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Never let rising sun approve you liars,
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain;
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

1592. *Samuel Daniel.*

IDEA

LXI

SINCE there 's no help, come let us kiss and part,—
Nay I have done, you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free;
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
When his pulse failing, passion speechless lies;
When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And innocence is closing up his eyes,
—Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover!

1619. *Michael Drayton.*

"WERE I AS BASE AS IS THE LOWLY PLAIN"

WERE I as base as is the lowly plain,
And you, my Love, as high as heaven above,—
Yet should the thoughts of me, your humble swain,
Ascend to heaven in honour of my love.
Were I as high as heaven above the plain,
And you, my Love, as humble and as low
As are the deepest bottoms of the main,—
Wheresoe'er you were, with you my love should go.
Were you the earth, dear Love, and I the skies,—
My love should shine on you like to the Sun,
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes,
Till heaven wax'd blind, and till the world were done.
Wheresoe'er I am,—below, or else above you—
Wheresoe'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.

1602. *Joshua Sylvester.*

SONNETS

XII

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silvered o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow;
  And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence,
  Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XVIII

Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And Summer's lease hath all too short a date:

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course
untrimm'd:
But thy eternal Summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his
shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this and this gives life to thee.

XXIX

When, in disgrace with Fortune and men's eyes
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possest,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising—
Haply I think on thee: and then my state,
Like to the Lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at Heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love rememb'red such wealth
brings
That then I scorn to change my state with
kings.

XXX

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's
waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan th' expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

XXXIII

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;

But out, alack! he was but one hour mine;
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's
suns staineth.

LVII

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save where you are, how happy you make those.
So true a fool is love, that in your will,
Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.

LX

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled
shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,

Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
  And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,
  Praising Thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXIV

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich proud cost of out-worn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate—
That Time will come and take my Love away:
  —This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
  But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXXI

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell

Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell;
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;
  Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
  And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXIII

THAT time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold—
Bare ruin'd choirs where late the sweet birds
    sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
  This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love
    more strong,
  To love that well which thou must leave ere
    long.

LXXXVII

FAREWELL! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee as a dream doth flatter;
In sleep, a king; but waking, no such matter.

XCIV

THEY that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmovèd, cold, and to temptation slow,—
They rightly do inherit Heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die;

But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
  For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
  Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

XCVII

How like a Winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen,
What old December's bareness everywhere!
And yet this time removed was Summer's time;
The teeming Autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime
Like widow'd wombs after their Lord's decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit;
For Summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And thou away, the very birds are mute:
  Or if they sing, 't is with so dull a cheer
  That leaves look pale, dreading the Winter 's
    near.

XCVIII

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,

Or from their proud lap pluck them where they
grew;
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of all those.
Yet seem'd it Winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

CIV

To me, fair friend, you never can be old;
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three Winters cold
Have from the forests shook three Summers'
pride;
Three beauteous springs to yellow Autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth
stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred;
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

CVI

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,

And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights;
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have expressed
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they looked but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
  For we, which now behold these present days,
  Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CIX

O NEVER say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie;
That is my home of love; if I have ranged,
Like him that travels, I return again,
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
  For nothing this wide universe I call,
  Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever-fixèd mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth 's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love 's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXXIX

The expense of Spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner but despisèd straight;
Past reason hunted; and, no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;

A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXLVI

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth—
My sinful earth these rebel powers array—
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men;
And Death once dead, there 's no more dying then.

1594 ff. 1609. *William Shakespeare.*

DEATH

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so:
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow

Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure, then from thee much more must
flow;
And soonest our best men with thee do go—
Rest of their bones and souls' delivery!
Thou 'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and
desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell;
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou
then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more: Death, thou shalt
die!

1633. *John Donne.*

I

"I KNOW THAT ALL BENEATH THE MOON DECAYS."

I know that all beneath the moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought,
In Time's great periods shall return to nought;
The fairest states have fatal nights and days.
I know that all the muse's heavenly lays,
With toil of spright, which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few, or none are sought,
And that nought lighter is than airy praise.
I know frail beauty like the purple flower,

To which one morn oft birth and death affords,
That love a jarring is of minds' accords,
Where sense and will invassal reason's power:
  Know what I list, this all cannot me move,
  But that, O me! I both must write and love.

1616.

2

FOR THE BAPTIST

The last and greatest herald of Heaven's King,
Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,
Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,
Which he than man more harmless found and
    mild.
His food was locusts, and what young doth spring,
With honey that from virgin hives distill'd;
Parch'd body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing
Made him appear, long since from earth exiled.
There burst he forth: "All ye, whose hopes rely
On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn;
Repent, repent, and from old errors turn!"
—Who listen'd to his voice, obey'd his cry?
  Only the echoes, which he made relent,
  Rung from their marble caves "Repent!
    Repent!"

1623.

3

TO HIS LUTE

My lute, be as thou wast when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds their ramage did on thee bestow.
Sith that dear voice which thy sounds approve,
Which us'd in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is reft from Earth to tune those spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphan wailings to the fainting ear;
Each stop a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear;
Be therefore silent as in woods before:
  Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
  Like widow'd turtle, still her loss complain.

1616. *William Drummond.*

SONNETS

1

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
  Stoln on his wing my three-and-twenti'th year!
  My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.

To the Nightingale

Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
  That I to manhood am arriv'd so near;
  And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.

Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
  It shall be in strictest measure ev'n
To that same lot, however mean, or high,
  Toward which Time leads me, and the will of
    Heav'n;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

1631. 1645.

II

TO THE NIGHTINGALE

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
  Warbl'st at eve, when all the woods are still,
  Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May;
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
  First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
  Portend success in love; O if Jove's will
Have linkt that amorous power to thy soft lay,

Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
  Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh:

As thou from year to year hast sung too late
  For my relief, yet hadst no reason why;
Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
  Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

1645.

III

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY

Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
  Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
  If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.

He can requite thee; for he knows the charms
  That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
  And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.

Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower;
  The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
  Went to the ground: and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
  To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

1642. 1645.

XI

TO CYRIACK SKINNER

Cyriack, whose Grandsire on the Royal Bench
  Of British Themis, with no mean applause
  Pronounc't, and in his volumes taught our
    laws,
Which others at their bar so often wrench:
To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
  In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
  Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause,
And what the Swede intend, and what the French.

To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
  Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
  That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

1656. 1673.

XIII

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a
    cloud,
  Not of war only, but detractions rude,
  Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,

To peace and truth thy glorious way hast
ploughed,
And on the neck of crownèd Fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work
pursued,
While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots
imbrued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,

And Worcester's laureate wreath. Yet much
remains
To conquer still; Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than War: new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular
chains:
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

1652. 1694.

XV

ON HIS BLINDNESS

When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more
bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
  Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
  And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

1652. 1673.

XVI

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT

AVENGE, O Lord! thy slaughter'd Saints, whose bones
  Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
  Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones
Forget not: In thy book record their groans
  Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
  Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans

The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
  To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
  The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred-fold, who, having learnt Thy way,
  Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

1655. 1673.

XVII

TO CYRIACK SKINNER, UPON HIS BLINDNESS

Cyriack, this three years' day, these eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot:
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year;
Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate one jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer

Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In Liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

1655? 1694.

XVIII

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE

METHOUGHT I saw my late espousèd Saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescu'd from Death by force though pale and faint.
Mine as whom washt from spot of child-bed taint,
Purification in the old Law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,

Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was vail'd; yet to my fancied sight;
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O as to embrace me she enclin'd,
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

1658. 1673. *John Milton.*

TO MARY UNWIN

MARY! I want a lyre with other strings,
Such aid from heaven as some have feign'd they drew,

An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new
And undebased by praise of meaner things,
That, ere through age or woe I shed my wings,
I may record thy worth with honour due,
In verse as musical as thou art true,
And that immortalizes whom it sings:—

But thou hast little need. There is a book
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,
A chronicle of actions just and bright—
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine;
And since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

1793. *William Cowper.*

I

WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1802

I

O FRIEND! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,
To think that now our life is only drest
For show; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,
Or groom!—We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
The wealthiest man among us is the best:
No grandeur now in nature or in book

Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
  This is idolatry; and these we adore:
  Plain living and high thinking are no more:
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

2

LONDON, 1802

II

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
    England hath need of thee: she is a fen
  Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
  Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
  Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.

Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
  Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the
    sea:
  Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

3

"GREAT MEN HAVE BEEN AMONG US"

III

GREAT men have been among us; hands that penned
And tongues that uttered wisdom—better none:
The later Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,
Young Vane, and others who called Milton friend.
These moralists could act and comprehend:
They knew how genuine glory was put on;
Taught us how rightfully a nation shone
In splendour: what strength was, that would not bend

But in magnanimous meekness. France, 't is strange,
Hath brought forth no such souls as we had then.
Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!
No single volume paramount, no code,
No master spirit, no determined road;
But equally a want of books and men!

4

"IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF"

IV

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
  Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
  Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"
Roused though it be full often to a mood
  Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
  That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
Should perish; and to evil and to good

Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
  Armory of the invincible Knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
  That Shakspeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung
  Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

5

"WHEN I HAVE BORNE IN MEMORY"

V

When I have borne in memory what has tamed
  Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart
  When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed
I had, my Country!—am I to be blamed?
  Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,
  Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.

For dearly must we prize thee; we who find
  In thee a bulwark for the cause of men:
And I by my affection was beguiled:
  What wonder if a Poet now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

1802. 1807.

6

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SEPTEMBER 3, 1802

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:
  Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
  A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning: silent, bare,
  Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
  Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
  In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
  The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
  And all that mighty heart is lying still!

1802. 1807.

7

"IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENING, CALM AND FREE"

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
  The holy time is quiet as a Nun
  Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven is on the sea:
  Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
  And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.

Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,
  If thou appear untouch'd by solemn thought,
  Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
  And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
  God being with thee when we know it not.

1802. 1807.

8

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC

Once did She hold the gorgeous East in fee;
  And was the safeguard of the West: the worth
  Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest child of liberty.
She was a maiden City, bright and free;
  No guile seduced, no force could violate;
  And when she took unto herself a mate,
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.

And what if she had seen those glories fade,
  Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
  When her long life hath reach'd its final day:
Men are we, and must grieve when even the
      Shade
  Of that which once was great has pass'd away.

1802. 1807.

9

"THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US"

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,
  Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
  Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
  The winds that will be howling at all hours,
  And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;

It moves us not.—Great God! I 'd rather be
  A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
  Have glimpses that would make me less
    forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
  Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

1806. 1807.

10

TO SLEEP

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,
  One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
  Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and
    seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and
    pure sky;
I have thought of all by turns, and yet do lie
  Sleepless! and soon the small birds' melodies
  Must hear, first uttered from my orchard
    trees;
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.

Even thus last night, and two nights more,
    I lay,
  And could not win thee, Sleep! by any
    stealth:
So do not let me wear to-night away:
  Without Thee what is all the morning's
    wealth?
Come, blessed barrier between day and day,
  Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous
    health!

1806. 1807.

II

THOUGHTS OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND

Two Voices are there; one is of the sea,
  One of the mountains; each a mighty Voice
  In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee
  Thou fought'st against him; but hast vainly
    striven:
  Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art
    driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.

Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft:
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left;
For, high-soul'd Maid, what sorrow would
    it be
  That Mountain floods should thunder as
    before,
  And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful Voice be heard by thee!
1807.

12

"SURPRISED BY JOY—IMPATIENT AS THE WIND"

SURPRISED by joy—impatient as the Wind
I turned to share the transport—Oh! with whom
But Thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,
That spot which no vicissitude can find?
Love, faithful love, recall'd thee to my mind—
But how could I forget thee? Through what power,
Even for the least division of an hour,
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind

To my most grievous loss?—That thought's return
Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more;
That neither present time, nor years unborn
Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

1815.

13

WHY ART THOU SILENT

Why art thou silent! Is thy love a plant
  Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
  Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant—
  Bound to thy service with unceasing care,
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
  For nought but what thy happiness could spare.

Speak,—though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
  A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold
Than a forsaken birds-nest fill'd with snow
  'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

1835.

14–16

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE

XLIII

Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense,
With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned—
Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white robed Scholars only—this immense
And glorious Work of fine intelligence!
Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more;
So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense

These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

XLIV

What awful perspective! while from our sight
With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide
Their Portraitures, their stone-work glimmers, dyed
In the soft chequerings of a sleepy light.
Martyr, or King, or sainted Eremite,
Whoe'er ye be, that thus, yourselves unseen,
Imbue your prison-bars with solemn sheen,
Shine on, until ye fade with coming Night!—

But, from the arms of silence—list! O list!
The music bursteth into second life;
The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed
By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife;
Heart-thrilling strains, that cast, before the eye
Of the devout, a veil of ecstasy!

XLV

They dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here;
Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam:
Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam
Melts, if it cross the threshold; where the wreath
Of awe-struck wisdom droops: or let my path
Lead to that younger Pile, whose sky-like dome

Night

Hath typified by reach of daring art
  Infinity's embrace; whose guardian crest,
The silent Cross, among the stars shall spread
  As now, when She hath also seen her breast
Filled with mementos, satiate with its part
Of grateful England's overflowing Dead.

1822. *William Wordsworth.*

NIGHT

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
  Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
  Did he not tremble for this goodly frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
But through a curtain of translucent dew,
  Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
  Hesperus with the host of heaven came:
And lo! Creation broadened to man's view!

Who could have guessed such darkness lay concealed
  Within thy beams, O Sun? or who divined,
When bud and flower and insect lay revealed,
  Thou to such countless worlds had'st made us blind?
Why should we then shun Death with anxious strife?
  If Light conceals so much, wherefore not life?

1828. *Joseph Blanco White.*

SONNET ON CHILLON

Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!
  Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
  For there thy habitation is the heart,—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned,—
  To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless
    gloom,—
  Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.

Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
  And thy sad floor an altar,—for 't was trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
  Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard!—May none those marks efface!
  For they appeal from tyranny to God.

1816. *Lord Byron.*

OZYMANDIAS OF EGYPT

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of
    stone
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand
Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown

And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless
things,
The hand that mock'd them and the heart that
fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

1819. *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

I

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his
demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:

—Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;

Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
  He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
  Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

1817.

2

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET

THE poetry of earth is never dead:
  When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
  And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown
    mead;
That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead
  In summer luxury,—he has never done
  With his delights; for when tired out with
    fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

  The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
  On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there
    shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
  And seems to one, in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

1817.

3

ON SEEING THE ELGIN MARBLES

My spirit is too weak—mortality
  Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep,
  And each imagin'd pinnacle and steep
Of godlike hardship tells me I must die
Like a sick Eagle looking at the sky.
  Yet 't is a gentle luxury to weep
  That I have not the cloudy winds to keep,
Fresh for the opening of the morning's eye.

Such dim-conceivéd glories of the brain
  Bring round the heart an undescribable feud;
So do these wonders a most dizzy pain,
  That mingles Grecian grandeur with the rude
Wasting of old Time—with a billowy main—
  A sun—a shadow of a magnitude.

1817.

4

ON THE SEA

It keeps eternal whisperings around
  Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
  Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till the spell
Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.
Often 't is in such gentle temper found,

That scarcely will the very smallest shell
Be moved for days from whence it sometime
fell,
When last the winds of Heaven were unbound.

Oh ye! who have your eye-balls vexed and tired,
Feast them upon the wideness of the Sea;
Oh ye! whose ears are dinned with uproar rude,
Or fed too much with cloying melody,—
Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth, and brood
Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs quired!

1817.

5

"WHEN I HAVE FEARS THAT I MAY CEASE TO BE"

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
Before high piléd books, in charactry,
Hold like rich garners the full-ripen'd grain;
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour!
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faery power
Of unreflecting love!—then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

1817. 1848.

6

"BRIGHT STAR! WOULD I WERE STEADFAST AS THOU ART"

Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
  Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
  And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

1820. 1848. *John Keats.*

I

TO SHAKESPEARE

The soul of man is larger than the sky,
  Deeper than ocean, or the abysmal dark
  Of the unfathomed centre. Like that ark,

Which in its sacred hold uplifted high,
O'er the drowned hills, the human family,
And stock reserved of every living kind,
So, in the compass of the single mind,
The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie,

That make all worlds. Great poet, 't was thy art
To know thyself, and in thyself to be
Whate'er love, hate, ambition, destiny,
Or the firm fatal purpose of the heart
Can make of man. Yet thou wert still the same,
Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own flame.
1833.

2–3

PRAYER

I

THERE is an awful quiet in the air,
And the sad earth, with moist imploring eye,
Looks wide and wakeful at the pondering sky,
Like Patience slow subsiding to Despair.
But see, the blue smoke as a voiceless prayer,
Sole witness of a secret sacrifice,
Unfolds its tardy wreaths, and multiplies
Its soft chameleon breathings in the rare

Capacious ether,—so it fades away,
And nought is seen beneath the pendent blue,

"Multum Dilexit"

The undistinguishable waste of day.
  So have I dreamed! oh may the dream be true!
  That praying souls are purged from Mortal
    hue,
And grow as pure as He to whom they pray.

II

Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right.
  Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,
  Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay;
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.
Far is the time, remote from human sight,
  When war and discord on the earth shall cease,
  Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the blessed time to expedite.

Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,
  Though it be what thou canst not hope to see;
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
  Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;
But if for any wish thou darest not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

1851.

4

"MULTUM DILEXIT"

She sat and wept beside his feet; the weight
  Of sin oppress'd her heart; for all the blame,
  And the poor malice of the worldly shame,

To her was past, extinct, and out of date:
Only the sin remain'd,—the leprous state;
  She would be melted by the heat of love,
  By fires far fiercer than are blown to prove
And purge the silver ore adulterate.

She sat and wept, and with her untress'd hair
  Still wip'd the feet she was so blessed to touch;
And He wip'd off the soiling of despair
  From her sweet soul, because she lov'd so
    much.
I am a sinner, full of doubts and fears:
Make me a humble thing of love and tears.

1851. *Hartley Coleridge.*

I

FALSE POETS AND TRUE

To Wordsworth

Look how the lark soars upward and is gone,
Turning a spirit as he nears the sky!
His voice is heard, but body there is none
To fix the vague excursions of the eye.
So, poets' songs are with us, tho' they die
Obscured, and hid by death's oblivious shroud,
And Earth inherits the rich melody
Like raining music from the morning cloud.
Yet, few there be who pipe so sweet and loud
Their voices reach us through the lapse of
  space:

"Love, Dearest Lady"

The noisy day is deafened by a crowd
Of undistinguished birds, a twittering race;
But only lark and nightingale forlorn
Fill up the silences of night and morn.

1824?

2

"LOVE, DEAREST LADY, SUCH AS I WOULD SPEAK"

IX

Love, dearest Lady, such as I would speak,
Lives not within the humour of the eye;—
Not being but an outward phantasy,
That skims the surface of a tinted cheek,—
Else it would wane with beauty, and grow weak
As if the rose made summer,—and so lie
Amongst the perishable things that die,
Unlike the love which I would give and seek:

Whose health is of no hue—to feel decay
With cheeks' decay, that have a rosy prime.
Love is its own great loveliness alway,
And takes new lustre from the touch of time;
Its bough owns no December and no May,
But bears its blossom into Winter's clime.

1827. *Thomas Hood.*

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE

I

I THOUGHT once how Theocritus had sung
  Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-
    for years,
  Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young:
And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,
  I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
  The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung

A shadow across me. Straightway I was
    'ware,
  So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backward by the
    hair;
  And a voice said in mastery, while I strove,—
"Guess now who holds thee?"—"Death,"
    I said. But, there,
  The silver answer rang,—"Not Death,
    but Love."

III

UNLIKE are we, unlike, O princely Heart!
  Unlike our uses and our destinies.
  Our ministering two angels look surprise
On one another, as they strike athwart
Their wings in passing. Thou, bethink thee, art
  A guest for queens to social pageantries,
  With gages from a hundred brighter eyes
Than tears even can make mine, to play thy part

Of chief musician. What hast *thou* to do
  With looking from the lattice-lights at me,
A poor, tired, wandering singer, singing through
  The dark, and leaning up a cypress tree?
The chrism is on thine head,—on mine, the dew,—
  And Death must dig the level where these agree.

VI

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand
  Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore
  Alone upon the threshold of my door
Of individual life, I shall command
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
  Serenely in the sunshine as before,
  Without the sense of that which I forbore—
Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land

Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine
With pulses that beat double. What I do
And what I dream include thee, as the wine
Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue
God for myself, He hears that name of thine,
And sees within my eyes the tears of two.

XIV

If thou must love me, let it be for nought
Except for love's sake only. Do not say
"I love her for her smile—her look—her way
Of speaking gently,—for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day"—
For these things in themselves, Belovèd, may
Be changed, or change for thee,—and love, so wrought,

May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,—
A creature might forget to weep, who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!
But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity.

XVIII

I NEVER gave a lock of hair away
To a man, Dearest, except this to thee,
Which now upon my fingers thoughtfully,
I ring out to the full brown length and say
"Take it." My day of youth went yesterday;
My hair no longer bounds to my foot's glee,
Nor plant I it from rose or myrtle-tree,
As girls do, any more: it only may

Now shade on two pale cheeks the mark of tears,
Taught drooping from the head that hangs aside
Through sorrow's trick. I thought the funeral-shears
Would take this first, but Love is justified,—
Take it thou,—finding pure, from all those years,
The kiss my mother left here when she died.

XXII

WHEN our two souls stand up erect and strong,
Face to face, silent, drawing nigh and nigher,
Until the lengthening wings break into fire
At either curved point,—what bitter wrong
Can the earth do to us, that we should not long

Be here contented? Think. In mounting higher,
The angels would press on us and aspire
To drop some golden orb of perfect song

Into our deep, dear silence. Let us stay
Rather on earth, Belovèd,—where the unfit
Contrarious moods of men recoil away
And isolate pure spirits, and permit
A place to stand and love in for a day,
With darkness and the death-hour rounding it.

XXIII

Is it indeed so? If I lay here dead,
Wouldst thou miss any life in losing mine?
And would the sun for thee more coldly shine
Because of grave-damps falling round my head?
I marvelled, my Belovèd, when I read
Thy thought so in the letter. I am thine—
But . . . *so* much to thee? Can I pour thy wine
While my hands tremble? Then my soul, instead

Of dreams of death, resumes life's lower range.
Then, love me, Love! look on me—breathe on me!
As brighter ladies do not count it strange,
For love, to give up acres and degree,

I yield the grave for thy sake, and exchange
  My near sweet view of Heaven, for earth
    with thee!

XXXV

If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange
  And be all to me? Shall I never miss
  Home-talk and blessing and the common kiss
That comes to each in turn, nor count it strange,
When I look up, to drop on a new range
  Of walls and floors, another home than this?
  Nay, wilt thou fill that place by me which is
Filled by dead eyes too tender to know change?

That 's hardest. If to conquer love, has tried,
  To conquer grief, tries more, as all things
    prove;
For grief indeed is love and grief beside.
  Alas, I have grieved so I am hard to love.
Yet love me—wilt thou? Open thine heart wide,
  And fold within the wet wings of thy dove.

XXXVIII

First time he kissed me, he but only kissed
  The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;
  And ever since, it grew more clean and white,
Slow to world-greetings, quick with its
    "Oh, list,"
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst

I could not wear here, plainer to my sight,
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height
The first, and sought the forehead, and half missed,

Half falling on the hair. O beyond meed!
That was the chrism of love, which love's own crown,
With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.
The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect, purple state; since when, indeed,
I have been proud and said, "My love, my own."

XLI

I THANK all who have loved me in their hearts,
With thanks and love from mine. Deep thanks to all
Who paused a little near the prison-wall
To hear my music in its louder parts
Ere they went onward, each one to the mart's
Or temple's occupation, beyond call.
But thou, who, in my voice's sink and fall
When the sob took it, thy divinest Art's

Own instrument didst drop down at thy foot
To hearken what I said between my tears, . .
Instruct me how to thank thee! Oh, to shoot
My soul's full meaning into future years,
That *they* should lend it utterance, and salute
Love that endures, from Life that disappears!

XLIII

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
  I love thee to the depth and breadth and
    height
  My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of everyday's
  Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
  I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.

I love thee with the passion put to use
  In my old griefs, and with my childhood's
    faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
  With my lost saints,—I love thee with the
    breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God
    choose,
  I shall but love thee better after death.

[1847.] 1850. *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

I

DANTE

TUSCAN, that wanderest through the realms of
    gloom,
  With thoughtful pace, and sad, majestic eyes,
  Stern thoughts and awful from thy soul arise,

Like Farinata from his fiery tomb.
Thy sacred song is like the trump of doom;
  Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,
  What soft compassion glows, as in the skies
The tender stars their clouded lamps relume!

Methinks I see thee stand, with pallid cheeks
  By Fra Hilario in his diocese,
As up the convent-walls, in golden streaks,
  The ascending sunbeams mark the day's
    decrease;
And, as he asks what there the stranger seeks,
  Thy voice along the cloister whispers,
    "Peace!"

1845.

2–7

DANTE'S "DIVINE COMEDY"

Translated by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
  A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
  Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;
  Far off the noises of the world retreat;
  The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar.

Divine Comedy

So, as I enter here from day to day,
  And leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
  The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
  While the eternal ages watch and wait.

II

How strange the sculptures that adorn these
    towers!
  This crowd of statues, in whose folded
    sleeves
  Birds build their nests; while canopied
    with leaves
Parvis and portal bloom like trellised bowers,
And the vast minster seems a cross of flowers!
  But fiends and dragons on the gargoyled
    eaves
  Watch the dead Christ between the living
    thieves,
And, underneath, the traitor Judas lowers!

Ah! from what agonies of heart and brain,
  What exultations trampling on despair,
  What tenderness, what tears, what hate of
    wrong,
What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,
  Uprose this poem of the earth and air,
  This mediæval miracle of song!

III

I enter, and I see thee in the gloom
  Of the long aisles, O poet saturnine!
  And strive to make my steps keep pace with thine.
The air is filled with some unknown perfume;
The congregation of the dead make room
  For thee to pass; the votive tapers shine;
  Like rooks that haunt Ravenna's groves of pine
The hovering echoes fly from tomb to tomb.

From the confessionals I hear arise
Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies,
  And lamentations from the crypts below;
And then a voice celestial that begins
With the pathetic words, "Although your sins
  As scarlet be," and ends with "as the snow."

IV

With snow-white veil and garments as of flame,
  She stands before thee, who so long ago
  Filled thy young heart with passion and the woe
From which thy song and all its splendors came;
And while with stern rebuke she speaks thy name,

The ice about thy heart melts as the snow
On mountain heights, and in swift overflow
Comes gushing from thy lips in sobs of shame.

Thou makest full confession; and a gleam,
As if the dawn on some dark forest cast,
Seems on thy lifted forehead to increase;
Lethè and Eunoë—the remembered dream
And the forgotten sorrow—bring at last
That perfect pardon which is perfect peace.

V

I lift mine eyes, and all the windows blaze
With forms of Saints and holy men who died,
Here martyred and hereafter glorified;
And the great Rose upon its leaves displays
Christ's Triumph, and the angelic roundelays,
With splendor upon splendor multiplied;
And Beatrice again at Dante's side
No more rebukes, but smiles her words of
praise.

And then the organ sounds, and unseen choirs
Sing the old Latin hymns of peace and love
And benedictions of the Holy Ghost;
And the melodious bells among the spires
O'er all the house-tops and through heaven
above
Proclaim the elevation of the Host!

VI

O star of morning and of liberty!
  O bringer of the light, whose splendor shines
  Above the darkness of the Apennines,
Forerunner of the day that is to be!
The voices of the city and the sea,
  The voices of the mountains and the pines,
  Repeat thy song, till the familiar lines
Are footpaths for the thought of Italy!

Thy fame is blown abroad from all the
    heights,
  Through all the nations, and a sound is
    heard,
  As of a mighty wind, and men devout,
Strangers of Rome, and the new proselytes,
  In their own language hear thy wondrous
    word,
  And many are amazed and many doubt.

1867.

8

NATURE

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
  Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
  Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,

Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not
please him more;

So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the
what we know.

1876. *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

I

LETTY'S GLOBE

When Letty had scarce pass'd her third glad
year,
And her young artless words began to flow,
One day we gave the child a colour'd sphere
Of the wide earth, that she might mark and
know,
By tint and outline, all its sea and land.
She patted all the world; old empires peep'd
Between her baby fingers; her soft hand
Was welcome at all frontiers. How she
leap'd,
And laugh'd and prattled in her world-wide
bliss;

But when we turn'd her sweet unlearnèd eye
On our own isle, she raised a joyous cry,
"Oh! yes, I see it, Letty's home is there!"
And while she hid all England with a kiss,
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair.

1880.

2–3

MARY—A REMINISCENCE

I

She died in June, while yet the woodbine sprays
Waved o'er the outlet of this garden-dell;
Before the advent of these Autumn days
And dark unblossom'd verdure. As befel,
I from my window gazed, yearning to forge
Some comfort out of anguish so forlorn;
The dull rain stream'd before the bloomless gorge,
By which, erewhile, on each less genial morn,
Our Mary pass'd, to gain her shelter'd lawn,
With Death's disastrous rose upon her cheek.
How often had I watch'd her, pale and meek,
Pacing the sward! and now I daily seek
The track, by those slow pausing footsteps worn.
How faintly worn! though trodden week by week.

II

And when I seek the chamber where she dwelt,
Near one loved chair a well-worn spot I see,
Worn by the shifting of a feeble knee
While the poor head bow'd lowly—it would melt
The worldling's heart with instant sympathy:
The match-box and the manual, lying there,
Those sad sweet signs of wakefulness and
prayer,
Are darling tokens of the Past to me:
The little rasping sound of taper lit
At midnight, which aroused her slumbering bird:
The motion of her languid frame that stirr'd
For ease in some new posture—tho' a word
Perchance, of sudden anguish, follow'd it;
All this how often had I seen and heard!

1868.

4

HER FIRST-BORN

It was her first sweet child, her heart's delight:
And, though we all foresaw his early doom,
We kept the fearful secret out of sight;
We saw the canker, but she kiss'd the bloom.
And yet it might not be: we could not brook
To vex her happy heart with vague alarms,
To blanch with fear her fond intrepid look,
Or send a thrill through those encircling arms.
She smil'd upon him, waking or at rest:

She could not dream her little child would die:
She toss'd him fondly with an upward eye:
She seem'd as buoyant as a summer spray,
That dances with a blossom on its breast,
Nor knows how soon it will be borne away.

1880.

5

THE LATTICE AT SUNRISE

As on my bed at dawn I mus'd and pray'd,
I saw my lattice prank'd upon the wall,
The flaunting leaves and flitting birds
withal—
A sunny phantom interlaced with shade;
"Thanks be to heaven," in happy mood I said,
"What sweeter aid my matins could befall
Than the fair glory from the East hath made?
What holy sleights hath God, the Lord of all,

To bid us feel and see! we are not free
To say we see not, for the glory comes
Nightly and daily, like the flowing sea
His lustre pierceth through the midnight
glooms
And, at prime hour, behold! He follows me
With golden shadows to my secret rooms."

1864.

6

THE HARVEST MOON

How peacefully the broad and golden moon
  Comes up to gaze upon the reaper's toil!
  That they who own the land for many a mile,
May bless her beams, and they who take the
    boon
Of scatter'd ears; oh! beautiful! how soon
  The dusk is turn'd to silver without soil,
Which makes the fair sheaves fairer than at
    noon,
  And guides the gleaner to his slender spoil;

So, to our souls, the Lord of love and might
  Sends harvest-hours, when daylight disap-
    pears;
When age and sorrow, like a coming night,
  Darken our field of work with doubts and
    fears,
He times the presence of His heavenly light
  To rise up softly o'er our silver hairs.

1873. *Charles Tennyson Turner.*

THE NEW WORLD

The night that has no star lit up by God,
The day that round men shines who still are
blind,
The earth their grave-turned feet for ages trod
And sea swept over by His mighty wind,—
All these have passed away, the melting dream
That flitted o'er the sleeper's half-shut eye,
When touched by morning's golden-darting
beam;
And he beholds around the earth and sky
That ever real stands, the rolling shores
And heaving billows of the boundless main,
That show, though time is past, no trace of
years.
And earth restored he sees as his again,
The earth that fades not and the heavens
that stand,
Their strong foundations laid by God's
right hand.

1839. *Jones Very.*

SONNETS

III

I WOULD not have this perfect love of ours
Grow from a single root, a single stem,
Bearing no goodly fruit, but only flowers
That idly hide Life's iron diadem:
It should grow alway like that Eastern tree
Whose limbs take root and spread forth constantly;
That love for one, from which there doth not spring
Wide love for all, is but a worthless thing.
Not in another world, as poets prate,
Dwell we apart, above the tide of things,
High floating o'er earth's clouds on faery wings;
But our pure love doth ever elevate
Into a holy bond of brotherhood
All earthly things, making them pure and good.

1840.

XXIV

THE STREET

THEY pass me by like shadows, crowds on crowds,
Dim ghosts of men, that hover to and fro,

Hugging their bodies around them, like thin
shrouds
Wherein their souls were buried long ago:
They trampled on their youth, and faith, and
love,
They cast their hope of human-kind away,
With Heaven's clear messages they madly strove,
And conquered,—and their spirits turned to clay:
Lo! how they wander round the world, their
grave,
Whose ever-gaping maw by such is fed,
Gibbering at living men, and idly rave,
"We, only, truly live, but ye are dead."
Alas! poor fools, the anointed eye may trace
A dead soul's epitaph in every face!

1843.

IX

My Love, I have no fear that thou shouldst die;
Albeit I ask no fairer life than this,
Whose numbering-clock is still thy gentle kiss,
While Time and Peace with hands enlockèd fly;
Yet care I not where in Eternity
We live and love, well knowing that there is
No backward step for those who feel the bliss
Of Faith as their most lofty yearnings high:

Love hath so purified my heart's strong core,
Meseems I scarcely should be startled, even

To find, some morn, that thou hadst gone before;
  Since, with thy love, this knowledge too was given,
Which each calm day doth strengthen more and more,
  That they who love are but one step from Heaven.

1841. *James Russell Lowell*

I

QUIET WORK

One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
  One lesson which in every wind is blown,
  One lesson of two duties kept at one
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity—
Of toil unsever'd from tranquillity!
  Of labour, that in lasting fruit outgrows
  Far noisier schemes, accomplish'd in repose,
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry!

Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
  Man's fitful uproar mingling with his toil,
Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,
Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting;
  Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,
Labourers that shall not fail, when man is gone.

1849.

2

SHAKESPEARE

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill.
Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foil'd searching of mortality;

And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,
Didst tread on earth unguess'd at,—Better so!
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

1849.

3

WORLDLY PLACE

EVEN in a palace, life may be led well!
So spake the imperial sage, purest of men,
Marcus Aurelius. But the stifling den
Of common life, where, crowded up pell-mell,
Our freedom for a little bread we sell,
And drudge under some foolish master's ken
Who rates us if we peer outside our pen—
Match'd with a palace, is not this a hell?

Even in a palace! On his truth sincere,
Who spoke these words, no shadow ever
came;
And when my ill-school'd spirit is aflame
Some nobler, ampler stage of life to win,
I 'll stop, and say: "There were no succour
here!
The aids to noble life are all within."

1867.

4

THE GOOD SHEPHERD WITH THE KID

He saves the sheep, the goats he doth not save.
So rang Tertullian's sentence, on the side
Of that unpitying Phrygian sect which cried:
"Him can no fount of fresh forgiveness lave,
Who sins, once wash'd by the baptismal wave."—
So spake the fierce Tertullian. But she sigh'd,
The infant Church! of love she felt the tide
Stream on her from her Lord's yet recent grave.

And then she smiled; and in the Catacombs,
With eye suffused but heart inspired true,
On those walls subterranean, where she hid
Her head 'mid ignominy, death, and tombs,
She her Good Shepherd's hasty image drew—
And on his shoulders, not a lamb, a kid.

1867. *Matthew Arnold.*

IV. LOVESIGHT

When do I see thee most, beloved one?
  When in the light the spirits of mine eyes
  Before thy face, their altar, solemnize
The worship of that Love through thee made
    known?
Or when in the dusk hours, (we two alone,)
  Close-kissed and eloquent of still replies
  Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,
And my soul only sees thy soul its own?

O love, my love! if I no more should see
Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,—
  How then should sound upon Life's dark-
    ening slope
  The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of
    Hope,
The wind of Death's imperishable wing?

1870.

V. HEART'S HOPE

By what word's power, the key of paths untrod,
  Shall I the difficult deeps of Love explore,
  Till parted waves of Song yield up the shore

Even as that sea which Israel crossed dryshod?
For lo! in some poor rhythmic period,
  Lady, I fain would tell how evermore
  Thy soul I know not from thy body, nor
Thee from myself, neither our love from God.

Yea, in God's name, and Love's, and thine, would I
  Draw from one loving heart such evidence
As to all hearts all things shall signify;
  Tender as dawn's first hill-fire, and intense
  As instantaneous penetrating sense,
In Spring's birth-hour, of other Springs gone by.

1881.

XII. THE LOVERS' WALK

SWEET twining hedgeflowers wind-stirred in no wise
  On this June day; and hand that clings in hand:—
  Still glades; and meeting faces scarcely fann'd:—
An osier-odored stream that draws the skies
Deep to its heart; and mirrored eyes in eyes:—
  Fresh hourly wonder o'er the Summer land
  Of light and cloud; and two souls softly spann'd
With one o'erarching heaven of smiles and sighs:—

Even such their path, whose bodies lean unto
  Each other's visible sweetness amorously,—
  Whose passionate hearts lean by Love's high
    decree
Together on his heart for ever true,
As the cloud-foaming firmamental blue
  Rests on the blue line of a foamless sea.
  1881.

XIX. SILENT NOON

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass,—
  The finger-points look through like rosy
    blooms:
  Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams
    and glooms
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.
All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
  Are golden kingcup-fields with silver edge
  Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn
    hedge.
'T is visible silence, still as the hour-glass.

Deep in the sun-searched growths the dragon-fly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky:—
  So this wing'd hour is dropt to us from
    above.
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,
This close-companioned inarticulate hour
  When twofold silence was the song of love.
  1881.

XXVII. HEART'S COMPASS

SOMETIMES thou seem'st not as thyself alone,
But as the meaning of all things that are;
A breathless wonder, shadowing forth afar
Some heavenly solstice hushed and halcyon;
Whose unstirred lips are music's visible tone;
Whose eyes the sun-gate of the soul unbar,
Being of its furthest fires oracular;—
The evident heart of all life sown and mown.

Even such love is; and is not thy name Love?
Yea, by thy hand the Love-god rends apart
All gathering clouds of Night's ambiguous art;
Flings them far down, and sets thine eyes above;
And simply, as some gage of flower or glove,
Stakes with a smile the world against thy heart.

1881.

XXXI. HER GIFTS

HIGH grace, the dower of queens; and therewithal
Some wood-born wonder's sweet simplicity;
A glance like water brimming with the sky
Or hyacinth-light where forest-shadows fall;

Such thrilling pallor of cheek as doth enthral
  The heart; a mouth whose passionate forms imply
  All music and all silence held thereby;
Deep golden locks, her sovereign coronal;

A round reared neck, meet column of Love's shrine
  To cling to when the heart takes sanctuary;
  Hands which for ever at Love's bidding be,
And soft-stirred feet still answering to his sign:—
These are her gifts, as tongue may tell them o'er.
Breathe low her name, my soul; for that means more.

1881.

XXXIV. THE DARK GLASS

Not I myself know all my love for thee:
  How should I reach so far, who cannot weigh
  To-morrow's dower by gage of yesterday?
Shall birth and death, and all dark names that be
As doors and windows bared to some loud sea,
  Lash deaf mine ears and blind my face with spray;
  And shall my sense pierce love,—the last relay
And ultimate outpost of eternity?

Lo! what am I to Love, the lord of all?
One murmuring shell he gathers from the sand,—
One little heart-flame sheltered in his hand.
Yet through thine eyes he grants me clearest call
And veriest touch of powers primordial
That any hour-girt life may understand.

1881.

LVI. TRUE WOMAN—I. HERSELF

To be a sweetness more desired than Spring;
A bodily beauty more acceptable
Than the wild rose-tree's arch that crowns the fell;
To be an essence more environing
Than wine's drained juice; a music ravishing
More than the passionate pulse of Philomel;—
To be all this 'neath one soft bosom's swell
That is the flower of life:—how strange a thing!

How strange a thing to be what Man can know
But as a sacred secret! Heaven's own screen
Hides her soul's purest depth and loveliness glow;
Closely withheld, as all things most unseen,—
The wave-bowered pearl,—the heart-shaped seal of green
That flecks the snowdrop underneath the snow.

LVII. TRUE WOMAN—II. HER LOVE

She loves him; for her infinite soul is Love,
  And he her lodestar. Passion in her is
  A glass facing his fire, where the bright bliss
Is mirrored, and the heat returned. Yet move
That glass, a stranger's amorous flame to prove,
  And it shall turn, by instant contraries,
  Ice to the moon; while her pure fire to his
For whom it burns, clings close i' the heart's
    alcove.

Lo! they are one. With wifely breast to breast
  And circling arms, she welcomes all command
  Of love,—her soul to answering ardors fann'd:
Yet as morn springs or twilight sinks to rest,
Ah! who shall say she deems not loveliest
  The hour of sisterly sweet-hand-in-hand?

LVIII. TRUE WOMAN—III. HER HEAVEN

If to grow old in Heaven is to grow young,
  (As the Seer saw and said,) then blest were he
  With youth for evermore, whose heaven
    should be
True Woman, she whom these weak notes have
    sung,
Here and hereafter,—choir-strains of her tongue,—
  Sky-spaces of her eyes,—sweet signs that flee
  About her soul's immediate sanctuary,—
Were Paradise all uttermost worlds among.

The sunrise blooms and withers on the hill
  Like any hillflower; and the noblest troth
  Dies here to dust. Yet shall Heaven's promise
    clothe
Even yet those lovers who have cherished still
This test for love:—in every kiss sealed fast
To feel the first kiss and forbode the last.

1881.

XCVII. A SUPERSCRIPTION

Look in my face; my name is Might-have-been;
  I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell;
  Unto thine ear I hold the dead-sea shell
Cast up thy Life's foam-fretted feet between;
Unto thine eyes the glass where that is seen
  Which had Life's form and Love's, but by
    my spell
  Is now a shaken shadow intolerable,
Of ultimate things unuttered the frail screen.

Mark me, how still I am! But should there dart
  One moment through thy soul the soft surprise
  Of that winged Peace which lulls the breath
    of sighs,—
Then shalt thou see me smile, and turn apart
Thy visage to mine ambush at thy heart
  Sleepless with cold commemorative eyes.

1870. *Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*

ONE CERTAINTY

VANITY of vanities, the Preacher saith,
All things are vanity. The eye and ear
Cannot be filled with what they see and hear.
Like early dew, or like the sudden breath
Of wind, or like the grass that withereth,
Is man, tossed to and fro by hope and fear:
So little joy hath he, so little cheer,
Till all things end in the long dust of death.

To-day is still the same as yesterday,
To-morrow also even as one of them;
And there is nothing new under the sun:
Until the ancient race of Time be run,
The old thorns shall grow out of the old stem,
And morning shall be cold and twilight grey.

1849. *Christina Georgina Rossetti.*

"BETWEEN THE SUNKEN SUN AND THE NEW MOON"[1]

BETWEEN the sunken sun and the new moon,
I stood in fields through which a rivulet ran
With scarce perceptible motion, not a span
Of its smooth surface trembling to the tune

[1]Copyright, 1882, D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

Of sunset breezes: "O delicious boon,"
  I cried, "of quiet! wise is Nature's plan,
  Who, in her realm, as in the soul of man,
Alternates storm with calm, and the loud noon

With dewy evening's soft and sacred lull:
  Happy the heart that keeps its twilight hour,
And, in the depths of heavenly peace reclined,
  Loves to commune with thoughts of tender
    power;
Thoughts that ascend, like angels beautiful,
A shining Jacob's ladder of the mind."

1855. *Paul Hamilton Hayne.*

HOW MY SONG OF HER BEGAN

God made my lady lovely to behold;
  Above the painter's dream he set her face,
  And wrought her body in divinest grace,
He touch'd the brown hair with a sense of
    gold,
And in the perfect form He did enfold
  What was alone as perfect, the sweet heart;
  Knowledge most rare to her He did impart,
And fill'd with love and worship all her days.

And then God thought Him how it would be
    well
  To give her music, and to Love He said,

How My Song of Her Began

"Bring thou some minstrel now that he may tell
How fair and sweet a thing my hands have made."
Then at Love's call I came, bow'd down my head,
And at His will my lyre grew audible.

1875. *Philip Bourke Marston.*

EPIGRAMS

RESPICE FINEM

My soul, sit thou a patient looker-on;
Judge not the play before the play is done
Her plot hath many changes; every day
Speaks a new scene; the last act crowns
the play.

1635. *Francis Quarles.*

FAME

Her house is all of echo made
Where never dies the sound;
And as her brows the clouds invade,
Her feet do strike the ground.

Ben Jonson.

"HOW NEAR TO GOOD IS WHAT IS FAIR"

How near to good is what is fair!
Which we no sooner see,
But with the lines and outward air
Our senses taken be.

We wish to see it still, and prove
What ways we may deserve;
We court, we praise, we more than love:
We are not grieved to serve.

1616. *Ben Jonson.*

A BURNT SHIP

Out of a fired ship, which by no way
But drowning could be rescued from the flame,
Some men leap'd forth, and ever as they came
Near the foes' ships, did by their shot decay;
So all were lost, which in the ship were found,
They in the sea being burnt, they in the burnt
ship drowned.

1633. *John Donne.*

ON MILTON

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty, in both the last:
The force of Nature could no further go;
To make a third, she joined the former two.

1688. *John Dryden.*

ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT

I know a thing that 's most uncommon;
(Envy, be silent and attend!)
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend: 4

Lines Written on a Bank-Note

Not warp'd by passion, awed by rumour;
  Not grave through pride, nor gay through
    folly;
An equal mixture of good-humour
  And sensible soft melancholy.

"Has she no faults then (Envy says), Sir?"
  Yes, she has one, I must aver:
When all the world conspires to praise her,
  The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

1727. *Alexander Pope.*

"WHEN LOVELY WOMAN STOOPS TO FOLLY"

When lovely woman stoops to folly
  And finds too late that men betray,—
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
  What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
  To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover
  And wring his bosom, is—to die.

1766. *Oliver Goldsmith.*

LINES WRITTEN ON A BANK-NOTE

Wae worth thy power, thou cursed leaf!
Fell source of a' my woe and grief,

For lack o' thee I 've lost my lass,
For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass!
I see the children of affliction
Unaided, through thy curs'd restriction.
I 've seen the oppressor's cruel smile
Amid his hapless victims' spoil;
And for thy potence vainly wish'd
To crush the villain in the dust.
For lack o' thee I leave this much-lov'd shore,
Never, perhaps, to greet old Scotland more.

1814. *Robert Burns.*

"MY HEART LEAPS UP WHEN I BEHOLD"

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

1802. 1807. *William Wordsworth.*

THE GOOD GREAT MAN

"How seldom, friend! a good great man inherits
Honour and wealth, with all his worth and pains!

Hearts-Ease

It seems a story from the world of spirits
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merits that which he obtains. 5

For shame, dear friend, renounce this idle strain!
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
Place, titles, salary, a gilded chain,
Or throne of corses which his sword had slain?
Greatness and goodness are not *means,* but *ends.* 10

Hath he not always treasures, always friends,—
The good great man? *Three* treasures,—love, and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death. 15

1802. *Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

HEARTS-EASE

THERE is a flower I wish to wear,
But not until first worn by you,
Hearts-ease of all earth's flowers most rare;
Bring it; and bring enough for two.

1858. *Walter Savage Lander*

ABSENCE

HERE, ever since you went abroad,
  If there be change, no change I see,
I only walk our wonted road,
  The road is only walk'd by me. 4

Yes; I forgot; a change there is—
  Was it of *that* you bade me tell?
I catch at times, at times I miss
  The sight, the tone, I know so well. 8

Only two months since you stood here!
  Two shortest months! Then tell me why
Voices are harsher than they were,
  And tears are longer ere they dry. 12

1846. *Walter Savage Landor.*

"PROUD WORD YOU NEVER SPOKE"

PROUD word you never spoke, but you will speak
  Four not exempt from pride some future day.
Resting on one white hand a warm wet cheek
  Over my open volume you will say,
"This man loved *me!*" then rise and trip away.

1846. *Walter Savage Landor*

SEPARATION

THERE is a mountain and a wood between us,
Where the lone shepherd and late bird
have seen us
Morning and noon and even-tide repass.
Between us now the mountain and the wood
Seem standing darker than last year they stood,
And say we must not cross—alas! alas!

1853. *Walter Savage Landor.*

"DEATH STANDS ABOVE ME"

DEATH stands above me, whispering low
I know not what into my ear:
Of his strange language all I know
Is, there is not a word of fear.

1853. *Walter Savage Landor.*

"I WONDER NOT THAT YOUTH REMAINS"

I WONDER not that Youth remains
With you, wherever else she flies:
Where could she find such fair domains,
Where bask beneath such sunny eyes?

1853. *Walter Savage Landor.*

ON HIS SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

I STROVE with none; for none was worth my strife,
Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life,
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

1853. *Walter Savage Landor.*

FORBEARANCE

HAST thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

1842. *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

DAYS

DAUGHTERS of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds
    them all.
I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

1858. *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THE TEST

I HUNG my verses in the wind,
Time and tide their faults may find.
All were winnowed through and through,
Five lines lasted sound and true;
Five were smelted in a pot
Than the South more fierce and hot;
These the siroc could not melt,
Fire their fiercer flaming felt,

And the meaning was more white
Than July's meridian light.
Sunshine cannot bleach the snow,
Nor time unmake what poets know.
Have you eyes to find the five
Which five hundred did survive?

1861. *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

1869. *Lord Tennyson.*

"WITH WHOM IS NO VARIABLENESS. NEITHER SHADOW OF TURNING"

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so:
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

1862. *Arthur Hugh Clough.*

A CAUTION TO POETS

WHAT poets feel not, when they make
  A pleasure in creating,
The world, in *its* turn, will not take
  Pleasure in contemplating.

1867. *Matthew Arnold.*

THE SKY

THE sky is a drinking-cup,
  That was overturned of old,
And it pours in the eyes of men
  Its wine of airy gold.

We drink that wine all day,
  Till the last drop is drained up,
And are lighted off to bed
  By the jewels in the cup!

Richard Henry Stoddard.

BIRDS

BIRDS are singing round my window,
  Tunes the sweetest ever heard,
And I hang my cage there daily,
  But I never catch a bird.

So with thoughts my brain is peopled,
And they sing there all day long:
But they will not fold their pinions
In the little cage of Song!

Richard Henry Stoddard.

"OUR SHARE OF NIGHT TO BEAR"

Our share of night to bear,
Our share of morning,
Our blank in bliss to fill,
Our blank in scorning.

Here a star, and there a star,
Some lose their way.
Here a mist, and there a mist,
Afterwards—day!

1890. *Emily Dickinson.*

"HEART, WE WILL FORGET HIM"

Heart, we will forget him!
You and I to-night!
You may forget the warmth he gave,
I will forget the light.

When you have done, pray tell me,
That I my thoughts may dim;
Haste! lest while you 're lagging,
I may remember him!

1896. *Emily Dickinson.*

THE LAST WISH

SINCE all that I can ever do for thee
  Is to do nothing, this my prayer must be:
That thou may'st never guess nor ever see
  The all-endured this nothing-done costs me.

1857. *Earl of Lytton.*

THE STIRRUP-CUP

DEATH, thou 'rt a cordial old and rare:
Look how compounded, with what care!
Time got his wrinkles reaping thee
Sweet herbs from all antiquity. 4

David to thy distillage went,
Keats, and Gotama excellent,
Omar Khayyam, and Chaucer bright,
And Shakespeare for a king-delight. 8

Then, Time, let not a drop be spilt:
Hand me the cup whene'er thou wilt;
'T is thy rich stirrup-cup to me;
I 'll drink it down right smilingly. 12

1877. *Sidney Lanier.*

SELECTIONS FROM THE LATER POETRY

Sonnets

Epigrams

"AS IN THE MIDST OF BATTLE THERE IS ROOM"*

As in the midst of battle there is room
  For thoughts of love, and in foul sin for mirth;
  As gossips whisper of a trinket's worth
Spied by the death-bed's flickering candle
    gloom; 4
As in the crevices of Cæsar's tomb
  The sweet herbs flourish on a little earth:
  So in this great disaster of our birth
We can be happy, and forget our doom. 8

For morning, with a ray of tenderest joy
  Gilding the iron heaven, hides the truth,
And evening gently woos us to employ
  Our grief in idle catches. Such is youth; 12
Till from that summer's trance we wake, to find
Despair before us, vanity behind.

George Santayana.

"THERE'S ROSEMARY"

O love that is not love, but dear, so dear!
  That is not love because it goes so soon,

*Reprinted by permission of Duffield and Company, publishers of Mr. Santayana's "Sonnets."

Like flower born and dead within one moon,
And yet is love, for that it comes full near 4
The guarded fane where love alone may peer,
Ere, like young Spring by Summer soon outshone,
It trembles into death, but comes anon,
As thoughts of Spring will come though Summer's here. 8

O star full sweet, though one arose more fair,
Within my heart I'll keep a heaven for thee
Where thou mayst freely come and freely go,
Touching with thy pale gold the twilight air 12
Where dream-closed buds could never flower show,
Yet fragrant keep the shadowy way for me.

Olive Tilford Dargan.

TRICKSTERS*

I AM bewildered still and teased by elves
That cloud about me even through city streets.
One sings a stave and one a dream repeats,
One, crueller, in some old resentment delves; 4
I am aware they are my other selves,
Yet to what dazzling vision each entreats,
Casting a glamour over shams and cheats,
Ennobling cant, buzzing by tens and twelves! 8

*First published in *The Yale Review* and reprinted here with the consent of that periodical.

The City

So then my smiling grieves the passer-by,
I strut in all vocations not my own,
Wearing the centuries like a baldric slung;
Whilst shabby I gawk at this splendid I. 12
Chronos and Momus through my lips intone,
Archangels, heroes,—rascals yet unhung!

William Rose Benét

THE CITY

WHEN, sick of all the sorrow and distress
  That flourished in the City like foul weeds,
  I sought blue rivers and green, opulent meads,
And leagues of unregarded loneliness 4
Whereon no foot of man had seemed to press,
  I did not know how great had been my needs,
  How wise the woodland's gospels and her creeds,
How good her faith to one long comfortless. 8

But in the silence came a Voice to me;
  In every wind it murmured, and I knew
    It would not cease though far my heart might roam.
It called me in the sunrise and the dew, 12
  At noon and twilight, sadly, hungrily,
    The jealous City, whispering always—
      "Home!"

Charles Hanson Towne

THE AUTOMOBILE

FLUID the world flowed under us: the hills
  Billow on billow of umbrageous green
  Heaved us, aghast, to fresh horizons, seen
One rapturous instant, blind with flash of rills 4
And silver-rising storms and dewy stills
  Of dripping boulders, till the dim ravine
  Drowned us again in leafage, whose serene
Coverts grew loud with our tumultuous wills. 8

Then all of Nature's old amazement seemed
  Sudden to ask us: "Is this also Man?
  This plunging, volant, land-amphibian
What Plato mused and Paracelsus dreamed? 12
  Reply!" And piercing us with ancient scan,
The shrill, primeval hawk gazed down—and screamed.

Percy MacKaye.

AT GIBRALTAR

I

ENGLAND, I stand on thy imperial ground,
Not all a stranger; as thy bugles blow,
I feel within my blood old battles flow—
The blood whose ancient founts in thee are found.
Still surging dark against the Christian bound

Wide Islam presses; well its peoples know
Thy heights that watch them wandering below; 7
I think how Lucknow heard their gathering sound.
I turn, and meet the cruel, turbaned face.
England, 't is sweet to be so much thy son!
I feel the conqueror in my blood and race;
Last night Trafalgar awed me, and to-day
Gibraltar wakened; hark, thy evening gun
Startles the desert over Africa! 14

II

Thou art the rock of empire, set mid-seas
Between the East and West, that God has built;
Advance thy Roman borders where thou wilt,
While run thy armies true with His decrees.
Law, justice, liberty—great gifts are these;
Watch that they spread where English blood is spilt,
Lest, mixed and sullied with his country's guilt, 7
The soldier's life-stream flow, and Heaven displease!
Two swords there are; one naked, apt to smite,
Thy blade of war; and, battle-storied, one
Rejoices in the sheath, and hides from light.
American I am; would wars were done!
Now westward, look, my country bids good-night—
Peace to the world from ports without a gun! 14

George Edward Woodberry.

RESURGAM*

I

Now is a great and shining company,
Choired like stars before the break of day,
So radiant, their silence is like singing,
Like mist of music down the Milky Way;
And they who wake, hearing the dawn wind bringing 5
Comfort of voices, are content and stay
A little while their tears, forbear the clinging
Of hands that hinder youth at last made free.

There is no death, nor change, nor any ending,
Only a journey, and so many go, 10
That we who stay at length discern the blending
Of the two roads, two breaths, two lives, and so
Come to the high and quiet knowledge that the dead
Are but ourselves made beautiful instead.

II

And you, O best beloved of them all,
How is it with you? Is it well indeed?
Or is there in the vivid quiet need

*From "Songs and Portraits," by Maxwell Struthers Burt, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1920.

Resurgam

Of some familiar task; yet does the call
Of the warm earth, the rise and fall 5
Of accents you held dear, when in the night
They talk of you, trouble the wingèd light?
O foolish question wisdom should forestall!
Now are you most immediate: so near,
That there is left no thing between us; no, 10
Nor veil of life. Ah dear, my very dear,
Only the dead are close and never apart,
Speaking in lucid sentences, and so,
Can find their way unhampered to a heart.

III

There is a wind that blows from earth when dusk
is coming,
Laden with richness of the stored up day;
The secret warmth of hidden paths; the humming
Of pollened bees; the sweetness of damp hay;
And mist along a shining valley stream; 5
And green cool reaches where the bending trees,
After the hot noon, listen for the breeze:
All this, I know, is part of your new dream.
And when I wake, and death seems most unfair,
Even then is some new mystery on the air, 10
Of scent, or sound, or loveliness of hue,
Stirring my heart and making me aware
I cannot grasp the rapture now of you,
Who were so close to dawn, and trees, and dew.

Maxwell Struthers Burt.

OUTWITTED*

He drew a circle that shut me out—
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But Love and I had the wit to win:
We drew a circle that took him in!

Edwin Markham.

THE EARLY MORNING

The moon on the one hand, the dawn on the other:
The moon is my sister, the dawn is my brother.
The moon on my left and the dawn on my right.
My brother, good morning: my sister, good night.

Hilaire Belloc.

INSCRIPTION FOR A FIREPLACE†

I'm home's heart! Warmth I give and light,
If you but feed me.
I blossom in the winter night,
When most you need me.

4

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*Copyright by Edwin Markham, 1919, and used by his permission.

†From "Canzoni and Songs of Wedlock," by permission of the publishers, Harcourt, Brace and Company.

Sentence

To melt your cares, to warm your guest,
  My cheer's supplied you;
But, O! to know me at my best,
  Hold Her beside you! 8

T. A. Daly.

SECRET LAUGHTER

"I had a secret laughter"
—*Walter de la Mare.*

THERE is a secret laughter
That often comes to me,
And though I go about my work
As humble as can be,
There is no prince or prelate
  I envy—no, not one.
No evil can befall me—
  By God, I have a son!

Christopher Morley.

SENTENCE*

SHALL I say that what heaven gave
  Earth has taken?—
Or that sleepers in the grave
  Reawaken? 4

One sole sentence can I know,
  Can I say;
You, my comrade, had to go,
  I to stay. 8

Witter Bynner.

*From "Grenstone Poems," published by Alfred A. Knopf.

THE GHOSTLY GALLEY*

WHEN comes the ghostly galley
  Whose rowers dip the oar
Without a sound to startle us,
  Unheeding on the shore,— 4

If they should beckon you aboard
  Before they beckon me,
How could I bear the waiting time
  Till I should put to sea! 8

Jessie B. Rittenhouse.

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*From "The Door of Dreams," published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

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DESCRIPTIVE AND REFLECTIVE VERSE

INTRODUCTION

A GREAT many of the most interesting and, ultimately, the most valuable short poems in English literature show the poet in his function of prophet and seer. He looks out upon nature and his fellow-men and in upon his own soul, with its complex of aspiration and disappointment, and in all this bewildering circumstance he sees further than other men see; he teaches them how to meet the issues of life, or presents by his imagination, in Ruskin's phrase, "noble grounds for noble emotions." In this conception the poet is an interpreter, actuated not only by emotion and the gift of expression but by insight and wisdom. No other function of the poet is more universally recognized. Poet and prophet were the same with the Hebrews, and no men now are more truly infidels than those who deny the wisdom of the poets. The key to the composition of this volume is that these poems are interpretative. They are various in aspect and in temper; but in all of them the poet is making his "perpetual endeavor to express the spirit of things." The poetry, here, is not the spontaneous outburst of the poet's heart; it softens that, and adds to it a

remoter charm bestowed by contemplation. This is perhaps the very noblest function of the lyric poet, that he shall thus translate into thought the emotions of his heart.

Most of the poems here are lyrics and consequently freely varying in form. A few of the character pieces have a strong dramatic quality and some reflective verse is but poorly covered by the term lyric at the best. It is interesting to see the larger proportion, as compared with the volume of pure lyrics, of blank verse and of other linked and continued measures. As the emotional element of the verse becomes less intense, the melody becomes gentler and less obtrusive,—in other words, form and content are not to be divorced.

The first section of the volume contains poems which interpret nature, the "breath and finer spirit" of things seen and heard. Contemplative geniuses, like Wordsworth, offer the typical poems. That dictum of his, finely descriptive of his own method, but not, as he supposed, of the universal mood of poetic creation, shows the prevailing temper of the descriptive poems in this volume. "Poetry," he says, "is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings, taking its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity." This translation of the heart of nature, this application of its sights and sounds to our situation in the world, is characteristic of all great nature poets. Burns sees his own fate in the daisy perishing beneath his plow. Lanier glories in Sun and Sunrise with

a feeling intense and personal. The slow-moving reverent fidelity of Wordsworth shows us that he is trying to express what nature has actually wrought upon his emotions. The descriptive method of their poems is not enumerative or topographical. By virtue of the transformation in the mind of the poet they are more strictly selective and suggestive than other poetry. The image comes back robbed of inessential features and endowed with its true significance.

The remarks just made about descriptive lyrics apply also to the second section of this volume. It is made up of a group of portraits of people. Human figures are there described in a manner analogous to that of the nature pieces mentioned above. They are not individualized but contemplated and interpreted. With Wordsworth, in *The Solitary Reaper* and *Stepping Westward,* for example, the figures seem to lose personality and become merely features of the landscape. In Longfellow and Whittier the figures often represent trades and classes. Other poems like *The Lotos-Eaters, The Men of Old,* and *Robin Hood* are finely romantic. Others, like Hood's *Ruth,* are idyllic. A few, like *On a Bust of Dante, Memorabilia,* and several poems addressed to poets and people, are personal lyrics inspired by the contemplation of other men.

The third section of the volume presents considerable contrast in temper to the first two. It is made up of character pieces of the less dramatic sort, those in which action and situation

are not so important as to make the dramatic element overpowering. They are, for the most part, reflective poems uttered from the point of view of another person, and therefore doubly illuminative. The dramatic element is perhaps very small in a poem like *Locksley Hall;* but, according to Tennyson's own statement to the editor of these volumes, he was not speaking for himself, but had assumed in the poem the point of view of the open-eyed and sanguine, albeit disappointed and rather cynical, young man who speaks the lines. In other poems, like *Ulysses,* the dramatic element is much greater, but none of them is, properly speaking, a dramatic monologue. They are too far removed from the conventionality of the drama.

The final section of the volume is taken up with reflective verse. The elegies and hymns are in another volume, so also are the odes. A good deal of the more obviously reflective verse is therefore elsewhere provided for. There remains, however, a considerable quantity which deals with life's philosophy. The best of it comes from the last century; for just as it is the sort of verse to be expected from a period of wide-spread spiritual endeavor, so this lyrical century has been very exacting in its demands upon reflective verse. Almost none will be found here which is not highly emotionalized, and intensely personal in its nature.

HARDIN CRAIG.

THE INTERPRETATION OF NATURE

I

L'ALLEGRO

HENCE, loathèd Melancholy,
  Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
  'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and
    sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
  Where brooding Darkness spreads his
    jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
  There, under ebon shades and low-browed
    rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
  In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell. 10
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore:
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying, 20

There, on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
  Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathèd smiles
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek; 30
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovèd pleasures free; 40
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin; 50
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:

Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state, 60
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
  Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landskip round it measures: 70
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied;
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes. 80
Hard by a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
Are at their savoury dinner set

Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead. 90
  Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the chequered shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail:
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale, 100
With stories told of many a feat,
How Faery Mab the junkets eat.
She was pinched and pulled, she said;
And he, by Friar's lanthorn led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down, the lubbar fiend, 110
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.

Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold, 120
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream. 130
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out 140
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear

Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice. 150
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

1632? 1645. *John Milton.*

II

IL PENSEROSO

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,
  The brood of Folly without father bred!
How little you bested,
  Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
  And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
  As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
  The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train. 10
But, hail! thou Goddess sage and holy!
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,

Or that starred Ethiop Queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above 20
The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended:
Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she; in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain.
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove. 30
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come; but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes: 40
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retirèd Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure; 50

But, first and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
The Cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed oak. 60
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering Moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way, 70
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removèd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, 80
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,

Or the Bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold 90
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
And of those Dæmons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or underground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine, 100
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.
But, O sad Virgin! that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower;
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did seek;
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold, 110
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass

On which the Tartar King did ride;
And if aught else great Bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear. 120
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not tricked and frounced, as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchieft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute-drops from off the eaves. 130
And, when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There, in close covert, by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look, 140
Hide me from Day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep.

And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid. 150
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowèd roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light. 160
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell, 170
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

1632? 1645. *John Milton.*

THE GARDEN

How vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bays;
And their incessant labours see
Crown'd from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow-vergéd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flowers and trees do close,
To weave the garlands of Repose. 8

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow;
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude. 16

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name:
Little, alas, they know or heed
How far these beauties hers exceed!
Fair trees! wheres'e'er your bark I wound,
No name shall but your own be found. 24

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, that mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race;
Apollo hunted Daphne so
Only that she might laurel grow;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed
Not as a nymph, but for a reed. 32

What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass. 40

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas,
Annihilating all that 's made
To a green thought in a green shade. 48

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide;

There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and combs its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light. 56

Such was that happy garden-state
While man there walk'd without a mate:
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet!
But 't was beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two paradises 't were in one,
To live in paradise alone. 64

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers and herbs this dial new!
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run,
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckon'd, but with herbs and flowers? 72

1681. *Andrew Marvell.*

FROST AT MIDNIGHT

The Frost performs its secret ministry,
Unhelped by any wind. The owlet's cry
Came loud—and hark, again! loud as before.
The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,

Have left me to that solitude, which suits
Abstruser musings: save that at my side
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
'T is calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs
And vexes meditation with its strange
And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and wood, 10
This populous village! Sea, and hill, and wood,
With all the numberless goings-on of life,
Inaudible as dreams! the thin blue flame
Lies on my low-burnt fire, and quivers not;
Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature
Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
Making it a companionable form,
Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling Spirit 20
By its own moods interprets, everywhere
Echo or mirror seeking of itself,
And makes a toy of Thought.

But O! how oft,
How oft, at school, with most believing mind,
Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars,
To watch that fluttering *stranger!* and as oft
With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church-
tower,
Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang 30
From morn to evening, all the hot Fairday,
So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted me
With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear
Most like articulate sounds of things to come!

So gazed I, till the soothing things, I dreamt,
Lulled me to sleep, and sleep prolonged my
dreams!
And so I brooded all the following morn,
Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye
Fixed with mock study on my swimming book:
Save if the door half opened, and I snatched 40
A hasty glance, and still my heart leaped up,
For still I hoped to see the *stranger's* face,
Townsman, or aunt, or sister more beloved,
My play-mate when we both were clothed alike!

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought!
My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee, 50
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,
And in far other scenes! For I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
But *thou*, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible 60
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great universal Teacher! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch 70
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-drops fall
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.

1798. *Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

SUNRISE

In my sleep I was fain of their fellowship, fain
Of the live-oak, the marsh, and the main.
The little green leaves would not let me alone
in my sleep;
Up-breathed from the marshes, a message of
range and of sweep,
Interwoven with wafters of wild sea-liberties,
drifting,
Came through the lapped leaves sifting,
sifting,
Came to the gates of sleep.
Then my thoughts, in the dark of the dungeon-
keep
Of the Castle of Captives hid in the City of
Sleep,

Upstarted, by twos and by threes assembling; 10
The gates of sleep fell a-trembling
Like as the lips of a lady that forth falter *yes,*
Shaken with happiness:
The gates of sleep stood wide.

I have waked, I have come, my beloved! I
might not abide:
I have come ere the dawn, O beloved, my
live-oaks, to hide
In your gospelling glooms,—to be
As a lover in heaven, the marsh my marsh and
the sea my sea.

Tell me, sweet burly-barked, man-embodied
Tree
That mine arms in the dark are embracing,
dost know 20
From what fount are these tears at thy feet
which flow?
They rise not from reason, but deeper inconse-
quent deeps.
Reason 's not one that weeps.
What logic of greeting lies
Betwixt dear over-beautiful trees and the rain
of the eyes?

O cunning green leaves, little masters! like
as ye gloss
All the dull-tissued dark with your luminous
darks that emboss

Sunrise

The vague blackness of night into pattern
and plan,
So,
(But would I could know, but would I
could know,)
With your question embroidering the dark of
the question of man,—
So, with your silences purfling this silence of man
While his cry to the dead for some knowledge
is under the ban,
Under the ban,—
So, ye have wrought me
Designs on the night of our knowledge,—yea,
ye have taught me,
So,
That haply we know somewhat more than we
know.

Ye lispers, whisperers, singers in storms,
Ye consciences murmuring faiths under
forms,
Ye ministers meet for each passion that
grieves,
Friendly, sisterly, sweetheart leaves,
Oh, rain me down from your darks that contain
me
Wisdoms ye winnow from winds that pain me,—
Sift down tremors of sweet-within-sweet
That advise me of more than they bring,—repeat
Me the woods-smell that swiftly but now brought
breath
From the heaven-side bank of the river of death,—

Teach me the terms of silence,—preach me
The passion of patience,—sift me,—impeach
me,— 50
And there, oh there
As ye hang with your myriad palms upturned
in the air,
Pray me a myriad prayer.
My gossip, the owl,—is it thou
That out of the leaves of the low-hanging
bough,
As I pass to the beach, art stirred?
Dumb woods, have ye uttered a bird?

. . . . . .

Reverend Marsh, low-couched along the sea,
Old chemist, rapt in alchemy,
Distilling silence,—lo, 60
That which our father-age had died to know—
The menstruum that dissolves all
matter—thou
Hast found it; for this silence, filling now
The globèd charity of receiving space,
This solves us all: man, matter, doubt, disgrace,
Death, love, sin, sanity,
Must in yon silence, clear solution lie,—
Too clear! That crystal nothing who 'll peruse?
The blackest night could bring us brighter news.
Yet precious qualities of silence haunt 70
Round these vast margins, ministrant.
Oh, if thy soul 's at latter gasp for space,
With trying to breathe no bigger than thy race
Just to be fellowed, when that thou hast found
No man with room, or grace enough of bound,

To entertain that New thou tellst, thou art,—
'T is here, 't is here, thou canst unhand thy
heart
And breathe it free, and breathe it free,
By rangy marsh, in lone sea-liberty.

The tide 's at full; the marsh with flooded
streams 80
Glimmers, a limpid labyrinth of dreams.
Each winding creek in grave entrancement lies
A rhapsody of morning-stars. The skies
Shine scant with one forked galaxy,—
The marsh brags ten: looped on his breast
they lie.

Oh, what if sound should be made!
Oh, what if a bound should be laid
To this bow-and-string tension of beauty and
silence a-spring,—
To the bend of beauty the bow, or the hold
of silence the string!
I fear me, I fear me yon dome of diaphanous
gleam 90
Will break as a bubble o'er-blown in a dream,—
Yon dome of too-tenuous tissues of space and
night,
Over-weighted with stars, over-freighted with
light,
Over-sated with beauty and silence, will seem
But a bubble that broke in a dream,
If a bound of degree to this grace be laid,
Or a sound or a motion made.

But no: it is made: list! somewhere,—mystery, where?
In the leaves? in the air?
In my heart? is a motion made: 100
'T is a motion of dawn, like a flicker of shade on shade.
In the leaves 't is palpable: low multitudinous stirring
Upwinds through the woods; the little ones, softly conferring,
Have settled my lord's to be looked for; so, they are still;
But the air and my heart and the earth are a-thrill,—
And look where the wild duck sails round the bend of the river,—
And look where a passionate shiver
Expectant is bending the blades
Of the marsh-grass in serial shimmers and shades,—
And invisible wings, fast fleeting, fast fleeting, 110
Are beating
The dark overhead as my heart beats,—and steady and free
Is the ebb-tide flowing from marsh to sea—
(Run home, little streams,
With your lapfuls of stars and dreams),—
And a sailor unseen is hoisting a-peak,
For list, down the inshore curve of the creek
How merrily flutters the sail,—
And lo, in the East! Will the East unveil?

The East is unveiled, the East hath confessed 120
A flush: 't is dead; 't is alive: 't is dead, ere
the West
Was aware of it: nay, 't is abiding, 't is unwith-
drawn:
Have a care, sweet Heaven! 'T is Dawn.

Now a dream of a flame through that dream of
a flush is uprolled:
To the zenith ascending, a dome of un-
dazzling gold
Is builded, in shape as a bee-hive, from out of
the sea:
The hive is of gold undazzling, but oh, the Bee,
The star-fed Bee, the build-fire Bee,
Of dazzling gold is the great Sun-Bee
That shall flash from the hive-hole over the
sea. 130

Yet now the dewdrop, now the morning
gray,
Shall live their little lucid sober day
Ere with the sun their souls exhale away.
Now in each pettiest personal sphere of dew
The summed moon shines complete as in the blue
Big dewdrop of all heaven: with these lit shrines
O'er silvered to the farthest sea-confines,
The sacramental marsh one pious plain
Of worship lies. Peace to the ante-reign
Of Mary Morning, blissful mother mild, 140
Minded of nought but peace, and of a child,

Not slower than Majesty moves, for a mean
and a measure
Of motion,—not faster than dateless Olympian
leisure
Might pace with unblown ample garments from
pleasure to pleasure,—
The wave-serrate sea-rim sinks unjarring,
unreeling,
Forever revealing, revealing, revealing,
Edgewise, bladewise, halfwise, wholewise,—'t is
done!
Good-morrow, Lord Sun!
With several voice, with ascription one,
The woods and the marsh and the sea and my
soul 150
Unto thee, whence the glittering stream of all
morrows doth roll,
Cry good and past good and most heavenly
morrow, Lord Sun.

O Artisan born in the purple,—Workman Heat,—
Parter of passionate atoms that travail to meet
And be mixed in the death-cold oneness,—
innermost Guest
At the marriage of elements,—fellow of pub-
licans,—blest
King in the blouse of flame, that loiterest o'er
The idle skies yet laborest past evermore,—
Thou, in the fine forge-thunder, thou, in the beat
Of the heart of a man, thou Motive,—Laborer
Heat: 160

Yea, Artist, thou, of whose art yon sea 's all
news,
With his inshore greens and manifold mid-sea
blues,
Pearl-glint, shell-tint, ancientest, perfectest hues
Ever shaming the maidens,—lily and rose
Confess thee, and each mild flame that glows
In the clarified virginal bosoms of stones that
shine,
It is thine, it is thine:

Thou chemist of storms, whether driving the
winds a-swirl
Or a-flicker the subtiler essences polar that whirl
In the magnet earth,—yea, thou with a storm
for a heart, 170
Rent with debate, many-spotted with question,
part
From part oft sundered, yet ever a globed light,
Yet ever the artist, ever more large and bright
Than the eye of a man may avail of:—manifold
One,
I must pass from the face, I must pass from the
face of the Sun:
Old Want is awake and agog, every wrinkle
a-frown;
The worker must pass to his work in the
terrible town:
But I fear not, nay, and I fear not the thing to
be done;
I am strong with the strength of my lord
the Sun:

How dark, how dark soever the race that must
needs be run, 180
I am lit with the Sun.

Oh, never the mast-high run of the seas
Of traffic shall hide thee,
Never the hell-colored smoke of the factories
Hide thee,
Never the reek of the time's fen-politics
Hide thee,
And ever my heart through the night shall with
knowledge abide thee,
And ever by day shall my spirit, as one that
hath tried thee,
Labor, at leisure, in art,—till yonder beside
thee 190
My soul shall float, friend Sun,
The day being done.

1882. *Sidney Lanier.*

A FOREST HYMN

The groves were God's first temples. Ere
man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he
framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks

And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place, 10
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at
least, 20
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy if it find
Acceptance in His ear.

Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns, thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look
down
Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They in thy sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy
breeze,
And shot towards heaven. The century-living
crow, 30
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and
died
Among their branches, till at last they stood,
As now they stand, massy and tall and dark,

Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here—thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds 40
That run along the summit of these trees
In music; thou art in the cooler breath
That from the inmost darkness of the place
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
Here is continual worship;—Nature, here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs, 50
Wells softly forth and wandering steeps the roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in the shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak—
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated—not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,

E'er wore his crown as loftily as he 60
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower
With scented breath and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this great universe.

My heart is awed within me when I think 70
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me,—the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on thy works I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die—but see again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors 80
Moulder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost
One of Earth's charms! upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch-enemy Death—yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne, the sepulchre,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end. 90

There have been holy men who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them;—and there have been holy men
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies, 100
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink
And tremble and are still. O God! when thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
With all the waters of the firmament,
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
Uprises the great deep, and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities—who forgets not, at the sight 110
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad unchained elements to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

1825. *William Cullen Bryant.*

WALDEINSAMKEIT

I do not count the hours I spend
In wandering by the sea;
The forest is my loyal friend,
Like God it useth me. 4

In plains that room for shadows make
Of skirting hills to lie,
Bound in by streams which give and take
Their colors from the sky; 8

Or on the mountain-crest sublime,
Or down the oaken glade,
O what have I to do with time?
For this the day was made. 12

Cities of mortals woe-begone
Fantastic care derides,
But in the serious landscape lone
Stern benefit abides. 16

Sheen will tarnish, honey cloy,
And merry is only a mask of sad,
But, sober on a fund of joy,
The woods at heart are glad. 20

There the great Planter plants
Of fruitful worlds the grain,
And with a million spells enchants
The souls that walk in pain. 24

Still on the seeds of all he made
The rose of beauty burns;
Through times that wear and forms
that fade,
Immortal youth returns. 28

The black ducks mounting from the lake,
The pigeon in the pines,
The bittern's boom, a desert make
Which no false art refines. 32

Down in yon watery nook,
Where bearded mists divide,
The gray old gods whom Chaos knew,
The sires of Nature, hide. 36

Aloft, in secret veins of air,
Blows the sweet breath of song,
O, few to scale those uplands dare,
Though they to all belong! 40

See thou bring not to field or stone
The fancies found in books;
Leave authors' eyes, and fetch your own,
To brave the landscape's looks. 44

The Oak

Oblivion here thy wisdom is,
Thy thrift, the sleep of cares;
For a proud idleness like this
Crowns all thy mean affairs. 48

1858. *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THE OAK

Live thy Life,
  Young and old,
Like yon oak,
Bright in spring,
  Living gold; 5

Summer-rich
  Then; and then
Autumn-changed,
Soberer-hued
  Gold again. 10

All his leaves
  Fallen at length,
Look, he stands,
Trunk and bough,
  Naked strength. 15

1889. *Lord Tennyson.*

A STRIP OF BLUE

I do not own an inch of land,
  But all I see is mine,—
The orchard and the mowing-fields,
  The lawns and gardens fine.
The winds my tax-collectors are,
  They bring me tithes divine,—
Wild scents and subtle essences,
  A tribute rare and free;
And, more magnificent than all,
  My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity,—
  A little strip of sea. 12

Richer am I than he who owns
  Great fleets and argosies;
I have a share in every ship
  Won by the inland breeze,
To loiter on yon airy road
  Above the apple-trees.
I freight them with my untold dreams;
  Each bears my own picked crew;
And nobler cargoes wait for them
  Than ever India knew,—
My ships that sail into the East
  Across that outlet blue. 24

Sometimes they seem like living shapes,—
  The people of the sky,—
Guests in white raiment coming down
  From heaven, which is close by:
I call them by familiar names,
  As one by one draws nigh.
So white so light, so spirit-like,
  From violets mists they bloom!
The aching wastes of the unknown
  Are half reclaimed from gloom,
Since on life's hospitable sea
  All souls find sailing-room. 36

The ocean grows a weariness,
  With nothing else in sight;
Its east and west, its north and south,
  Spread out from morn till night;
We miss the warm, caressing shore,
  Its brooding shade and light.
A part is greater than the whole;
  By hints are mysteries told.
The fringes of eternity,—
  God's sweeping garment-fold,
In that bright shred of glittering sea,
  I reach out for and hold. 48

The sails, like flakes of roseate pearl,
  Float in upon the mist;
The waves are broken precious stones,—
  Sapphire and amethyst
Washed from celestial basement walls,
  By suns unsetting kissed.

Out through the utmost gates of space,
  Past where the gray stars drift,
To the widening Infinite, my soul
  Glides on, a vessel swift,
Yet loses not her anchorage
  In yonder azure rift. 60

Here sit I, as a little child;
  The threshold of God's door
Is that clear band of chrysoprase;
  Now the vast temple floor,
The blinding glory of the dome
  I bow my head before.
Thy universe, O God, is home,
  In height or depth, to me;
Yet here upon thy footstool green
  Content am I to be,
Glad when is oped unto my need
  Some sea-like glimpse of Thee. 72

1880. *Lucy Larcom.*

ON A PICTURE OF PEELE CASTLE, IN A STORM

I WAS thy neighbour once, thou rugged Pile!
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee:
I saw thee every day; and all the while
Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea. 4

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!
So like, so very like, was day to day!

Whene'er I looked, thy Image still was there;
It trembled, but it never passed away. 8

How perfect was the calm! it seemed no sleep;
No mood, which season takes away, or brings:
I could have fancied that the mighty Deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle Things. 12

Ah! THEN, if mine had been the Painter's hand,
To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,
The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream; 16

I would have planted thee, thou hoary Pile
Amid a world how different from this!
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile;
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss. 20

Thou shouldst have seemed a treasure-house divine
Of peaceful years; a chronicle of heaven;—
Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine
The very sweetest had to thee been given. 24

A Picture had it been of lasting ease,
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;
No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life. 28

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
Such Picture would I at that time have made:

And seen the soul of truth in every part,
A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed. 32

So once it would have been,—'t is so no more;
I have submitted to a new control:
A power is gone, which nothing can restore;
A deep distress hath humanised my Soul. 36

Not for a moment could I now behold
A smiling sea, and be what I have been:
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old;
This, which I know, I speak with mind serene. 40

Then, Beaumont, Friend! who would have been the Friend,
If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore,
This work of thine I blame not, but commend;
This sea in anger, and that dismal shore. 44

O 't is a passionate Work!—yet wise and well,
Well chosen in the spirit that is here;
That Hulk which labours in the deadly swell,
This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear! 48

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,
I love to see the look with which it braves,
Cased in the unfeeling armor of old time,
The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves. 52

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind!

Such happiness, wherever it be known,
Is to be pitied; for 't is surely blind. 56

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne!
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here.—
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn. 60

1805. 1807. *William Wordsworth.*

TINTERN ABBEY

Five years have past; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a soft inland murmur.—Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view 10
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines

Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms.
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods, 20
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone.
These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind, 30
With tranquil restoration:—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessèd mood,
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight 40
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened:—that serene and blessèd mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:

While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.
If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, Oh! how oft—
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer through the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days
And their glad animal movements all gone by)

To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood, 86
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thoughts supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned 90
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air, 100
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world

Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense, 110
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.
Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read 120
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 't is her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed 130
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free

To blow against thee: and, in after years, 140
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; Oh! then,
If solitude or fear or pain or grief
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance,—
If I should be where I no more can hear 150
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence—wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love—Oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs, 160
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

1798. *William Wordsworth.*

YARROW UNVISITED

From Stirling castle we had seen
The mazy Forth unravelled;
Had trod the banks of Clyde, and Tay,
And with the Tweed had travelled;
And when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my *"winsome Marrow,"*
"Whate'er betide, we 'll turn aside,
And see the Braes of Yarrow." 8

"Let Yarrow folk, *frae* Selkirk town,
Who have been buying, selling,
Go back to Yarrow, 't is their own;
Each maiden to her dwelling!
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow!
But we will downward with the Tweed,
Nor turn aside to Yarrow. 16

'There 's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,
Both lying right before us;
And Dryborough, where with chiming
Tweed
The lintwhites sing in chorus;
There 's pleasant Tiviot-dale, a land
Made blithe with plough and harrow:

Why throw away a needful day
To go in search of Yarrow? 24

"What 's Yarrow but a river bare,
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder."
—Strange words they seemed of slight and scorn
My True-love sighed for sorrow;
And looked me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow! 32

"Oh! green," said I, "are Yarrow's holms,
And sweet is Yarrow flowing!
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
But we will leave it growing.
O'er hilly path, and open Strath,
We 'll wander Scotland thorough;
But, though so near, we will not turn
Into the dale of Yarrow. 40

'Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow!
We will not see them; will not go,
To-day, nor yet to-morrow,
Enough if in our hearts we know
There 's such a place as Yarrow. 48

"Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!
It must, or we shall rue it:
We have a vision of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it?
The treasured dreams of times long past,
We 'll keep them, winsome Marrow!
For when we 're there, although 't is fair,
'T will be another Yarrow! 56

"If Care with freezing years should come,
And wandering seem but folly,—
Should we be loth to stir from home,
And yet be melancholy;
Should life be dull, and spirits low,
'T will soothe us in our sorrow,
That earth has something yet to show,
The bonny holms of Yarrow!" 64

1803. 1807. *William Wordsworth.*

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN

Glooms of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided and woven
With intricate shades of the vines that myriad-cloven
Clamber the forks of the multiform boughs,—
Emerald twilights,—
Virginal shy lights,
Wrought of the leaves to allure to the whisper of vows,

When lovers pace timidly down through the green colonnades
Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear dark woods,
Of the heavenly woods and glades,
That run to the radiant marginal sand-beach within 10
The wide sea-marshes of Glynn;—

Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noon-day fire,—
Wildwood privacies, closets of lone desire,
Chamber from chamber parted with wavering arras of leaves,—
Cells for the passionate pleasure of prayer to the soul that grieves,
Pure with a sense of the passing of saints through the wood,
Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill with good;—

O braided dusks of the oak and woven shades of the vine,
While the riotous noon-day sun of the June-day long did shine
Ye held me fast in your heart and I held you fast in mine; 20
But now when the noon is no more, and riot is rest,
And the sun is a-wait at the ponderous gate of the West,
And the slant yellow beam down with the wood-aisle doth seem
Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream,—

Ay, now, when my soul all day hath drunken
soul of the oak,
And my heart is at ease from men, and the
wearisome sound of the stroke
Of the scythe of time and the trowel of trade
is low,
And belief overmasters doubt, and I know
that I know,
And my spirit is grown to a lordly great
compass within,
That the length and the breadth and the sweep
of the marshes of Glynn 30
Will work me no fear like the fear they have
wrought me of yore
When length was fatigue, and when breadth was
but bitterness sore,
And when terror and shrinking and dreary
unnamable pain
Drew over me out of the merciless miles of the
plain,—

Oh, now, afraid, I am fain to face
The vast sweet visage of space.
To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I am
drawn,
Where the gray beach glimmering runs, as a
belt of the dawn,
For a mete and a mark
To the forest-dark:— 40
So:
Affable live-oak, leaning low,—

Thus—with your favor—soft, with a reverent hand,
(Not lightly touching your person, Lord of the land!)
Bending your beauty aside, with a step I stand
On the firm-packed sand,
Free
By a world of marsh that borders a world of sea.
Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the shimmering band
Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of the marsh to the folds of the land. 50
Inward and outward to northward and southward the beach-lines linger and curl
As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and follows the firm sweet limbs of a girl.
Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight,
Softly the sand-beach wavers away to a dim gray looping of light.
And what if behind me to westward the wall of the woods stands high?
The world lies east: how ample, the marsh and the sea and the sky!
A league and a league of marsh-grass, waist-high, broad in the blade,
Green, and all of a height, and unflecked with a light or a shade,
Stretch leisurely off, in a pleasant plain,
To the terminal blue of the main. 60

Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?
Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of sin,
By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes of Glynn.

Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-withholding and free
Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to the sea!
Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and the sun,
Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath mightily won
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain
And sight out of blindness and purity out of stain. 70

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God:
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies:
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God:

Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.

And the sea lends large, as the marsh: lo, out of his plenty the sea
Pours fast: full soon the time of the flood-tide must be: 80
Look how the grace of the sea doth go
About and about through the intricate channels that flow
Here and there
Everywhere,
Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks and the low-lying lanes,
And the marsh is meshed with a million veins,
That like as with rosy and silvery essences flow
In the rose-and-silver evening glow.
Farewell, my lord Sun!
The creeks overflow: a thousand rivulets run 90
'Twixt the roots of the sod; the blades of the marsh-grass stir;
Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward whirr;
Passeth, and all is still; and the currents cease to run;
And the sea and the marsh are one.

How still the plains of the waters be!
The tide is in his ecstasy.
The tide is at his highest height;
And it is night.

And now from the Vast of the Lord will the
waters sleep
Roll in on the souls of men, 100
But who will reveal to our waking ken
The forms that swim and the shapes that creep
Under the waters of sleep?
And I would I could know what swimmeth below
when the tide comes in
On the length and breadth of the marvellous
marshes of Glynn.

1879. *Sidney Lanier.*

LINES WRITTEN AMONG THE EUGANEAN HILLS

MANY a green isle needs must be
In the deep wide sea of misery,
Or the mariner, worn and wan,
Never thus could voyage on
Day and night, and night and day,
Drifting on his dreary way,
With the solid darkness black
Closing round his vessel's track;
Whilst above, the sunless sky,
Big with clouds, hangs heavily, 10
And behind the tempest fleet
Hurries on with lightning feet,
Riving sail and cord and plank
Till the ship has almost drank

Death from the o'erbrimming deep;
And sinks down, down, like that sleep
When the dreamer seems to be
Weltering through eternity;
And the dim low line before
Of a dark and distant shore 20
Still recedes, as, ever still
Longing with divided will,
But no power to seek or shun,
He is ever drifted on
O'er the unreposing wave
To the haven of the grave.
What, if there no friends will greet;
What, if there no heart will meet
His with love's impatient beat;
Wander wheresoe'er he may, 30
Can he dream before that day
To find refuge from distress
In friendship's smile, in love's caress?
Then 't will wreak him little woe
Whether such there be or no:
Senseless is the breast, and cold,
Which relenting love would fold;
Bloodless are the veins and chill
Which the pulse of pain did fill;
Every little living nerve 40
That from bitter words did swerve
Round the tortured lips and brow,
Are like sapless leaflets now
Frozen upon December's bough.
On the beach of a northern sea
Which tempests shake eternally,

As once the wretch there lay to sleep,
Lies a solitary heap,
One white skull and seven dry bones,
On the margin of the stones, 50
Where a few gray rushes stand,
Boundaries of the sea and land:
Nor is heard one voice of wail
But the sea-mews, as they sail
O'er the billows of the gale;
Or the whirlwind up and down
Howling, like a slaughtered town,
When a king in glory rides
Through the pomp of fratricides:
Those unburied bones around 60
There is many a mournful sound;
There is no lament for him,
Like a sunless vapor, dim,
Who once clothed with life and thought
What now moves nor murmurs not.

Ay, many flowering islands lie
In the waters of wide agony:
To such a one this morn was led
My bark, by soft winds piloted.
'Mid the mountains Euganean 70
I stood listening to the pæan
With which the legioned rooks did hail
The sun's uprise majestical:
Gathering round with wings all hoar,
Through the dewy mist they soar
Like gray shades, till the eastern heaven
Bursts, and then, as clouds of even,

Flecked with fire and azure, lie
In the unfathomable sky,
So their plumes of purple grain, 80
Starred with drops of golden rain,
Gleam above the sunlight woods,
As in silent multitudes
On the morning's fitful gale
Through the broken mist they sail;
And the vapours cloven and gleaming
Follow down the dark steep streaming,
Till all is bright and clear and still
Round the solitary hill.

Beneath is spread like a green sea 90
The waveless plain of Lombardy,
Bounded by the vaporous air,
Islanded by cities fair;
Underneath day's azure eyes,
Ocean's nursling, Venice, lies,—
A peopled labyrinth of walls,
Amphitrite's destined halls,
Which her hoary sire now paves
With his blue and beaming waves.
Lo! the sun upsprings behind, 100
Broad, red, radiant, half reclined
On the level quivering line
Of the waters crystalline;
And before that chasm of light,
As within a furnace bright,
Column, tower, and dome, and spire
Shine like obelisks of fire,

Pointing with inconstant motion
From the altar of dark ocean
To the sapphire-tinted skies; 110
As the flames of sacrifice
From the marble shrines did rise,
As to pierce the dome of gold
Where Apollo spoke of old.

Sun-girt city! thou hast been
Ocean's child, and then his queen;
Now is come a darker day,
And thou soon must be his prey,
If the power that raised thee here
Hallow so thy watery bier. 120
A less drear ruin then than now,
With thy conquest-branded brow
Stooping to the slave of slaves
From thy throne among the waves
Wilt thou be when the sea-mew
Flies, as once before it flew,
O'er thine isles depopulate,
And all is in its ancient state,
Save where many a palace-gate
With green sea-flowers overgrown 130
Like a rock of ocean's own,
Topples o'er the abandoned sea
As the tides change sullenly.
The fisher on his watery way
Wandering at the close of day
Will spread his sail and seize his oar
Till he pass the gloomy shore,

Lest thy dead should, from their sleep
Bursting o'er the starlight deep,
Lead a rapid mask of death 140
O'er the waters of his path.

Those who alone thy towers behold
Quivering through aërial gold,
As I now behold them here,
Would imagine not they were
Sepulchres, where human forms,
Like pollution-nourished worms
To the corpse of greatness cling,
Murdered, and now mouldering:
But if Freedom should awake 150
In her omnipotence, and shake
From the Celtic Anarch's hold.
All the keys of dungeons cold,
Where a hundred cities lie
Chained like thee, ingloriously,
Thou and all thy sister band
Might adorn this sunny land,
Twining memories of old time
With new virtues more sublime;
If not, perish thou and they, 160
Clouds which stain truth's rising day
By her sun consumed away,
Earth can spare ye: while like flowers,
In the waste of years and hours,
From your dust new nations spring
With more kindly blossoming.
Perish—let there only be
Floating o'er thy hearthless sea

As the garment of thy sky
Clothes the world immortally, 170
One remembrance, more sublime
Than the tattered pall of time,
Which scarce hides thy visage wan;—
That a tempest-cleaving Swan
Of the songs of Albion,
Driven from his ancestral streams
By the might of evil dreams,
Found a nest in thee; and Ocean
Welcomed him with such emotion
That its joy grew his, and sprung 180
From his lips like music flung
O'er a mighty thunder-fit
Chastening terror:—what though yet
Poesy's unfailing River,
Which thro' Albion winds for ever
Lashing with melodious wave
Many a sacred Poet's grave,
Mourn its latest nursling fled?
What though thou with all thy dead
Scarce can for this fame repay 190
Aught thine own? oh, rather say
Though thy sins and slaveries foul
Overcloud a sunlike soul?
As the ghost of Homer clings
Round Scamander's wasting springs;
As divinest Shakespere's might
Fills Avon and the world with light
Like omniscient power which he
Imaged 'mid mortality;
As the love from Petrarch's urn, 200
Yet amid yon hills doth burn,

A quenchless lamp by which the heart
Sees things unearthly;—so thou art
Mighty spirit—so shall be
The City that did refuge thee.

Lo, the sun floats up the sky
Like thought-wingèd Liberty,
Till the universal light
Seems to level plain and height;
From the sea a mist has spread, 210
And the beams of morn lie dead
On the towers of Venice now,
Like its glory long ago.
By the skirts of that gray cloud
Many-domèd Padua proud
Stands, a peopled solitude,
'Mid the harvest-shining plain,
Where the peasant heaps his grain
In the garner of his foe,
And the milk-white oxen slow 220
With the purple vintage strain,
Heaped upon the creaking wain,
That the brutal Celt may swill
Drunken sleep with savage will;
And the sickle to the sword
Lies unchanged, though many a lord,
Like a weed whose shade is poison,
Overgrows this region's foison,
Sheaves of whom are ripe to come
To destruction's harvest home: 230
Men must reap the things they sow,
Force from force must ever flow,

Or worse; but 't is a bitter woe
That love or reason cannot change
The despot's rage, the slave's revenge.

Padua, thou within whose walls
Those mute guests at festivals,
Son and Mother, Death and Sin,
Played at dice for Ezzelin,
Till Death cried, "I win, I win!" 240
And Sin cursed to lose the wager,
But Death promised, to assuage her,
That he would petition for
Her to be made Vice-Emperor,
When the destined years were o'er,
Over all between the Po
And the eastern Alpine snow,
Under the mighty Austrian.
Sin smiled so as Sin only can,
And since that time, ay, long before, 250
Both have ruled from shore to shore,
That incestuous pair, who follow
Tyrants as the sun the swallow,
As Repentance follows Crime,
And as changes follow Time.

In thine halls the lamp of learning,
Padua, now no more is burning;
Like a meteor, whose wild way
Is lost over the grave of day,
It gleams betrayed and to betray: 260
Once remotest nations came
To adore that sacred flame,

When it lit not many a hearth
On this cold and gloomy earth:
Now new fires from antique light
Spring beneath the wide world's might;
But their spark lies dead in thee,
Trampled out by tyranny.
As the Norway woodman quells,
In the depth of piny dells, 270
One light flame among the brakes,
While the boundless forest shakes,
And its mighty trunks are torn
By the fire thus lowly born:
The spark beneath his feet is dead,
He starts to see the flames it fed
Howling through the darkened sky
With a myriad tongues victoriously,
And sinks down in fear: so thou,
O Tyranny, beholdest now 280
Light around thee, and thou hearest
The loud flames ascend, and fearest:
Grovel on the earth; ay, hide
In the dust thy purple pride!

Noon descends around me now:
'T is the noon of autumn's glow,
When a soft and purple mist,
Like a vaporous amethyst,
Or an air-dissolved star,
Mingling light and fragrance, far 290
From the curved horizon's bound
To the point of heaven's profound,

Fills the overflowing sky;
And the plains that silent lie
Underneath; the leaves unsodden
Where the infant frost has trodden
With his morning-wingèd feet,
Whose bright print is gleaming yet;
And the red and golden vines,
Piercing with their trellised lines 300
The rough, dark-skirted wilderness;
The dun and bladed grass no less,
Pointing from this hoary tower
In the windless air; the flower
Glimmering at my feet; the line
Of the olive-sandalled Apennine
In the south dimly islanded;
And the Alps, whose snows are spread
High between the clouds and sun;
And of living things each one; 310
And my spirit, which so long
Darkened this swift stream of song,—
Interpenetrated lie
By the glory of the sky:
Be it love, light, harmony,
Odour, or the soul of all
Which from heaven like dew doth fall,
Or the mind which feeds this verse
Peopling the lone universe.
Noon descends, and after noon 320
Autumn's evening meets me soon,
Leading the infantine moon,
And that one star, which to her
Almost seems to minister

Half the crimson light she brings
From the sunset's radiant springs:
And the soft dreams of the morn
(Which like wingèd winds had borne
To that silent isle, which lies
Mid remembered agonies, 330
The frail bark of this lone being)
Pass, to other sufferers fleeing,
And its ancient pilot, Pain,
Sits beside the helm again.

Other flowering isles must be
In the sea of life and agony;
Other spirits float and flee
O'er that gulf; even now, perhaps,
On some rock the wild wave wraps,
With folded winds they waiting sit 340
For my bark, to pilot it
To some calm and blooming cove,
Where for me, and those I love,
May a windless bower be built,
Far from passion, pain, and guilt,
In a dell 'mid lawny hills,
Which the wild sea-murmur fills,
And soft sunshine, and the sound
Of old forests echoing round,
And the light and smell divine 350
Of all flowers that breathe and shine:
—We may live so happy there,
That the spirits of the air,
Envying us, may even entice
To our healing paradise

The polluting multitude;
But their rage would be subdued
By that clime divine and calm,
And the winds whose wings rain balm
On the uplifted soul, and leaves 360
Under which the bright sea heaves;
While each breathless interval
In their whisperings musical
The inspired soul supplies
With its own deep melodies;
And the love which heals all strife,
Circling, like the breath of life,
All things in that sweet abode
With its own mild brotherhood:
They, not it, would change; and soon 370
Every sprite beneath the moon
Would repent its envy vain,
And the earth grow young again!

1819. *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION NEAR NAPLES

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent might:
The breath of the moist earth is light

Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight,—
The winds', the birds', the ocean-floods',—
The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's. 9

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple seaweeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown:
I sit upon the sands alone;
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion,—
How sweet, did any heart now share in my
emotion! 18

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that Content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned,—
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;—
To me that cup has been dealt in another
measure. 27

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,

Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last
monotony. 36

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I, when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan;
They might lament—for I am one
Whom men love not,—and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in
memory yet. 45

1818. 1824. *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

THE ISLES OF GREECE

From *Don Juan*

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set. 6

The Scian and the Teian muse,
  The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse:
  Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest." 12

The mountains look on Marathon—
  And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
  I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave. 18

A king sate on the rocky brow
  Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
  And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they? 24

And where are they? and where art thou,
  My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
  The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine? 30

'T is something, in the dearth of fame,
  Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
  Even as I sing, suffuse my face;

For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear. 36

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
  Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
  A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ! 42

What, silent still? and silent all?
  Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
  And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise,—we come, we come!"
'T is but the living who are dumb. 48

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
  Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
  And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal! 54

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
  Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
  The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave? 60

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
  We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine;
  He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen. 66

The tyrant of the Chersonese
  Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
  Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind. 72

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
  On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
  Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own. 78

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
  They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords and native ranks,
  The only hope of courage dwells:
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad. 84

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
  Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
  But gazing on each glowing maid,

My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves. 90

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine! 96

1821. *Lord Byron.*

A SMALL, SWEET IDYL

Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height:
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang),
In height and cold, the splendour of the hills?
But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted Pine,
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;
And come, for Love is of the valley, come,
For Love is of the valley, come thou down
And find him; by the happy threshold, he,
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize, 10
Or red with spirted purple of the vats,
Or foxlike in the vine; nor cares to walk
With Death and Morning on the silver horns,

Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,
That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors:
But follow; let the torrent dance thee down
To find him in the valley; let the wild
Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave 20
The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill
Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,
That like a broken purpose waste in air:
So waste not thou; but come; for all the vales
Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth
Arise to thee; the children call, and I
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms, 30
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

1847. *Lord Tennyson.*

KUBLA KHAN

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran,
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round;

And there were gardens, bright with sinuous
rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing
tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills, 10
Infolding sunny spots of greenery.

But Oh! that deep romantic chasm which
slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil
seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were
breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced:
Amid whose swift, half-intermitted burst 20
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail;
And mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles, meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale, the sacred river ran,—
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war. 30

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;

Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,—
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw;
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played, 40
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 't would win me
That, with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,—
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair! 50
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

1798. 1816. *Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR

Come, see the Dolphin's anchor forged; 't is at a white heat now:
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased; though on the forge's brow

The little flames still fitfully play through the
sable mound;
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths
ranking round,
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands
only bare;
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work
the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle-chains, the black
mound heaves below,
And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at
every throe;
It rises, roars, rends all outright—O Vulcan,
what a glow!
T is blinding white, 't is blasting bright, the
high sun shines not so! 10
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such a fiery,
fearful show,
The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the
ruddy, lurid row
Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men
before the foe;
As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the
sailing monster, slow
Sinks on the anvil—all about the faces fiery
grow—
"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out, leap out;"
bang, bang, the sledges go;
Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high
and low;
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squash-
ing blow;

The leathern mail rebounds the hail; the rattling cinders strew
The ground around; at every bound the sweltering fountains flow; 20
And thick and loud the swinking crowd, at every stroke, pant "Ho!"

Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out and lay on load!
Let 's forge a goodly anchor, a bower, thick and broad;
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road,—
The low reef roaring on her lee, the roll of ocean poured
From stem to stern, sea after sea; the mainmast by the board;
The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the chains,—
But courage still, brave mariners, the bower still remains,
And not an inch to flinch he deigns save when ye pitch sky-high, 30
Then moves his head, as though he said, "Fear nothing,—here am I!"

Swing in your strokes in crder, let foot and hand keep time;
Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime;

But while you sling your sledges, sing; and let
the burden be,
The Anchor is the Anvil-King, and royal crafts-
men we!
Strike in, strike in—the sparks begin to dull their
rustling red!
Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work
will soon be sped:
Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery
rich array
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy
couch of clay;
Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry
craftsmen here,
For the Yeo-heave-o', and the Heave-away, and
the sighing seaman's cheer;
When, weighing slow, at eve they go—far, far
from love and home;
And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the
ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down at
last:
A shapely one he is, and strong as e'er from cat
was cast.
O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst
life like me,
What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath
the deep green sea!
O deep Sea-diver, who might then behold such
sights as thou?
The hoary monsters' palaces! methinks what joy
't were now

To go plumb plunging down amid the assembly
of the whales,
And feel the churned sea round me boil beneath
their scourging tails!
Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea
unicorn,
And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all
his ivory horn;
To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade for-
lorn;
And for the ghastly-grinning shark, to laugh his
jaws to scorn;
To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid
Norwegian isles
He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallowed
miles,
Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he
rolls;
Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far-aston-
ished shoals
Of his black-browsing ocean-calves; or, haply in
a cove,
Shell-strewn, and consecrate of old to some Un-
dinè's love,
To find the long-haired mermaidens; or, hard by
icy lands,
To wrestle with the Sea-serpent upon cerulean
sands.

O broad-armed Fisher of the Deep, whose sports
can equal thine?

The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons that tugs
thy cable line;
And night by night 't is thy delight, thy glory
day by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant
game to play;
But, shamer of our little sports! forgive the name
I gave,—
A fisher's joy is to destroy, thine office is to save.

O lodger in the sea-king's halls, couldst thou but
understand 70
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who
that dripping band,
Slow swaying in the heaving waves that round
about thee bend,
With sounds like breakers in a dream, blessing
their ancient friend:
O, couldst thou know what heroes glide with
larger steps round thee,
Thine iron side would swell with pride; thou 'dst
leap within the sea!

Give honour to their memories who left the pleas-
ant strand,
To shed their blood so freely for the love of
Fatherland,—
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy
churchyard grave,
So freely for a restless bed amid the tossing
wave;

Oh, though our Anchor may not be all I have
fondly sung, 80
Honour him for their memory, whose bones he
goes among!

1832. *Samuel Ferguson.*

SEAWEED

When descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The toiling surges,
Laden with seaweed from the rocks: 6

From Bermuda's reefs; from edges
Of sunken ledges,
In some far-off, bright Azore;
From Bahama, and the dashing,
Silver-flashing
Surges of San Salvador; 12

From the tumbling surf, that buries
The Orkneyan skerries,
Answering the hoarse Hebrides;
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting
Spars, uplifting
On the desolate, rainy seas;— 18

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting

Seaweed

Currents of the restless main;
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
Of sandy beaches,
All have found repose again. 24

So when storms of wild emotion
Strike the ocean
Of the poet's soul, erelong
From each cave and rocky fastness,
In its vastness,
Floats some fragment of a song: 30

From the far-off isles enchanted,
Heaven has planted
With the golden fruit of Truth;
From the flashing surf, whose vision
Gleams Elysian
In the tropic clime of Youth; 36

From the strong Will, and the Endeavor
That forever
Wrestles with the tides of Fate;
From the wreck of Hopes far-scattered,
Tempest-shattered,
Floating waste and desolate;— 42

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart;
Till at length in books recorded,
They, like hoarded
Household words, no more depart. 48

1844. *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

THE CLOUD

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under; 10
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 't is my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits:
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder;
It struggles and howls by fits; 20

Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;

The Cloud

Over the rills and the crags and the hills,
    Over the lakes and plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
    The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
    Whilst he is dissolving in rains. 30

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
    And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
    When the morning star shines dead,
As, on the jag of a mountain crag
    Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
    In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea
    beneath,
    Its ardours of rest and of love, 40
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
    From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
    As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
    Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor
    By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
    Which only the angels hear, 50
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
    The stars peep behind her and peer;

And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
    Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
    Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
    Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
    And the moon's with a girdle of pearl; 60
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
    When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
    Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
    The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
    With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
    Is the million-colored bow; 70
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
    While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of the earth and water,
    And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
    I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
    The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
    Build up the blue dome of air,— 80

The Snow-Storm

I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I rise and unbuild it again.

1820. *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

THE SNOW-STORM

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.
Come, see the north wind's masonry. 10
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall, 20
Maugre the farmer's sighs, and at the gate

A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the
world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

1841. *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

EARLY SPRING

Once more the Heavenly Power
  Makes all things new,
And domes the red-plow'd hills
  With loving blue;
The blackbirds have their wills,
  The throstles too.

Opens a door in Heaven;
  From skies of glass
A Jacob's ladder falls
  On greening grass,
And o'er the mountain-walls
  Young angels pass.

Before them fleets the shower,
  And burst the buds,
And shine the level lands,
  And flash the floods;

The stars are from their hands
  Flung thro' the woods, 18

The woods with living airs
  How softly fann'd,
Light airs from where the deep,
  All down the sand,
Is breathing in his sleep,
  Heard by the land. 24

O follow, leaping blood,
  The season's lure!
O heart, look down and up
  Serene, secure,
Warm as the crocus cup,
  Like snowdrops, pure! 30

Past, Future glimpse and fade
  Thro' some slight spell,
A gleam from yonder vale,
  Some far blue fell,
And sympathies, how frail,
  In sound and smell! 36

Till at thy chuckled note,
  Thou twinkling bird,
The fairy fancies range,
  And, lightly stirr'd,
Ring little bells of change
  From word to word. 42

For now the Heavenly Power
  Makes all things new,
And thaws the cold, and fills
  The flower with dew;
The blackbirds have their wills,
  The poets too. 48

1883. *Lord Tennyson.*

RAIN IN SUMMER

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!

Across the window-pane 10
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks;

Rain in Summer

He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain 20
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Ingulfs them in its whirling 30
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke encumbered head, 40
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes

Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand, 50
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures, and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these, 60
The Poet sees!
He can behold
Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air;
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold 70
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told,—
Have not been wholly sung nor said.
For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead;

Song of the Brook

Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers under ground;
And sees them, when the rain is done, 80
On the bridge of colors seven
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange,
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to
earth; 90
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things, unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning forevermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

1845. *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

SONG OF THE BROOK

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley. 4

By thirty hills I hurry down,
  Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
  And half a hundred bridges. 8

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
  To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on forever. 12

I chatter over stony ways,
  In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
  I babble on the pebbles. 16

With many a curve my banks I fret
  By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
  With willow-weed and mallow. 20

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
  To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on forever. 24

I wind about, and in and out,
  With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
  And here and there a grayling, 28

And here and there a foamy flake
  Upon me, as I travel

Song of the Brook

With many a silvery waterbreak
  Above the golden gravel, 32

And draw them all along, and flow
  To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on forever. 36

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
  I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
  That grow for happy lovers. 40

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
  Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
  Against my sandy shallows. 44

I murmur under moon and stars
  In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
  I loiter round my cresses; 48

And out again I curve and flow
  To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on forever. 52

1855. *Lord Tennyson.*

I

FEBRUARY

Noon—and the north-west sweeps the empty road,
The rain-washed fields from hedge to hedge are bare;
Beneath the leafless elms some hind's abode
Looks small and void, and no smoke meets the air
From its poor hearth: one lonely rook doth dare
The gale, and beats above the unseen corn,
Then turns, and whirling down the wind is borne. 7

Shall it not hap that on some dawn of May
Thou shalt awake, and, thinking of days dead,
See nothing clear but this same dreary day,
Of all the days that have passed o'er thine head?
Shalt thou not wonder, looking from thy bed,
Through green leaves on the windless east a-fire,
That this day too thine heart doth still desire? 14

Shalt thou not wonder that it liveth yet,
The useless hope, the useless craving pain,

That made thy face, that lonely noontide wet
With more than beating of the chilly rain?
Shalt thou not hope for joy new born again,
Since no grief ever born can ever die
Through changeless change of seasons passing
by? 21

2

MARCH

Slayer of the winter, art thou here again?
O welcome, thou that bring'st the summer
nigh!
The bitter wind makes not thy victory vain,
Now will we mock thee for thy faint blue
sky.
Welcome, O March! whose kindly days
and dry
Make April ready for the throstle's song,
Thou first redresser of the winter's wrong! 7

Yea, welcome, March! and though I die ere
June,
Yet for the hope of life I give thee praise,
Striving to swell the burden of the tune
That even now I hear thy brown birds raise,
Unmindful of the past or coming days;
Who sing: "O joy! a new year is begun:
What happiness to look upon the sun!" 14

Ah, what begetteth all this storm of bliss
But Death himself, who, crying solemnly,
E'en from the heart of sweet Forgetfulness,
Bids us "Rejoice! lest pleasureless ye die.
Within a little time must ye go by.
Stretch forth your open hands, and, while ye live,
Take all the gifts that Death and Life may give"? 21

3

MAY

O LOVE, this morn when the sweet nightingale
Had so long finished all he had to say,
That thou hadst slept, and sleep had told his tale;
And midst a peaceful dream had stolen away
In fragrant dawning of the first of May,
Didst thou see aught? didst thou hear voices sing
Ere to the risen sun the bells 'gan ring? 7

For then methought the Lord of Love went by
To take possession of his flowery throne,
Ringed round with maids, and youths, and minstrelsy;
A little while I sighed to find him gone,
A little while the dawning was alone,
And the light gathered; then I held my breath,
And shuddered at the sight of Eld and Death. 14

Alas! Love passed me in the twilight dun,
  His music hushed the wakening ousel's song;
But on these twain shone out the golden sun,
  And o'er their heads the brown bird's tune
    was strong,
  As shivering, twixt the trees they stole along;
None noted aught their noiseless passing by,
The world had quite forgotten it must die. 21

4

OCTOBER

O LOVE, turn from the unchanging sea, and gaze
  Down these grey slopes upon the year grown
    old,
A-dying mid the autumn-scented haze,
  That hangeth o'er the hollow in the wold,
  Where the wind-bitten ancient elms infold
Grey church, long barn, orchard, and red-roofed
    stead,
Wrought in dead days for men a long while
    dead. 7

Come down, O love; may not our hands still
    meet.
  Since still we live to-day, forgetting June,
Forgetting May, deeming October sweet—
  —O hearken, hearken! through the afternoon,

The grey tower sings a strange old tinkling tune!
Sweet, sweet, and sad, the toiling year's last breath,
Too satiate of life to strive with death. 14

And we too—will it not be soft and kind,
That rest from life, from patience and from pain,
That rest from bliss we know not when we find,
That rest from Love which ne'er the end can gain?—
—Hark, how the tune swells, that erewhile did wane!
Look up, love!—ah, cling close and never move!
How can I have enough of life and love? 21

1868-70. *William Morris.*

THE GREEN LINNET

Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
With brightest sunshine round me spread
Of spring's unclouded weather,
In this sequestered nook how sweet
To sit upon my orchard-seat!
And birds and flowers once more to greet,
My last year's friends together. 8

The Green Linnet

One have I marked, the happiest guest
In all this covert of the blest:
Hail to Thee, far above the rest
    In joy of voice and pinion!
Thou, Linnet! in thy green array,
Presiding Spirit here to-day,
Dost lead the revels of the May;
    And this is thy dominion. 16

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers,
Make all one band of paramours,
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
    Art sole in thy employment:
A Life, a Presence like the Air,
Scattering thy gladness without care,
Too blest with any one to pair;
    Thyself thy own enjoyment. 24

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees,
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perched in ecstasies,
    Yet seeming still to hover;
There! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
    That cover him all over. 32

My dazzled sight he oft deceives,
A Brother of the dancing leaves;
Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves
    Pours forth his song in gushes;

As if by that exulting strain
He mocked and treated with disdain
The voiceless Form he chose to feign,
While fluttering in the bushes. 40

1803. 1807. *William Wordsworth.*

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their
streaming hair. 7

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt un-
sealed! 14

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,

Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the
old no more. 21

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by
thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice
that sings:— 28

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting
sea! 35

1858. *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH IN APRIL, 1786

Wee, modèst, crimson-tippèd flower,
Thou 's met me in an evil hour;

For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem. 6

Alas! it 's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' spreckled breast!
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east. 12

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent-earth
Thy tender form. 18

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane. 24

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies! 30

To a Mountain Daisy

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust;
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust. 36

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On Life's rough ocean luckless starred!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er! 42

Such fate to suffering Worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink;
Till, wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruined, sink! 48

Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom! 54

1786. *Robert Burns.*

THE SMALL CELANDINE

There is a Flower, the lesser Celandine,
That shrinks, like many more, from cold and rain;
And, the first moment that the sun may shine,
Bright as the sun himself, 't is out again! 4

When hailstones have been falling, swarm on swarm,
Or blasts the green field and the trees distrest,
Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm,
In close self-shelter, like a Thing at rest. 8

But lately, one rough day, this Flower I passed
And recognised it, though an altered form,
Now standing forth an offering to the blast,
And buffeted at will by rain and storm. 12

I stopped, and said with inly-muttered voice,
"It doth not love the shower, not seek the cold:
This neither is its courage nor its choice,
But its necessity in being old. 16

"The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the dew;
It cannot help itself in its decay;

Stiff in its members, withered, changed of hue."
And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was grey. 20

To be a Prodigal's Favourite—then, worse truth,
A Miser's Pensioner—behold our lot!
O Man, that from thy fair and shining youth
Age might but take the things Youth needed not! 24

1804. 1807. *William Wordsworth.*

THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE

FAIR FLOWER, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouched thy honied blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet:
No roving foot shall crush thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear. 6

By Nature's self in white arrayed,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by;
Thus quietly thy summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose. 12

Smit with those charms, that must decay,
I grieve to see your future doom;
They died,—nor were those flowers more gay,
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;

Unpitying frosts, and Autumn's power
Shall leave no vestige of this flower. 18

From morning suns and evening dews
At first thy little being came:
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same;
The space between, is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower. 24

1786. *Philip Freneau.*

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night. 4

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest. 8

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged Year is near his end. 12

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall. 16

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart. 20

1832 *William Cullen Bryant.*

THE RHODORA

ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky, 10
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there
brought you.

1839. *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

TO THE DANDELION

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth, thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be. 9

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
'T is the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye. 18

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time:
Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee

Feels a more Summer-like warm ravishment
  In the white lily's breezy tent,
His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst. 27

Then think I of deep shadows in the grass,
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
  Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways,
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind, of waters blue
  That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap, and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth
    move. 36

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with
    thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
  Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
  With news from Heaven, which he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears
When birds and flowers and I were happy
    peers. 45

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
  Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,

Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret
show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book. 54

1845. *James Russell Lowell.*

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of
the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and
meadows brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn
leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rab-
bit's tread;
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the
shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through
all the gloomy day. 6

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous
sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race
of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and
good of ours.

The Death of the Flowers

The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold
November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely
ones again. 12

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished
long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the
summer glow;
But on the hills the golden-rod, and the aster in
the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as
falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from
upland, glade, and glen. 18

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as
still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their
winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of
the rill,
The south-wind searches for the flowers whose
fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the
stream no more. 24

And then I think of one who in her youthful
beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded
by my side.
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the
forests cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a
life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young
friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with
the flowers.

1825. *William Cullen Bryant.*

OUT OF THE CRADLE ENDLESSLY ROCKING

Out of the cradle endlessly rocking,
Out of the mocking-bird's throat, the musical
shuttle,
Out of the Ninth-month midnight,
Over the sterile sands and the fields beyond,
where the child leaving his bed wandered
alone, bareheaded, barefoot,
Down from the showered halo,
Up from the mystic play of shadows twining and
twisting as if they were alive,
Out from the patches of briers and blackberries,
From the memories of the bird that chanted
to me,

Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking

From your memories, sad brother, from the fitful
risings and fallings I heard,
From under that yellow half-moon late-risen and
swollen as if with tears, 10
From those beginning notes of yearning and love
there in the mist,
From the thousand responses of my heart never
to cease,
From the myriad thence-roused words,
From the word stronger and more delicious than
any,
From such as now they start the scene revisiting,
As a flock, twittering, rising, or overhead passing,
Borne hither, ere all eludes me, hurriedly,
A man, yet by these tears a little boy again,
Throwing myself on the sand, confronting the
waves,
I, chanter of pains and joys, uniter of here and
hereafter, 20
Taking all hints to use them, but swiftly leaping
beyond them,
A reminiscence sing.
Once Paumanok,
When the lilac-scent was in the air, and the
Fifth-month grass was growing,
Up this seashore in some briers,
Two feathered guests from Alabama, two
together,
And their nest, and four light-green eggs spotted
with brown.
And every day the he-bird to and fro near at
hand,

And every day the she-bird crouched on her nest,
silent, with bright eyes,
And every day I, a curious boy, never too close,
never disturbing them, 30
Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

"Shine! shine! shine!
Pour down your warmth, great Sun!
While we bask, we two together.

"Two together!
Winds blow south, or winds blow north,
Day come white, or night come black,
Home, or rivers and mountains from home,
Singing all time, minding no time,
While we two keep together."

Till of a sudden,
Maybe killed, unknown to her mate,
One forenoon the she-bird crouched not on the
nest,
Nor returned that afternoon, nor the next,
Nor ever appeared again.

And thenceforward all summer in the sound
of the sea,
And at night under the full of the moon in calmer
weather,
Over the hoarse surging of the sea,
Or flitting from brier to brier by day,

I saw, I heard at intervals the remaining one, the he-bird, 50
The solitary guest from Alabama.

"Blow! blow! blow!
Blow up sea-winds along Paumanok's shore;
I wait and I wait, till you blow my mate to me."

Yes, when the stars glistened,
All night long on the prong of a moss-scalloped stake,
Down almost amid the slapping waves,
Sat the lone singer wonderful causing tears.

He called on his mate,
He poured forth the meanings which I of all men know. 60

Yes, my brother, I know,—
The rest might not, but I have treasured every note,
For more than once dimly down to the beach gliding,
Silent, avoiding the moonbeams, blending myself with the shadows,
Recalling now the obscure shapes, the echoes, the sounds and sights after their sorts,
The white arms out in the breakers tirelessly tossing,
I, with bare feet, a child, the wind wafting my hair,
Listened long and long.

Listened to keep, to sing, now translating the
notes,
Following you, my brother. 70

"Soothe! soothe! soothe!
Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,
And again another behind embracing and lapping, every one close,
But my love soothes not me, not me.

"Low hangs the moon; it rose late,
It is lagging—O I think it is heavy with love,
with love.

"O madly the sea pushes upon the land,
With love, with love.

"O night! do I not see my love fluttering out
among the breakers?
What is that little black thing I see there in the
white? 80

"Loud! loud! loud!
Loud I call to you, my love!
High and clear I shoot my voice over the waves;
Surely you must know who is here, is here,
You must know who I am, my love.

"Low-hanging moon!
What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow?
O it is the shape, the shape of my mate!
O moon do not keep her from me any longer.

"Land! land! O land!
Whichever way I turn, O I think you could give me my mate back again if you only would,
For I am almost sure I see her dimly whichever way I look.

"O rising stars!
Perhaps the one I want so much will rise, will rise with some of you.

"O throat! O trembling throat!
Sound clearer through the atmosphere!
Pierce the woods, the earth;
Somewhere listening to catch you must be the one I want.

"Shake out, carols!
Solitary here—the night's carols!
Carols of lonesome love! Death's carols!
Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning moon!
O under that moon where she droops almost down into the sea!
O reckless despairing carols!

"But soft! sink low;
Soft! let me just murmur;
And do you wait a moment, you husky-noised sea;
For somewhere I believe I heard my mate responding to me,
So faint—I must be still, to listen;
But not altogether still, for then she might not come immediately to me.

"Hither, my love!
Here I am! Here!
With this just-sustained note I announced myself
to you;
This gentle call is for you, my love, for you.

"Do not be decoyed elsewhere!
That is the whistle of the wind—it is not my
voice;
That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the spray;
Those are the shadows of the leaves.

"O darkness! O in vain!
O I am very sick and sorrowful. 120

"O brown halo in the sky near the moon, droop-
ing upon the sea!
O troubles reflection in the sea!
O throat! O throbbing heart!
And I singing uselessly, uselessly all the night.

"O past! O happy life! O songs of joy!
In the air, in the woods, over fields,
Loved! loved! loved! loved! loved!
But my mate no more, no more with me!
We two together no more."

The aria sinking, 130
All else continuing, the stars shining,
The winds blowing, the notes of the bird con-
tinuous echoing.

With angry moans the fierce old mother incessantly moaning,
On the sands of Paumanok's shore gray and rustling,
The yellow half-moon enlarged, sagging down, drooping, the face of the sea almost touching,
The boy ecstatic, with his bare feet the waves, with his hair the atmosphere dallying,
The love in the heart long pent, now loose, now at last tumultuously bursting,
The aria's meaning, the ears, the soul, swiftly depositing,
The strange tears down the cheeks coursing,
The colloquy there, the trio, each uttering, 140
The undertone, the savage old mother incessantly crying,
To the boy's soul's questions sullenly timing, some drown'd secret hissing,
To the outsetting bard.

Demon or bird! (said the boy's soul)
Is it indeed toward your mate you sing? or is it really to me?
For I, that was a child, my tongue's use sleeping, now I have heard you,
Now in a moment I know what I am for, I awake,
And already a thousand singers, a thousand songs, clearer, louder, and more sorrowful than yours,
A thousand warbling echoes have started to life within me, never to die.

O you singers solitary, singing by yourself,
projecting me, 150
O solitary me listening, never more shall I cease
perpetuating you,
Never more shall I escape, never more the reverberations,
Never more the cries of unsatisfied love be absent
from me,
Never again leave me to be the peaceful child I
was before what there in the night,
By the sea under the yellow and sagging moon,
The messenger there aroused, the fire, the sweet
hell within,
The unknown want, the destiny of me.

O give me the clew! (it lurks in the night here
somewhere)
O if I am to have so much, let me have more!

A word then, (for I will conquer it) 160
The word final, superior to all,
Subtle, sent up—what is it?—I listen;
Are you whispering it, and have been all the time,
you sea-waves?
Is that it from your liquid rims and wet sands?

Whereto answering, the sea,
Delaying not, hurrying not,
Whispered me through the night, and very
plainly before daybreak,
Lisped to me the low and delicious word death,
And again death, death, death, death,

Hissing melodious, neither like the bird nor like
my aroused child's heart, 170
But edging near as privately for me, rustling at
my feet,
Creeping thence steadily up to my ears and laving
me softly all over,
Death, death, death, death, death.

Which I do not forget,
But fuse the song of my dusky demon and
brother,
That he sang to me in the moonlight on
Paumanok's gray beach,
With the thousand responsive songs at random,
My own songs awaked from that hour,
And with them the key, the word up from the
waves,
The word of the sweetest song and all songs, 180
That strong and delicious word which, creeping
to my feet,
(Or like some old crone rocking the cradle,
swathed in sweet garments, bending aside)
The sea whispered me.

1871. *Walt Whitman.*

PORTRAITS OF PEOPLE

THE MEN OF OLD

I know not that the men of old
  Were better than men now,
Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,
  Of more ingenuous brow:
I heed not those who pine for force
  A ghost of Time to raise,
As if they thus could check the course
  Of these appointed days. 8

Still it is true, and over-true,
  That I delight to close
This book of life self-wise and new,
  And let my thoughts repose
On all that humble happiness,
  The world has since foregone,—
The daylight of contentedness
  That on those faces shone! 16

With rights, though not too closely scanned,
  Enjoyed, as far as known,—
With will by no reverse unmanned,—
  With pulse of even tone,—
They from to-day and from to-night
  Expected nothing more,

Than yesterday and yesternight
  Had proffered them before. 24

To them was life a simple art
  Of duties to be done,
A game where each man took his part,
  A race where all must run;
A battle whose great scheme and scope
  They little cared to know,
Content, as men at arms, to cope
  Each with his fronting foe. 32

Man *now* his Virtue's diadem
  Puts on and proudly wears,
Great thoughts, great feelings, came to them,
  Like instincts, unawares:
Blending their souls' sublimest needs
  With tasks of every day,
They went about their gravest deeds,
  As noble boys at play.— 40

And what if Nature's fearful wound
  They did not probe and bare,
For that their spirits never swooned
  To watch the misery there,—
For that their love but flowed more fast,
  Their charities more free,
Not conscious what mere drops they cast
  Into the evil sea. 48

A man's best things are nearest him,
  Lie close about his feet;

It is the distant and the dim
  That we are sick to greet;
For flowers that grow our hands beneath
  We struggle and aspire,—
Our hearts must die, except they breathe
  The air of fresh Desire. 56

Yet, Brothers, who up Reason's hill
  Advance with hopeful cheer,—
Oh! loiter not, those heights are chill,
  As chill as they are clear;
And still restrain your haughty gaze,
  The loftier that ye go,
Remembering distance leaves a haze
  On all that lies below. 64

1838. *Richard Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton.*

THE LOTOS-EATERS

"COURAGE!" he said, and pointed toward the land,
"This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."
In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
And, like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke, 10
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land; far off, three mountain-tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flush'd; and, dew'd with showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
In the red West; thro' mountain clefts the dale 20
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale;
A land where all things always seem'd the same!
And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each, but whoso did receive of them, 30
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave

Far, far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;
And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did
make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child, and wife and slave; but evermore 40
Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, "We will return no
more;"
And all at once they sang, "Our island home
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer
roam."

CHORIC SONG

I

THERE is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies, 50
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the
blissful skies.

Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers
weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs
in sleep.

II

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from
weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil
alone? 60
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown:
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
"There is no joy but calm!"—
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown
of things?

III

Lo! in the middle of the wood, 70
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,

Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days, 80
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

IV

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
Death is the end of life; ah, why
Should life all labour be?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last? 90
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence; ripen, fall, and cease:
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

V

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem 100
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;
To hear each other's whisper'd speech;
Eating the Lotos day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory, 110
With those old faces of our infancy
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

VI

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives
And their warm tears; but all hath suffer'd change;
For surely now our household hearths are cold
Our sons inherit us, our looks are strange,

And we should come like ghosts to trouble
joy.
Or else the island princes over-bold 120
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten
things.
Is there confusion in the little isle?
Let what is broken so remain.
The Gods are hard to reconcile;
'T is hard to settle order once again.
There *is* confusion worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
Long labour unto aged breath, 130
Sore tasks to hearts worn out by many wars
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the
pilot-stars.

VII

But propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
How sweet—while warm airs lull us, blowing
lowly—
With half-dropped eyelid still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing
slowly
His waters from the purple hill—
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined
vine— 140
To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling

Thro' many a woven acanthus-wreath divine!
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling
brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath
the pine.

VIII

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak,
The Lotos blows by every winding creek;
All day the wind breathes low with mellower
tone;
Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
Round and round the spicy downs the
yellow Lotus-dust is blown.
We have had enough of action, and of
motion we, 150
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when
the surge was seething free,
Where the wallowing monster spouted his
foam-fountains in the sea.
Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal
mind,
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie
reclined
On the hills like Gods together, careless of
mankind.
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts
are hurl'd
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds
are lightly curl'd
Round their golden houses, girdled with the
gleaming world;

Where they smile in secret, looking over
wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake,
roaring deeps and fiery sands, 160
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and praying hands.
But they smile, they find a music centred in
a doleful song
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale
of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words
are strong;
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that
cleave the soil,
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with
enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine
and oil;
Till they perish and they suffer—some, 't is
whisper'd—down in hell
Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian
valleys dwell,
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of
asphodel. 170
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than
toil, the shore
Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and
wave and oar;
Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not
wander more.

1833. *Lord Tennyson.*

THE SOWER

I saw a Sower walking slow
Across the earth, from east to west;
His hair was white as mountain snow,
His head drooped forward on his breast. 4

With shrivelled hands he flung his seed,
Nor ever turned to look behind;
Of sight or sound he took no heed;
It seemed he was both deaf and blind. 8

His dim face showed no soul beneath,
Yet in my heart I felt a stir,
As if I looked upon the sheath,
That once had held Excalibur. 12

I heard, as still the seed he cast,
How, crooning to himself, he sung,
"I sow again the holy Past,
The happy days when I was young. 16

"Then all was wheat without a tare,
Then all was righteous, fair, and true;
And I am he whose thoughtful care
Shall plant the Old World in the New. 20

The Sower

"The fruitful germs I scatter free,
With busy hand, while all men sleep;
In Europe now, from sea to sea,
The nations bless me as they reap." 24

Then I looked back along his path,
And heard the clash of steel on steel,
Where man faced man, in deadly wrath,
While clanged the tocsin's hurrying peal. 28

The sky with burning towns flared red,
Nearer the noise of fighting rolled,
And brother's blood, by brothers shed,
Crept curdling over pavements cold. 32

Then marked I how each germ of truth
Which through the dotard's fingers ran
Was mated with a dragon's tooth
Whence there sprang up an armèd man. 36

I shouted, but he could not hear;
Made signs, but these he could not see;
And still, without a doubt or fear,
Broadcast he scattered anarchy. 40

Long to my straining ears the blast
Brought faintly back the words he sung:
"I sow again the holy Past,
The happy days when I was young." 44

1848. *James Russell Lowell.*

ROBIN HOOD

No! those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and gray,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden pall
Of the leaves of many years;
Many times have Winter's shears,
Frozen North, and chilling East,
Sounded tempests to the feast
Of the forest's whispering fleeces,
Since men knew nor rent nor leases. 10

No, the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more;
Silent is the ivory shrill
Past the heath and up the hill;
There is no mid-forest laugh,
Where lone Echo gives the half
To some wight, amaz'd to hear
Jesting, deep in forest drear. 18

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you;

But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold;
Never one, of all the clan,
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old hunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess Merriment,
Down beside the pasture Trent;
For he left the merry tale,
Messenger for spicy ale. 32

Gone, the merry morris din;
Gone, the song of Gamelyn;
Gone, the tough-belted outlaw
Idling in the "grenè shawe;"
All are gone away and past!
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his turfèd grave
And if Marian should have
Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze:
He would swear, for all his oaks,
Fall'n beneath the dock-yard strokes,
Havè rotted on the briny seas;
She would weep that her wild bees
Sang not to her—strange! that honey
Can't be got without hard money! 48

So it is; yet let us sing
Honour to the old bow-string!
Honour to the bugle-horn!
Honour to the woods unshorn!

Honour to the Lincoln green!
Honour to the archer keen!
Honour to tight Little John,
And the horse he rode upon!
Honour to bold Robin Hood,
Sleeping in the underwood!
Honour to Maid Marian,
And to all the Sherwood-clan!
Though their days have hurried by,
Let us two a burden try. 62

1818. 1820. *John Keats.*

TO WORDSWORTH

Those who have laid the harp aside
And turn'd to idler things,
From very restlessness have tried
The loose and dusty strings,
And, catching back some favourite strain,
Run with it o'er the chords again.

But Memory is not a Muse,
O Wordsworth! though 't is said
They all descend from her, and use
To haunt her fountain-head: 10
That other men should work for me
In the rich mines of Poesie,

Pleases me better than the toil
Of smoothing under hardened hand,

With attic emery and oil,
  The shining point for Wisdom's wand,
Like those thou temperest 'mid the rills
Descending from thy native hills.
Without his governance, in vain
  Manhood is strong, and Youth is bold. 20

If oftentimes the o'er-piled strain
  Clogs in the furnace, and grows cold
Beneath his pinions deep and frore,
And swells and melts and flows no more,
That is because the heat beneath
  Pants in its cavern poorly fed.
Life springs not from the couch of Death,
  Nor Muse nor Grace can raise the dead;
Unturn'd then let the mass remain,
Intractable to sun or rain. 30

A marsh, where only flat leaves lie,
And showing but the broken sky,
Too surely is the sweetest lay
That wins the ear and wastes the day,
Where youthful Fancy pouts alone
And lets not Wisdom touch her zone.

He who would build his fame up high,
The rule and plummet must apply,
Nor say, "I 'll do what I have plann'd,"
Before he try if loam or sand 40
Be still remaining in the place
Delved for each polished pillar's base.
With skilful eye and fit device

Thou raisest every edifice,
Whether in sheltered vale it stand,
Or overlook the Dardan strand,
Amid the cypresses that mourn
Laodameia's love forlorn.

We both have run o'er half the space
Listed for mortal's earthly race; 50
We both have crossed life's fervid line,
And other stars before us shine:
May they be bright and prosperous
As those that have been stars for us!
Our course by Milton's light was sped,
And Shakespeare shining overhead;
Chatting on deck was Dryden too,
The Bacon of the rhyming crew;
None ever cross'd our mystic sea
More richly stored with thought than he; 60
Tho' never tender nor sublime,
He wrestles with and conquers Time.
To learn my lore on Chaucer's knee,
I left much prouder company;
Thee gentle Spenser fondly led,
But me he mostly sent to bed.

I wish them every joy above
That highly blessed spirits prove,
Save one: and that too shall be theirs,
But after many rolling years, 70
When 'mid their light thy light appears.

1833. 1837. *Walter Savage Landor.*

MEMORABILIA

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
  And did he stop and speak to you,
And did you speak to him again?
  How strange it seems and new! 4

But you were living before that,
  And also you were living after;
And the memory I started at—
  My starting moves your laughter! 8

I crossed a moor, with a name of its own
  And a certain use in the world no doubt,
Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone
  'Mid the blank miles round about: 12

For there I picked up on the heather
  And there I put inside my breast
A moulted feather, an eagle-feather!
  Well, I forget the rest. 16

1855. *Robert Browning.*

TO ROBERT BROWNING

There is delight in singing, tho' none hear
Beside the singer; and there is delight
In praising, tho' the praiser sit alone
And see the prais'd far off him, far above.

Shakespeare is not our poet, but the world's,
Therefore on him no speech! and brief for thee,
Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
No man hath walked along our roads with step
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse. But warmer climes
Give brighter plumage, stronger wing: the breeze
Of Alpine heights thou playest with, borne on
Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where
The Siren waits thee, singing song for song.

1846. *Walter Savage Landor.*

ON A BUST OF DANTE

See, from this counterfeit of him
Whom Arno shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim,
The father was of Tuscan song:
There but the burning sense of wrong,
Perpetual care and scorn, abide;
Small friendship for the lordly throng;
Distrust of all the world beside. 8

Faithful if this wan image be,
No dream his life was,—but a fight!
Could any Beatrice see
A lover in that anchorite?
To that cold Ghibelline's gloomy sight

On a Bust of Dante

Who could have guessed the visions
  came
Of Beauty, veiled with heavenly light,
  In circles of eternal flame? 16

The lips as Cumæ's cavern close,
The cheeks with fast and sorrow thin,
  The rigid front, almost morose,
But for the patient hope within,
Declare a life whose course hath been
  Unsullied still, though still severe,
Which, through the wavering days of sin,
  Kept itself icy-chaste and clear. 24

Not wholly such his haggard look
When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,
  With no companions save his book,
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;
Where, as the Benedictine laid
  His palm upon the convent's guest,
The single boon for which he prayed
  Was peace, that pilgrim's one request. 32

Peace dwells not here,—this rugged face
Betrays no spirit of repose;
  The sullen warrior sole we trace,
The marble man of many woes.
Such was his mien when first arose
  The thought of that strange tale divine
When hell he peopled with his foes,
  Dread scourge of many a guilty line. 40

War to the last he waged with all
The tyrant canker-worms of earth;
Baron and duke, in hold and hall,
Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;
He used Rome's harlot for his mirth;
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime;
But valiant souls of knightly worth
Transmitted to the rolls of Time. 48

O Time! whose verdicts mock our own,
The only righteous judge art thou;
That poor old exile, sad and lone,
Is Latium's other Virgil now:
Before his name the nations bow;
His words are parcel of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind. 56

1841. *Thomas William Parsons.*

ICHABOD

DANIEL WEBSTER, 1850

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forevermore! 4

Revile him not, the Tempter hath
A snare for all;

And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
    Befit his fall! 8

Oh, dumb be passion's stormy rage,
    When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age,
    Falls back in night. 12

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark
    A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
    From hope and heaven! 16

Let not the land once proud of him
    Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
    Dishonored brow. 20

But let its humbled sons, instead,
    From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
    In sadness make. 24

Of all we loved and honored, naught
    Save power remains;
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
    Still strong in chains. 28

All else is gone; from those great eyes
    The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
    The man is dead! 32

Then, pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame! 36

1850. *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

THERE WAS A BOY

THERE was a Boy; ye knew him well, ye cliffs
And islands of Winander!—many a time,
At evening, when the earliest stars began
To move along the edges of the hills,
Rising or setting, would he stand alone,
Beneath the trees, or by the glimmering lake;
And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands
Pressed closely palm to palm and to his mouth
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls, 10
That they might answer him.—And they would shout
Across the watery vale, and shout again,
Responsive to his call,—with quivering peals,
And long halloos, and screams, and echoes loud
Redoubled and redoubled; concourse wild
Of jocund din! And, when there came a pause
Of silence such as baffled his best skill:
Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he hung
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart the voice 20
Of mountain-torrents; or the visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind

With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven received
Into the bosom of the steady lake.
This boy was taken from his mates, and died
In childhood, ere he was full twelve years old.
Preëminent in beauty is the vale
Where he was born and bred: the churchyard hangs
Upon a slope above the village-school; 30
And through that church-yard when my way has led
On summer-evenings, I believe, that there
A long half-hour together I have stood
Mute—looking at the grave in which he lies!

1800. *William Wordsworth*

RUTH

She stood breast high amid the corn
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won. 4

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripen'd;—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn. 8

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veil'd a light,
That had else been all too bright. 12

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim;—
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks:— 16

Sure, I said, Heav'n did not mean,
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home. 20

1827. *Thomas Hood.*

STEPPING WESTWARD

"What, you are stepping westward?"
—"Yea."
—'T would be a *wildish* destiny,
If we, who thus together roam
In a strange Land, and far from home,
Were in this place the guests of Chance:
Yet who would stop, or fear to advance
Though home or shelter he had none,
With such a sky to lead him on? 8

The dewy ground was dark and cold;
Behind, all gloomy to behold;
And stepping westward seemed to be
A kind of *heavenly* destiny:
I liked the greeting; 't was a sound
Of something without place or bound;
And seemed to give me spiritual right
To travel through that region bright. 16

"She was a Phantom of Delight"

The voice was soft, and she who spake
Was walking by her native lake:
The salutation had to me
The very sound of courtesy:
Its power was felt; and while my eye
Was fixed upon the glowing Sky,
The echo of the voice enwrought
A human sweetness with the thought
Of traveling through the world that lay
Before me in my endless way. 26

1803. 1807. *William Wordsworth.*

"SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT"

She was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay. 10

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;

A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and
smiles. 20

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light. 30

1804 1807. *William Wordsworth.*

THE SOLITARY REAPER

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound. 8

The Solitary Reaper

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides. 16

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again? 24

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more. 32

1803. 1807. *William Wordsworth.*

MARIANA

With blackest moss the flower-plots
  Were thickly crusted, one and all:
The rusted nails fell from the knots
  That held the pear to the gable-wall.
The broken sheds look'd sad and strange:
  Unlifted was the clinking latch;
  Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.
    She only said, "My life is dreary,
      He cometh not," she said;
    She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
      I would that I were dead!" 12

Her tears fell with the dews at even;
  Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
  Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
  When thickest dark did trance the sky,
  She drew her casement-curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
    She only said, "The night is dreary,
      He cometh not," she said;
    She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
      I would that I were dead!" 24

Upon the middle of the night,
  Waking she heard the night-fowl crow:
The cock sung out an hour ere light:
  From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her: without hope of change,
  In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn,
  Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.
    She only said, "The day is dreary,
      He cometh not," she said;
    She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
      I would that I were dead!" 36

About a stone-cast from the wall
  A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
  The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
  All silver-green with gnarlèd bark:
  For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding gray.
    She only said, "My life is dreary,
      He cometh not," she said;
    She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
      I would that I were dead!" 48

And ever when the moon was low,
  And the shrill winds were up and away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
  She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,

And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!" 60

All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creak'd;
The blue fly sung in the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,
Or from the crevice peer'd about.
Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices call'd her from without.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!" 72

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense; but most she loathed the hour
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Was sloping toward his western bower.
Then, said she, "I am very dreary,
He will not come," she said;
She wept, "I am aweary, aweary,
O God, that I were dead!" 84

1830. *Tennyson.*

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
  The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
  With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
  Are strong as iron bands. 6

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
  His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
  He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
  For he owes not any man. 12

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
  You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
  With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
  When the evening sun is low. 18

And children coming home from school
  Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
  And hear the bellows roar,

And catch the burning sparks that fly
  Like chaff from the threshing-floor. 24

He goes on Sunday to the church,
  And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
  He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
  And it makes his heart rejoice. 30

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
  Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
  How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
  A tear out of his eyes. 36

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
  Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
  Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
  Has earned a night's repose. 42

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
  For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
  Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
  Each burning deed and thought! 48

1840. *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

THE LAST LEAF

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
    And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
    With his cane. 6

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
    Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
    Through the town. 12

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
    Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
    "They are gone." 18

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
    In their bloom,

And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb. 24

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady; she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow. 30

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh. 36

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer! 42

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling. 48

1836. *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

THE BAREFOOT BOY

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy! 10
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh, for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day, 20
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,

Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young, 30
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks, 40
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

Oh, for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees, 50
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;

Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond, 60
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh, for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread; 70
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire. 80
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerly, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!

Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat: 90
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin. 100
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

1855. *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

POEMS IN CHARACTER

ULYSSES

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades 10
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known: cities of men,
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin
fades 20
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!

As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire 30
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
  This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail 40
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
  There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought
    with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil; 50

Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.

The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'T is not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths 60
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield. 70

1842. *Lord Tennyson.*

ABT VOGLER

(After he has been extemporizing upon the musical instrument of his invention)

Would that the structure brave, the manifold music I build,
Bidding my organ obey, calling its keys to their work,

Claiming each slave of the sound, at a touch, as when Solomon willed
Armies of angels that soar, legions of demons that lurk,
Man, brute, reptile, fly,—alien of end and of aim,
Adverse, each from the other heaven-high, hell-deep removed,—
Should rush into sight at once as he named the ineffable Name,
And pile him a palace straight, to pleasure the princess he loved! 8

Would it might tarry like his, the beautiful building of mine,
This which my keys in a crowd pressed and importuned to raise!
Ah, one and all, how they helped, would dispart now and now combine,
Zealous to hasten the work, heighten their master his praise!
And one would bury his brow with a blind plunge down to hell,
Burrow awhile and build, broad on the roots of things,
Then up again swim into sight, having based me my palace well,
Founded it, fearless of flame, flat on the nether springs. 16

And another would mount and march, like the excellent minion he was,
Ay, another and yet another, one crowd but with many a crest,

Raising my rampired walls of gold as transparent as glass,
  Eager to do and die, yield each his place to the rest:
For higher still and higher (as a runner tips with fire,
  When a great illumination surprises a festal night—
Outlined round and round Rome's dome from space to spire)
  Up, the pinnacled glory reached, and the pride of my soul was in sight. 24

In sight? Not half! for it seemed, it was certain to match man's birth,
  Nature in turn conceived, obeying an impulse as I;
And the emulous heaven yearned down, made effort to reach the earth,
  As the earth had done her best, in my passion, to scale the sky:
Novel splendors burst forth, grew familiar and dwelt with mine,
  Not a point nor peak but found and fixed its wandering star;
Meteor-moons, balls of blaze: and they did not pale nor pine,
  For earth had attained to heaven, there was no more near nor far. 32

Nay more; for there wanted not who walked in the glare and glow,
  Presences plain in the place; or, fresh from the Protoplast,

Furnished for ages to come, when a kindlier
wind should blow,
Lured now to begin and live, in a house to
their liking at last;
Or else the wonderful Dead who have passed
through the body and gone,
But were back once more to breathe in an old
world worth their new:
What never had been, was now; what was, as it
shall be anon;
And what is,—shall I say, matched both? for I
was made perfect too. 40

All through my keys that gave their sounds to
a wish of my soul,
All through my soul that praised as its wish
flowed visibly forth,
All through music and me! For think, had I
painted the whole,
Why, there it had stood, to see, nor the process
so wonder-worth:
Had I written the same, made verse—still, effect
proceeds from cause,
Ye know why the forms are fair, ye hear how
the tale is told;
It is all triumphant art, but art in obedience to
laws,
Painter and poet are proud in the artist-list
enrolled:— 48

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will
that can,
Existent behind all laws, that made them and,
lo, they are!

And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.
Consider it well: each tone of our scale in itself is naught:
It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is said:
Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought:
And there! Ye have heard and seen: consider and bow the head! 56

Well, it is gone at last, the palace of music I reared;
Gone! and the good tears start, the praises that come too slow;
For one is assured at first, one scarce can say that he feared,
That he even gave it a thought, the gone thing was to go.
Never to be again! But many more of the kind
As good, nay, better, perchance: is this your comfort to me?
To me, who must be saved because I cling with my mind
To the same, same self, same love, same God: ay, what was, shall be. 64

Therefore to whom turn I but to thee, the ineffable Name?
Builder and maker, thou, of houses not made with hands!

What, have fear of change from thee who art ever the same?
Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that thy power expands?
There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect round. 75

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by and by. 80

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?

Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?
Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?
Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of weal and woe:
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome: 't is we musicians know. 88

Well, it is earth with me; silence resumes her reign:
I will be patient and proud, and soberly acquiesce.
Give me the keys. I feel for the common chord again,
Sliding by semitones till I sink to the minor,—yes,
And I blunt it into a ninth, and I stand on alien ground,
Surveying awhile the heights I rolled from into the deep;
Which, hark, I have dared and done, for my resting-place is found.
The C Major of this life: so, now I will try to sleep. 96

1864. *Robert Browning.*

SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques of men,
  My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
  Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
  The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
  The horse and rider reel;
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
  And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
  That lightly rain from ladies' hands. 12

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
  On whom their favours fall!
For them I battle till the end,
  To save from shame and thrall;
But all my heart is drawn above,
  My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine:
I never felt the kiss of love,
  Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
  Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
  A virgin heart in work and will. 24

When down the stormy crescent goes,
  A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
  I hear a noise of hymns:
Then by some secret shrine I ride;
  I hear a voice but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
  The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
  The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
  And solemn chaunts resound between. 36

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
  I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
  I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
  Three angels bear the Holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
  On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
  My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
  And starlike mingles with the stars. 48

When on my goodly charger borne
  Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
  The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
  And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;

But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
  And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
  No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
  Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields. 60

A maiden knight—to me is given
  Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
  That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
  Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
  Whose odours haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
  This mortal armour that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
  Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air. 72

The clouds are broken in the sky,
  And thro' the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
  Swells up and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
  Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful knight of God!
  Ride on! the prize is near."
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
  By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
  Until I find the Holy Grail. 84

1834. 1842. *Lord Tennyson.*

TWO IN THE CAMPAGNA

I WONDER do you feel to-day
  As I have felt since, hand in hand,
We sat down on the grass, to stray
  In spirit better through the land,
This morn of Rome and May? 5

For me, I touched a thought, I know,
  Has tantalized me many times,
(Like turns of thread the spiders throw
  Mocking across our path) for rhymes
To catch at and let go. 10

Help me to hold it! First it left
  The yellowing fennel, run to seed
There, branching from the brickwork's cleft,
  Some old tomb's ruin; yonder weed
Took up the floating weft, 15

Where one small orange cup amassed
  Five beetles—blind and green they grope
Among the honey-meal: and last,
  Everywhere on the grassy slope
I traced it. Hold it fast! 20

The champaign with its endless fleece
  Of feathery grasses everywhere!

Silence and passion, joy and peace,
  An everlasting wash of air—
Rome's ghost since her decease. 25

Such life here, through such lengths of hours,
  Such miracles performed in play,
Such primal naked forms of flowers,
  Such letting nature have her way
While heaven looks from its towers! 30

How say you? Let us, O my dove,
  Let us be unashamed of soul,
As earth lies bare to heaven above!
  How is it under our control
To love or not to love? 35

I would that you were all to me,
  You that are just so much, no more.
Nor yours nor mine, nor slave nor free!
  Where does the fault lie? What the core
O' the wound, since wound must be? 40

I would I could adopt your will,
  See with your eyes, and set my heart
Beating by yours, and drink my fill
  At your soul's springs,—your part my part
In life, for good and ill. 45

No, I yearn upward, touch you close,
  Then stand away. I kiss your cheek,
Catch your soul's warmth,—I pluck the rose
  And love it more than tongue can speak—
Then the good minute goes. 50

Already how am I so far
  Out of that minute? Must I go
Still like the thistle-ball, no bar,
  Onward, whenever light winds blow,
Fixed by no friendly star? 55

Just when I seemed about to learn!
  Where is the thread now? Off again!
The old trick! Only I discern—
  Infinite passion, and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn. 60

1855. *Robert Browning.*

A WOMAN'S LAST WORD

Let 's contend no more, Love,
  Strive nor weep:
All be as before, Love,
  —Only sleep! 4

What so wild as words are?
  I and thou
In debate, as birds are,
  Hawk on bough! 8

See the creature stalking
  While we speak!
Hush and hide the talking,
  Cheek on cheek! 12

What so false as truth is,
  False to thee?
Where the serpent's tooth is
  Shun the tree— 16

Where the apple reddens
  Never pry—
Lest we lose our Edens,
  Eve and I. 20

Be a god and hold me
  With a charm!
Be a man and fold me
  With thine arm! 24

Teach me, only teach, Love!
  As I ought
I will speak thy speech, Love,
  Think thy thought— 28

Meet, if thou require it,
  Both demands,
Laying flesh and spirit
  In thy hands. 32

That shall be to-morrow,
  Not to-night;
I must bury sorrow
  Out of sight: 36

—Must a little weep, Love,
(Foolish me!)
And so fall asleep, Love,
Loved by thee. 40

1855. *Robert Browning.*

RABBI BEN EZRA

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in his hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor
be afraid!" 6

Not that, amassing flowers,
Youth sighed, "Which rose make ours,
Which lily leave and then as best recall?"
Not that, admiring stars,
It yearned, "Nor Jove, nor Mars;
Mine be some figured flame which blends,
transcends them all!" 12

Not for such hopes and fears
Annulling youth's brief years,
Do I remonstrate: folly wide the mark!
Rather I prize the doubt
Low kinds exist without,
Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a
spark. 18

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
Were man but formed to feed
On joy, to solely seek and find a feast;
Such feasting ended, then
As sure an end to men;
Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the
maw-crammed beast? 24

Rejoice we are allied
To that which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive!
A spark disturbs our clod;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of his tribes that take, I
must believe. 30

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never
grudge the throe! 36

For thence,—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me:
A brute I might have been, but would not
sink i' the scale. 42

Rabbi Ben Ezra

What is he but a brute
Whose flesh has soul to suit,
Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want
play?
To man, propose this test—
Thy body at its best,
How far can that project thy soul on its lone
way? 48

Yet gifts should prove their use:
I own the Past profuse
Of power each side, perfection every turn:
Eyes, ears took in their dole,
Brain treasured up the whole;
Should not the heart beat once "How good to
live and learn"? 54

Not once beat "Praise be thine!
I see the whole design,
I, who saw power, see now Love perfect too:
Perfect I call thy plan:
Thanks that I was a man!
Maker, remake, complete,—I trust what thou
shalt do!" 60

For pleasant is this flesh;
Our soul, in its rose-mesh
Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest:
Would we some prize might hold
To match those manifold
Possessions of the brute,—gain most, as we did
best! 66

Let us not always say,
"Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the
whole!"
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry, "All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than
flesh helps soul!" 72

Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reached its term:
Thence shall I pass, approved
A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute; a God though in the
germ. 78

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone
Once more on my adventure brave and new:
Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armor to indue. 84

Youth ended, I shall try
My gain or loss thereby;
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold:
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame:
Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being
old. 90

For note, when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the gray:
A whisper from the west
Shoots—"Add this to the rest,
Take it and try its worth: here dies another
day." 96

So, still within this life,
Though lifted o'er its strife,
Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last,
"This rage was right i' the main,
That acquiescence vain:
The Future I may face now I have proved the
Past." 102

For more is not reserved
To man, with soul just nerved
To act to-morrow what he learns to-day:
Here, work enough to watch
The Master work, and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's
true play. 108

As it was better, youth
Should strive, through acts uncouth,
Toward making, than repose on aught found
made:
So, better, age, exempt
From strife, should know, than tempt
Further. Thou waitedst age: wait death nor
be afraid! 114

Enough now, if the Right
And Good and Infinite
Be named here, as thou callest thy hand thine
own,
With knowledge absolute,
Subject to no dispute
From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee
feel alone. 120

Be there, for once and all,
Severed great minds from small,
Announced to each his station in the Past!
Was I, the world arraigned,
Were they, my soul disdained,
Right? Let age speak the truth and give us
peace at last! 126

Now, who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;
Ten, who in ears and eyes
Match me; we all surmise,
They this thing, and I that: whom shall my
soul believe? 132

Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work," must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the
price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a
trice: 138

But all, the world's coarse thumb,
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the
man's amount: 144

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and es-
caped;
All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the
pitcher shaped. 150

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
That metaphor! and feel
Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay,—
Thou, to whom fools propound,
When the wine makes its round,
"Since life fleets, all is change; the Past gone,
seize to-day!" 156

Fool! All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be:
Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and
clay endure. 162

He fixed thee 'mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This Present, thou, forsooth, would fain arrest:
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed. 168

What though the earlier grooves,
Which ran the laughing loves
Around thy base, no longer pause and press?
What though, about thy rim,
Skull-things in order grim
Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress? 174

Look not thou down but up!
To uses of a cup,
The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,
The new wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips aglow!
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what needst thou with earth's wheel? 180

But I need, now as then,
Thee, God, who mouldest men;
And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
Did I—to the wheel of life
With shapes and colors rife,
Bound dizzily—mistake my end, to slake thy thirst: 186

So, take and use thy work:
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same! 192

1864. *Robert Browning.*

SAUL

Said Abner, "At last thou art come! Ere I tell, ere thou speak,
Kiss my cheek, wish me well!" Then I wished it, and did kiss his cheek.
And he: "Since the King, O my friend, for thy countenance sent,
Neither drunken nor eaten have we; nor until from his tent
Thou return with the joyful assurance the King liveth yet,
Shall our lip with the honey be bright, with the water be wet.
For out of the black mid-tent's silence, a space of three days,
Not a sound hath escaped to thy servants, of prayer nor of praise,
To betoken that Saul and the Spirit have ended their strife,
And that, faint in his triumph, the monarch sinks back upon life. 10

"Yet now my heart leaps, O beloved! God's child with his dew
On thy gracious gold hair, and those lilies still living and blue
Just broken to twine round thy harp-strings, as if no wild heat
Were now raging to torture the desert!"

Then I, as was meet,
Knelt down to the God of my fathers, and rose on my feet,
And ran o'er the sand burnt to powder. The tent was unlooped;
I pulled up the spear that obstructed, and under I stooped;
Hands and knees on the slippery grass-patch, all withered and gone,
That extends to the second enclosure, I groped my way on
Till I felt where the foldskirts fly open. Then once more I prayed, 20
And opened the foldskirts and entered, and was not afraid
But spoke, "Here is David, thy servant!" And no voice replied.
At the first I saw naught but the blackness: but soon I descried
A something more black than the blackness—the vast, the upright
Main prop which sustains the pavilion: and slow into sight

Grew a figure against it, gigantic and blackest
of all.
Then a sunbeam, that burst through the tent-
roof, showed Saul.

He stood as erect as that tent-prop, both arms
stretched out wide
On the great cross-support in the centre, that
goes to each side;
He relaxed not a muscle, but hung there as,
caught in his pangs
And waiting his change, the king-serpent all
heavily hangs,
Far away from his kind, in the pine, till deliver-
ance come
With the spring-time,—so agonized Saul, drear
and stark, blind and dumb.

Then I tuned my harp,—took off the lilies we
twine round its chords
Lest they snap 'neath the stress of the noontide
—those sunbeams like swords!
And I first played the tune all our sheep know,
as, one after one,
So docile they come to the pen-door till folding
be done.
They are white and untorn by the bushes, for lo,
they have fed
Where the long grasses stifle the water within
the stream's bed;

And now one after one seeks its lodging, as star follows star 40
Into eve and the blue far above us,—so blue and so far!

—Then the tune for which quails on the corn-land will each leave his mate
To fly after the player; then, what makes the crickets elate
Till for boldness they fight one another; and then, what has weight
To set the quick jerboa a-musing outside his sand house—
There are none such as he for a wonder, half bird and half mouse!
God made all the creatures and gave them our love and our fear,
To give sign, we and they are his children, one family here.

Then I played the help-tune of our reapers, their wine-song, when hand
Grasps at hand, eye lights eye in good friendship, and great hearts expand 50
And grow one in the sense of this world's life.—And then, the last song
When the dead man is praised on his journey—"Bear, bear him along,
With his few faults shut up like dead flowerets! Are balm seeds not here
To console us? The land has none left such as he on the bier.

Oh, would we might keep thee, my brother!"—
And then the glad chaunt
Of the marriage,—first go the young maidens,
next, she whom we vaunt
As the beauty, the pride of our dwelling.—And
then, the great march
Wherein man runs to man to assist him and
buttress an arch
Naught can break; who shall harm them, our
friends? Then, the chorus intoned
As the Levites go up to the altar in glory en-
throned.
But I stopped here: for here in the darkness
Saul groaned.

And I paused, held my breath in such silence,
and listened apart;
And the tent shook, for mighty Saul shuddered:
and sparkles 'gan dart
From the jewels that woke in his turban, at
once, with a start,
All its lordly male-sapphires, and rubies cour-
ageous at heart.
So the head: but the body still moved not, still
hung there erect.
And I bent once again to my playing, pursued
it unchecked,
As I sang:—

"Oh, our manhood's prime vigor! No spirit
feels waste,
Not a muscle is stopped in its playing nor sinew
unbraced.

Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping from
rock up to rock, 70
The strong rending of boughs from the fire-tree,
the cool silver shock
Of the plunge in a pool's living water, the hunt
of the bear,
And the sultriness showing the lion is couched
in his lair.
And the meal, the rich dates yellowed over with
gold dust divine,
And the locust-flesh steeped in the pitcher, the
full draught of wine,
And the sleep in the dried river-channel where
bulrushes tell
That the water was wont to go warbling so
softly and well.
How good is man's life, the mere living! how
fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses
forever in joy!
Hast thou loved the white locks of thy father,
whose sword thou didst guard 80
When he trusted thee forth with the armies,
for glorious reward?
Didst thou see the thin hands of thy mother,
held up as men sung
The low song of the nearly-departed, and hear
her faint tongue
Joining in while it could to the witness, 'Let
one more attest,
I have lived, seen God's hand through a lifetime
and all was for best?'

Then they sung through their tears in strong
triumph, not much, but the rest.
And thy brothers, the help and the contest, the
working whence grew
Such result as, from seething grape-bundles,
the spirit strained true:
And the friends of thy boyhood—that boyhood
of wonder and hope,
Present promise and wealth of the future
beyond the eye's scope,— 90
Till lo, thou art grown to a monarch; a people
is thine;
And all gifts, which the world offers singly, on
one head combine!
On one head, all the beauty and strength, love
and rage (like the throe
That, a-work in the rock, helps its labor and
lets the gold go),
High ambition and deeds which surpass it,
fame crowning them,—all
Brought to blaze on the head of one creature—
King Saul!"

And lo, with that leap of my spirit,—heart,
hand, harp and voice,
Each lifting Saul's name out of sorrow, each
bidding rejoice
Saul's fame in the light it was made for—as
when, dare I say,
The Lord's army, in rapture of service, strains
through its array, 100

And upsoareth the cherubim-chariot—"Saul!"
cried I, and stopped,
And waited the thing that should follow. Then
Saul, who hung propped
By the tent's cross-support in the centre, was
struck by his name.
Have ye seen when Spring's arrowy summons
goes right to the aim,
And some mountain, the last to withstand her,
that held (he alone,
While the vale laughed in freedom and flowers)
on a broad bust of stone
A year's snow bound about for a breast-plate,—
leaves grasp of the sheet?
Fold on fold all at once it crowds thunderously
down to his feet.
And there fronts you, stark, black, but alive yet,
your mountain of old,
With his rents, the successive bequeathing of
ages untold— 110
Yea, each harm got in fighting your battles, each
furrow and scar
Of his head thrust 'twixt you and the tempest—
all hail, there they are!
—Now again to be softened with verdure,
again hold the nest
Of the dove, tempt the goat and its young to
the green on his crest
For their food in the ardors of summer. One
long shudder thrilled
All the tent till the very air tingled, then sank
and was stilled

At the King's self left standing before me,
released and aware.
What was gone, what remained? All to
traverse 'twixt hope and despair,
Death was past, life not come: so he waited.
Awhile his right hand
Held the brow, helped the eyes left too vacant
forthwith to remand 120
To their place what new objects should enter:
't was Saul as before.
I looked up and dared gaze at those eyes, nor
was hurt any more
Than by slow pallid sunsets in autumn, ye
watch from the shore,
At their sad level gaze o'er the ocean—a sun's
slow decline
Over hills which, resolved in stern silence, o'er-
lap and entwine
Base with base to knit strength more intensely:
so, arm folded arm
O'er the chest whose slow heavings subsided.

What spell or what charm,
(For awhile there was trouble within me,) what
next should I urge
To sustain him where song had restored him?—
Song filled to the verge
His cup with the wine of this life, pressing all
that it yields 130
Of mere fruitage, the strength and the beauty:
beyond, on what fields,

Glean a vintage more potent and perfect to
brighten the eye
And bring blood to the lip, and commend them
the cup they put by?
He saith, "It is good"; still he drinks not: he
lets me praise life,
Gives assent, yet would die for his own part.

Then fancies grew rife
Which had come long ago on the pasture, when
round me the sheep
Fed in silence—above, the one eagle wheeled
slow as in sleep;
And I lay in my hollow and mused on the world
that might lie
'Neath his ken, though I saw but the strip 'twixt
the hill and the sky:
And I laughed—"Since my days are ordained
to be passed with my flocks, 140
Let me people at least, with my fancies, the
plains and the rocks,
Dream the life I am never to mix with, and
image the show
Of mankind as they live in those fashions I
hardly shall know!
Schemes of life, its best rules and right uses,
the courage that gains,
And the prudence that keeps what men strive
for." And now these old trains
Of vague thought came again; I grew surer;
so, once more the string
Of my harp made response to my spirit, as
thus—

"Yea, my King,"
I began—"thou dost well in rejecting mere
comforts that spring
From the mere mortal life held in common by
man and by brute:
In our flesh grows the branch of this life, in
our soul it bears fruit. 150
Thou hast marked the slow rise of the tree,—
how its stem trembled first
Till it passed the kid's lip, the stag's antler;
then safely outburst
The fan-branches all round; and thou mindest
when these too, in turn,
Broke a-bloom and the palm-tree seemed per-
fect: yet more was to learn,
E'en the good that comes in with the palm-fruit.
Our dates shall we slight,
When their juice brings a cure for all sorrow?
or care for the plight
Of the palm's self whose slow growth produced
them? Not so! stem and branch
Shall decay, nor be known in their place, while
the palm-wine shall stanch
Every wound of man's spirit in winter. I pour
thee such wine,
Leave the flesh to the fate it was fit for! the
spirit be thine! 160
By the spirit, when age shall o'ercome thee,
thou still shalt enjoy
More indeed, than at first when inconscious, the
life of a boy.
Crush that life, and behold its wine running!
Each deed thou hast done

Dies, revives, goes to work in the world; until
e'en as the sun
Looking down on the earth, though clouds spoil
him, though tempests efface,
Can find nothing his own deed produced not,
must everywhere trace
The results of his past summer-prime,—so, each
ray of thy will,
Every flash of thy passion and prowess, long
over, shall thrill
Thy whole people, the countless, with ardor,
till they too give forth
A like cheer to their sons, who in turn fill the
South and the North 170
With the radiance thy deed was the germ of.
Carouse in the past!
But the license of age has its limit; thou diest
at last:
As the lion when age dims his eyeball, the rose
at her height,
So with man—so his power and his beauty
forever take flight.
No! Again a long draught of my soul-wine!
Look forth o'er the years!
Thou hast done now with eyes for the actual;
begin with the seer's!
Is Saul dead? In the depth of the vale make
his tomb—bid arise
A gray mountain of marble heaped four-square,
till, built to the skies,
Let it mark where the great First King slum-
bers: whose fame would ye know?

Up above see the rock's naked face, where the
record shall go 180
In great characters cut by the scribe,—Such
was Saul, so he did;
With the sages directing the work, by the popu-
lace chid,—
For not half, they 'll affirm, is comprised there!
Which fault to amend,
In the grove with his kind grows the cedar,
whereon they shall spend
(See, in tablets 't is level before them) their
praise, and record
With the gold of the graver, Saul's story,—the
stateman's great word
Side by side with the poet's sweet comment.
The river 's a-wave
With smooth paper-reeds grazing each other
when prophet-winds rave:
So the pen gives unborn generations their due
and their part
In thy being! Then, first of the mighty, thank
God that thou art!" 190

And behold while I sang . . . but O Thou who
didst grant me that day,
And before it not seldom hast granted thy help
to essay,
Carry on and complete an adventure,—my
shield and my sword
In that act where my soul was thy servant, thy
word was my word,—

Still be with me, who then at the summit of
human endeavor
And scaling the highest, man's thought could,
gazed hopeless as ever
On the new stretch of heaven above me—till,
mighty to save,
Just one lift of thy hand cleared that distance—
God's throne from man's grave!
Let me tell out my tale to its ending—my voice
to my heart
Which can scarce dare believe in what marvels
last night I took part, 200
As this morning I gather the fragments, alone
with my sheep,
And still fear lest the terrible glory evanish
like sleep!
For I wake in the gray dewy covert, while
Hebron upheaves
The dawn struggling with night on his shoulder
and Kidron retrieves
Slow the damage of yesterday's sunshine.

I say then,—my song
While I sang thus, assuring the monarch, and
ever more strong
Made a proffer of good to console him—he
slowly resumed
His old motions and habitudes kingly. The
right hand replumed
His black locks to their wonted composure,
adjusted the swathes

Of his turban, and see—the huge sweat that his
countenance bathes, 210
He wipes off with the robe; and he girds now
his loins as of yore,
And feels slow for the armlets of price, with the
clasp set before.
He is Saul, ye remember in glory,—ere error
had bent
The broad brow from daily communion; and
still, though much spent
Be the life and the bearing that front you, the
same, God did choose,
To receive what a man may waste, desecrate,
never quite lose.
So sank he along by the tent-prop till, stayed
by the pile
Of his armor and war-cloak and garments, he
leaned there awhile,
And sat out my singing,—one arm round the
tent-prop, to raise
His bent head, and the other hung slack—till
I touched on the praise 220
I foresaw from all men in all time, to the man
patient there;
And thus ended, the harp falling forward.
Then first I was 'ware
That he sat, as I say, with my head just above
his vast knees
Which were thrust out on each side around me,
like oak roots which please
To encircle a lamb when it slumbers. I looked
up to know

If the best I could do had brought solace: he spoke not, but slow
Lifted up the hand slack at his side, till he laid it with care
Soft and grave, but in mild settled will, on my brow: through my hair
The large fingers were pushed, and he bent back my head, with kind power—
All my face back, intent to peruse it, as men do a flower. 230
Thus held he me there with his great eyes that scrutinized mine—
And oh, all my heart how it loved him! but where was the sign?
I yearned—"Could I help thee, my father, inventing a bliss,
I would add, to that life of the past, both the future and this;
I would give thee new life altogether, as good, ages hence,
As this moment,—had love but the warrant, love's heart to dispense!"

Then the truth came upon me. No harp more—no song more! outbroke—

"I have gone the whole round of creation: I saw and I spoke:
I, a work of God's hand for that purpose, received in my brain
And pronounced on the rest of his handwork—returned him again 240

His creation's approval or censure: I spoke as
I saw:
I report, as a man may of God's work—all 's
love, yet all 's law.
Now I lay down the judgeship he lent me.
Each faculty tasked
To perceive him, has gained an abyss, where a
dewdrop was asked.
Have I knowledge? confounded it shrivels at
Wisdom laid bare.
Have I forethought? how purblind, how blank
to the Infinite Care!
Do I task any faculty highest, to image suc-
cess?
I but open my eyes,—and perfection, no more
and no less,
In the kind I imagined, full-fronts me, and
God is seen God
In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the
soul and the clod. 250
And thus looking within and around me, I ever
renew
(With that stoop of the soul which in bending
upraises it too)
The submission of man's nothing-perfect to
God's all-complete,
As by each new obeisance in spirit, I climb to
his feet.
Yet with all this abounding experience, this
deity known,
I shall dare to discover some province, some
gift of my own.

There 's a faculty pleasant to exercise, hard to hoodwink,
I am fain to keep still in abeyance, (I laugh as I think)
Lest, insisting to claim and parade in it, wot ye, I worst
E'en the Giver in one gift.—Behold, I could love if I durst!
But I sink the pretension as fearing a man may o'ertake
God's own speed in the one way of love: I abstain for love's sake.
—What, my soul? see thus far and no farther? when doors great and small,
Nine-and-ninety flew ope at our touch, should the hundredth appall?
In the least things have faith, yet distrust in the greatest of all?
Do I find love so full in my nature, God's ultimate gift,
That I doubt his own love can compete with it? Here, the parts shift?
Here, the creature surpass the Creator,—the end, what Began?
Would I fain in my impotent yearning do all for this man,
And dare doubt he alone shall not help him, who yet alone can?
Would it ever have entered my mind, the bare will, much less power,
To bestow on this Saul what I sang of, the marvellous dower

Of the life he was gifted and filled with? to
make such a soul,
Such a body, and then such an earth for
insphering the whole?
And doth it not enter my mind (as my warm
tears attest)
These good things being given, to go on, and
give one more, the best?
Ay, to save and redeem and restore him,
maintain at the height
This perfection,—succeed with life's day-spring,
death's minute of night?
Interpose at the difficult minute snatch Saul the
mistake,
Saul the failure, the ruin he seems now,—and
bid him awake
From the dream, the probation, the prelude, to
find himself set
Clear and safe in new light and new life,—a
new harmony yet
To be run, and continued, and ended—who
knows?—or endure!
The man taught enough by life's dream, of the
rest to make sure;
By the pain-throb, triumphantly winning in-
tensified bliss,
And the next world's reward and repose, by
the struggles in this.

"I believe it! 'T is thou, God, that givest, 't is
I who receive:

In the first is the last, in thy will is my power
to believe.
All 's one gift: thou canst grant it moreover,
as prompt to my prayer
As I breathe out this breath, as I open these
arms to the air. 290
From thy will stream the worlds, life and
nature, thy dread Sabaoth:
I will?—the mere atoms despise me! Why
am I not loth
To look that, even that in the face too? Why
is it I dare
Think but lightly of such impuissance? What
stops my despair?
This;—'t is not what man Does which exalts
him, but what man Would do!
See the King—I would help him but cannot,
the wishes fall through.
Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow
poor to enrich,
To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would—
knowing which,
I know that my service is perfect. Oh, speak
through me now!
Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst
thou—so wilt thou! 300
So shall crown thee the topmost, ineffablest,
uttermost crown—
And thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave
up nor down
One spot for the creature to stand in! It is by
no breath,

Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation joins
issue with death!
As thy Love is discovered almighty, almighty
be proved
Thy power, that exists with and for it, of being
Beloved!
He who did most, shall bear most; the strongest
shall stand the most weak.
'T is the weakness in strength, that I cry for!
my flesh, that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it
shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man
like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever: a
Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee!
See the Christ stand!

I know not too well how I found my way home
in the night.
There were witnesses, cohorts about me, to
left and to right,
Angels, powers, the unuttered, unseen, the
alive, the aware:
I repressed, I got through them as hardly, as
strugglingly there,
As a runner beset by the populace famished for
news—
Life or death. The whole earth was awakened,
hell loosed with her crews;

And the stars of night beat with emotion, and tingled and shot
Out in fire the strong pain of pent knowledge: but I fainted not, 320
For the Hand still impelled me at once and supported, suppressed
All the tumult, and quenched it with quiet, and holy behest,
Till the rapture was shut in itself, and the earth sank to rest.
Anon at the dawn, all that trouble had withered from earth—
Not so much, but I saw it die out in the day's tender birth;
In the gathered intensity brought to the gray of the hills;
In the shuddering forests' held breath; in the sudden wind-thrills;
In the startled wild beasts that bore off, each with eye sidling still
Though averted with wonder and dread; in the birds stiff and chill
That rose heavily, as I approached them, made stupid with awe: 330
E'en the serpent that slid away silent,—he felt the new law.
The same stared in the white humid faces upturned by the flowers;
The same worked in the heart of the cedar and moved the vine-bowers:

And the little brooks witnessing murmured,
persistent and low,
With their obstinate, all but hushed voices—
"E'en so, it is so!"

1845. 1855. *Robert Browning.*

VERSES

Supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk
during his solitary abode in the
island of Juan Fernandez

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place. 8

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me. 16

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,

Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
  How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
  In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
  And be cheered by the sallies of youth. 24

Religion! what treasure untold
  Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
  Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
  These valleys and rocks never heard,
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
  Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared. 32

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
  Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
  Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends,—do they now and then send
  A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
  Though a friend I am never to see. 40

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
  Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
  And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
  In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand
  Soon hurries me back to despair. 48

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
  The beast is laid down in his lair,
Even here is a season of rest,
  And I to my cabin repair.
There 's mercy in every place,
  And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
  And reconciles man to his lot. 56

1782. *William Cowper.*

LOCKSLEY HALL

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet
  'T is early morn:
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound
  upon the bugle-horn.

'T is the place, and all around it, as of old, the
  curlews call,
Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over
  Locksley Hall; 4

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks
  the sandy tracts,
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into
  cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere
  I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the
  West. 8

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the
mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a
silver braid.

Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a
youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long
result of time; 12

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful
land reposed;
When I clung to all the present for the promise
that it closed;

When I dipped into the future far as human eye
could see,
Saw the Vision of the world and all the wonder
that would be.— 16

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the
robin's breast;
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself
another crest;

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the
burnish'd dove;
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns
to thoughts of love. 20

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than
should be for one so young,

And her eyes on all my motions with a mute
observance hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak
the truth to me,
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being
sets to thee." 24

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a color
and a light,
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the
northern night.

And she turn'd—her bosom shaken with a
sudden storm of sighs—
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of
hazel eyes— 28

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they
should do me wrong";
Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?" weeping,
"I have loved thee long."

Love took up the glass of time, and turn'd it
in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in
golden sands. 32

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all
the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, past
in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear
the copses ring,
And her whisper throng'd my pulses with the
fulness of the Spring. 36

Many an evening by the waters did we watch
the stately ships,
And our spirits rush'd together at the touching
of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy,
mine no more!
O the dreary, dreary, moorland! O the barren,
barren shore! 40

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all
songs have sung,
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a
shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy? having known
me—to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower
heart than mine! 44

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level
day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to
sympathize with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated
with a clown,

And the grossness of his nature will have
weight to drag thee down. 48

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have
spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer
than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy: think not they
are glazed with wine.
Go to him: it is thy duty: kiss him: take his
hand in thine. 52

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is
overwrought;
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him
with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to
understand—
Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I slew
thee with my hand! 56

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the
heart's disgrace,
Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent in a last
embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the
strength of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the
living truth! 60

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest
Nature's rule!
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd
forehead of the fool!

Well—'t is well that I should bluster!—
Hadst thou less unworthy proved—
Would to God—for I had loved thee more than
ever wife was loved. 64

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which
bears but bitter fruit?
I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my heart
be at the root.

Never, tho' my mortal summers to such length
of years should come
As the many-winter'd crow that leads the
clanging rookery home. 68

Where is comfort? in division of the records
of the mind?
Can I part her from myself, and love her, as
I knew her, kind?

I remember one that perish'd; sweetly did she
speak and move;
Such a one do I remember, whom to look at
was to love. 72

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for
the love she bore?

No—she never loved me truly: love is love for
evermore.

Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils! this is
truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remem-
bering happier things. 76

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy
heart be put to proof,
In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain
is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art
staring at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the
shadows rise and fall. 80

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing
to his drunken sleep,
To thy widow'd marriage-pillows, to the tears
that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whisper'd
by the phantom years,
And a song from out the distance in the ringing
of thine ears; 84

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient
kindness on thy pain.
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow; get thee to
thy rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a tender
voice will cry.
'T is a purer life than thine, a lip to drain thy
trouble dry. 88

Baby lips will laugh me down; my latest rival
brings thee rest.
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from
the mother's breast.

O, the child too clothes the father with a dear-
ness not his due.
Half is thine and half is his; it will be worthy
of the two. 92

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty
part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down
a daughter's heart.

"They were dangerous guides the feelings—she
herself was not exempt—
Truly, she herself had suffer'd"—Perish in thy
self-contempt! 96

Overlive it—lower yet—be happy! wherefore
should I care?
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither
by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting
upon days like these?

Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but
to golden keys. 100

Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the
markets overflow.
I have but an angry fancy: what is that which
I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the
foeman's ground,
When the ranks are roll'd in vapor, and the
winds are laid with sound. 104

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt
that Honour feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at
each other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that
earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou won-
drous Mother-Age! 108

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt
before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the
tumult of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the
coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves
his father's field, 112

And at night along the dusky highway near
and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like
a dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone
before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the
throngs of men;

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever
reaping something new;
That which they have done but earnest of the
things that they shall do.

For I dipped into the future, far as human eye
could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder
that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies
of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down
with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there
rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the
central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-
wind rushing warm,

With the standards of the peoples plunging
thro' the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the
battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of
the world. 128

There the common sense of most shall hold a
fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapped in
universal law.

So I triumph'd ere my passion sweeping thro'
me left me dry,
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with
the jaundiced eye; 132

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here
are out of joint:
Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping on
from point to point;

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion,
creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a
slowly-dying fire. 136

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing
purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the
process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of
his youthful joys,
Tho' the deep heart of existence beat for ever
like a boy's? 140

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I
linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is
more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he
bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the still-
ness of his rest. 144

Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding
on the bugle-horn,
They to whom my foolish passion were a target
for their scorn:

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a
moulder'd string?
I am shamed thro' all my nature to have loved
so slight a thing. 148

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's
pleasure, woman's pain—
Nature made them blinder motions bounded
in a shallower brain:

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions,
match'd with mine,

Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water
unto wine— 152

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing.
Ah, for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life
began to beat,

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father
evil-starr'd;—
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish
uncle's ward. 156

Or to burst all links of habit—there to wander
far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of
the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons
and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster,
knots of Paradise. 160

Never comes the trader, never floats an
European flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings
the trailer from the crag;

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the
heavy-fruited tree—
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purpled
spheres of sea. 164

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind,
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.

There the passions cramp'd no longer shall have scope and breathing space;
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race. 168

Iron-jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall dive, and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books— 172

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I *know* my words are wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains! 176

Mated with a squalid savage—what to me were sun or clime?

I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files
of time—

I that rather held it better men should perish
one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze like
Joshua's moon in Ajalon! 180

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward,
forward let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever down the
ringing grooves of change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into
the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of
Cathay. 184

Mother-Age,—for mine I knew not,—help me
as when life begun:
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the
lightnings, weigh the Sun.

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath
not set.
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my
fancy yet. 188

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to
Locksley Hall!
Now for me the woods may wither, now for
me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapour from the margin, blackening
over heath and holt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast
a thunderbolt. 192

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail,
or fire or snow;
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward,
and I go.

1842. *Lord Tennyson.*

ANTONY TO CLEOPATRA

I AM dying, Egypt, dying!
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast;
Let thine arms, oh Queen, support me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,
Listen to the great heart secrets
Thou, and thou alone, must hear. 8

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore:
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman—
Die the great Triumvir still. 16

Antony to Cleopatra

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
  Mock the lion thus laid low;
'T was no foeman's arm that felled him,
  'T was his own that struck the blow:
His who, pillowed on thy bosom,
  Turned aside from glory's ray—
His who, drunk with thy caresses,
  Madly threw a world away. 24

Should the base plebeian rabble
  Dare assail my name at Rome,
Where my noble spouse, Octavia,
  Weeps within her widowed home—
Seek her; say the gods bear witness—
  Altars, augurs, circling wings—
That her blood, with mine commingled,
  Yet shall mount the throne of kings. 32

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian—
  Glorious sorceress of the Nile!
Light the path to Stygian darkness,
  With the splendor of thy smile;
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
  Let his brow the laurel twine;
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
  Triumphing in love like thine. 40

I am dying, Egypt, dying!
  Hark! the insulting foeman's cry;
They are coming—quick, my falchion!
  Let me front them ere I die.

Ah! no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell;
Isis and Osiris guard thee—
Cleopatra—Rome—farewell! 48

c. 1860. *William Haines Lytle.*

THE LAST BUCCANEER

Oh, England is a pleasant place for them that 's rich and high,
But England is a cruel place for such poor folks as I;
And such a port for mariners I ne'er shall see again
As the pleasant Isle of Avès, beside the Spanish main. 4

There were forty craft in Avès that were both swift and stout,
All furnish'd well with small arms and cannons round about;
And a thousand men in Avès made laws to fair and free
To choose their valiant captains and obey them loyally. 8

Thence we sail'd against the Spaniard with his hoards of plate and gold,
Which he wrung by cruel tortures from the Indian folk of old;

Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts as hard as stone,
Which flog men and keel-haul them, and starve them to the bone. 12

Oh, the palms grew high in Avès, and fruits that shone like gold,
And the colibris and parrots they were gorgeous to behold;
And the negro maids to Avès from bondage fast did flée,
To welcome gallant sailors a-sweeping in from sea. 16

Oh, sweet it was in Avès to hear the landward breeze,
A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the trees,
With a negro lass to fan you, while you listen'd to the roar
Of the breakers on the reef outside, that never touched the shore. 20

But Scripture saith, an ending to all fine things must be;
So the King's ships sail'd on Avès, and quite put down were we.
All day we fought like bulldogs, but they burst the booms at night;
And I fled in a piragua, sore wounded, from the fight. 24

Nine days I floated starving, and a negro lass
beside,
Till for all I tried to cheer her, the poor young
thing she died;
But as I lay a-gasping, a Bristol sail came by,
And brought me home to England here, to beg
until I die. 28

And now I 'm old and going—I 'm sure I can't
tell where;
One comfort is, this world's so hard, I can't be
worse off there:
If I might be a sea-dove, I 'd fly across the
main,
To the pleasant Isle of Avès, to look at it once
again. 32

1857. *Charles Kingsley.*

LIFE'S PHILOSOPHY

THE WORLD

I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright;
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days,
years,
Driv'n by the spheres
Like a vast shadow mov'd; in which the world
And all her train were hurl'd. 7

The doting lover in his quaintest strain
Did there complain;
Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his slights,
Wit's sour delights;
With gloves, and knots the silly snares of
pleasure,
Yet his dear treasure,
All scatter'd lay, while he his eyes did pour
Upon a flower. 15

The darksome statesman, hung with weights
and woe,
Like a thick midnight-fog, moved there so slow,
He did nor stay, nor go;
Condemning thoughts—like sad eclipses—scowl
Upon his soul,

And clouds of crying witnesses without
Pursued him with one shout.
Yet digg'd the mole, and lest his ways be
found,
Work'd under ground,
Where he did clutch his prey; but one did see
That policy:
Churches and altars fed him; perjuries
Were gnats and flies;
It rain'd about him blood and tears, but he
Drank them as free. 30

The fearful miser on a heap of rust
Sate pining all his life there, did scarce trust
His own hands with the dust,
Yet would not place one piece above, but lives
In fear of thieves.
Thousands there were as frantic as himself,
And hugg'd each one his pelf;
The down-right epicure plac'd heav'n in sense,
And scorn'd pretence;
While others, slip'd into a wide excess,
Said little less;
The weaker sort slight, trivial wares enslave,
Who think them brave;
And poor, despisèd Truth sate counting by
Their victory. 45

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing.
And sing, and weep, soar'd up into the ring;
But most would use no wing.

A Psalm of Life

O fools—said I—thus to prefer dark night
Before true light!
To live in grots and caves, and hate the day
Because it shows the way;
The way, which from this dead and dark abode
Leads up to God;
A way where you might tread the sun, and be
More bright than he!
But as I did their madness so discuss,
One whisper'd thus,
"This ring the Bride-groom did for none
provide,
But for His Bride."

1650. *Henry Vaughan.*

A PSALM OF LIFE

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!—
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
  And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
  Funeral marches to the grave. 16

In the world's broad field of battle,
  In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
  Be a hero in the strife! 20

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
  Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
  Heart within, and God o'erhead! 24

Lives of great men all remind us
  We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
  Footprints on the sands of time; 28

Footprints, that perhaps another,
  Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
  Seeing, shall take heart again. 32

Let us, then, be up and doing,
  With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
  Learn to labor and to wait. 36

1838. *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

THE BELEAGUERED CITY

I HAVE read, in some old, marvellous tale,
  Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
  Beleaguered the walls of Prague. 4

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
  With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
  The army of the dead. 8

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
  The spectral camp was seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
  The river flowed between. 12

No other voice nor sound was there,
  No drum, nor sentry's pace;
The mist-like banners clasped the air,
  As clouds with clouds embrace. 16

But when the old cathedral bell
  Proclaimed the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
  On the alarmed air. 20

Down the broad valley fast and far
  The troubled army fled;
Up rose the glorious morning star,
  The ghastly host was dead. 24

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man,
  That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
  Beleaguer the human soul. 28

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
  In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
  Portentous through the night. 32

Upon its midnight battle-ground
  The spectral camp is seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
  Flows the River of Life between. 36

No other voice nor sound is there,
  In the army of the grave;
No other challenge breaks the air,
  But the rushing of Life's wave. 40

And when the solemn and deep church-bell
  Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
  The shadows sweep away. 44

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled;
Faith shineth as a morning star,
Our ghastly fears are dead. 48

1839. *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS

IN CALLING FORTH AND STRENGTHENING THE IMAGINATION IN BOYHOOD AND EARLY YOUTH

WISDOM and Spirit of the universe!
Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of thought!
And giv'st to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion! not in vain,
By day or star-light, thus from my first dawn
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human soul;
Not with the mean and vulgar works of Man;
But with high objects, with enduring things,
With life and nature; purifying thus 10
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying by such discipline
Both pain and fear,—until we recognize
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.
Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me
With stinted kindness. In November days,
When vapours rolling down the valleys made

A lonely scene more lonesome; among woods
At noon; and 'mid the calm of summer nights,
When by the margin of the trembling lake, 20
Beneath the gloomy hills, homeward I went
In solitude, such intercourse was mine:
Mine was it in the fields both day and night,
And by the waters, all the summer long.
And in the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and, visible for many a mile,
The cottage-windows through the twilight blazed,
I heeded not the summons; happy time
It was indeed for all of us; for me
It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud 30
The village-clock tolled six—I wheeled about,
Proud and exulting like an untired horse
That cares not for his home.—All shod with
steel
We hissed along the polished ice, in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,
The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted hare.
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle: with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud; 40
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron; while far-distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy, not unnoticed while the stars,
Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the
west
The orange sky of evening died away.
Not seldom from the uproar I retired

Lines

Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideway, leaving the tumultuous throng,
To cut across the reflex of a star;
Image, that, flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain: and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round!
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

1799. 1869. *William Wordsworth.*

LINES

Nay, Traveller! rest. This lonely Yew-tree stands
Far from all human dwelling: what if here
No sparkling rivulet spread the verdant herb?
What if the bee love not these barren boughs?
Yet, if the wind breathe soft, the curling waves,
That break against the shore, shall lull thy mind
By one soft impulse saved from vacancy.
——— Who he was
That piled these stones and with the mossy sod

First covered, and here taught this aged Tree 10
With its dark arms to form a circling bower,
I well remember.—He was one who owned
No common soul. In youth by science nursed,
And led by nature into a wild scene
Of lofty hopes, he to the world went forth
A favoured Being, knowing no desire
Which genius did not hallow; 'gainst the taint
Of dissolute tongues, and jealousy, and hate,
And scorn,—against all enemies prepared,
All but neglect. The world, for so it thought, 20
Owed him no service; wherefore he at once
With indignation turned himself away,
And with the food of pride sustained his soul
In solitude.—Stranger! these gloomy boughs
Had charms for him; and here he loved to sit,
His only visitants a straggling sheep,
The stone-chat, or the glancing sand-piper:
And on these barren rocks, with fern and heath,
And juniper and thistle, sprinkled o'er,
Fixing his downcast eye, he many an hour 30
A morbid pleasure nourished, tracing here
An emblem of his own unfruitful life:
And, lifting up his head, he then would gaze
On the more distant scene,—how lovely 't is
Thou seest,—and he would gaze till it became
Far lovelier, and his heart could not sustain
The beauty, still more beauteous! Nor, that time,
When nature had subdued him to herself,
Would he forget those Beings to whose minds,
Warm from the labours of benevolence, 40

The world, and human life, appeared a scene
Of kindred loveliness: then he would sigh,
Inly disturbed, to think that others felt
What he must never feel: and so, lost Man!
On visionary views would fancy feed,
Till his eye streamed with tears. In this deep vale
He died,—this seat his only monument.
If Thou be one whose heart the holy forms
Of young imagination have kept pure,
Stranger! henceforth be warned; and know that pride, 50
Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness; that he, who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he has never used; that thought with him
Is in its infancy. The man whose eye
Is ever on himself doth look on one,
The least of Nature's words, one who might move
The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds
Unlawful, ever. O be wiser, Thou!
Instructed that true knowledge leads to love; 60
True dignity abides with him alone
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still suspect, and still revere himself,
In lowliness of heart.

1795. 1798. *William Wordsworth*

HOME

WHAT is House and what is Home,
Where with freedom thou hast room,
And may'st to all tyrants say,
This you cannot take away?
'T is no thing with doors and walls,
Which at every earthquake falls;
No fair towers, whose princely fashion
Is but Plunder's invitation;
No stout marble structure, where
Walls Eternity do dare;
No brass gates, no bars of steel,
Tho' Time's teeth they scorn to feel:
Brass is not so bold as Pride,
If on Power's wings it ride;
Marble 's not so hard as Spite
Arm'd with lawless Strength and Might.
Right and just Possession, be
Potent names, when Laws stand free:
But if once that rampart fall,
Stoutest thieves inherit all:
To be rich and weak 's a sure
And sufficient forfeiture. 22

Seek no more abroad, say I,
House and Home, but turn thine eye

Inward, and observe thy breast;
There alone dwells solid Rest.
That 's a close immured tower
Which can mock all hostile power.
To thyself a tenant be,
And inhabit safe and free.
Say not that this House is small,
Girt up in a narrow wall:
In a cleanly sober mind
Heaven itself full room doth find.
Th' Infinite Creator can
Dwell in it; and may not Man?
Here content make thy abode
With thyself and with thy God.
Here in this sweet privacy
May'st thou with thyself agree,
And keep House in peace, tho' all
Th' Universe's fabric fall.
No disaster can distress thee,
Nor no Fury dispossess thee:
Let all war and plunder come,
Still may'st thou dwell safe at Home. 46

Home is everywhere to thee,
Who canst thine own dwelling be;
Yea, tho' ruthless Death assail thee,
Still thy lodging will not fail thee:
Still thy Soul's thine own; and she
To an House removed shall be;
An eternal House above,
Wall'd, and roof'd, and paved with
Love.

There shall these mud-walls of thine,
Gallantly repair'd, out-shine
Mortal Stars;—No Star shall be
In that Heaven but such as Thee. 58

c. 1650-60. 1749. *Joseph Beaumont.*

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill; 4

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath; 8

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good; 12

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great; 16

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend;

And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend. 20

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And, having nothing, yet hath all. 24

c. 1614. *Sir Henry Wotton.*

WILL

O, WELL for him whose will is strong!
He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong:
For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,
Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound,
Who seems a promontory of rock,
That, compass'd round with turbulent sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crown'd. 9

But ill for him who, bettering not with time,
Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended Will,
And ever weaker grows thro' acted crime,
Or seeming-genial venial fault.
Recurring and suggesting still!
He seems as one whose footsteps halt,
Toiling in immeasurable sand,

And o'er a weary sultry land,
Far beneath a blazing vault,
Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill,
The city sparkles like a grain of salt. 20

1855. *Lord Tennyson.*

LIFE

LIFE! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me 's a secret yet.
But this I know, when thou art fled,
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
No clod so valueless shall be, as all that then
remains of me.
O whither, whither dost thou fly,
Where bend unseen thy trackless course,
And in this strange divorce,
Ah, tell where I must seek this compound I?

To the vast ocean of empyreal flame,
From whence thy essence came,
Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed
From matter's base encumbering weed?
Or dost thou, hid from sight,
Wait, like some spell-bound knight,
Through blank, oblivious years the appointed
hours
To break thy trance and reassume thy power?
Yet canst thou, without thought or feeling be?
O say what art thou, when no more thou 'rt thee?

"My Days among the Dead are Past"

Life! we 've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'T is hard to part when friends are dear,—
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good Night,—but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning.

c. 1825. *Anna Letitia Barbauld.*

"MY DAYS AMONG THE DEAD ARE PAST"

My days among the Dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day. 6

With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And, while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude. 12

My thoughts are with the Dead; with them
I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,

And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind. 18

My hopes are with the Dead; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust. 24

1818. *Robert Southey.*

EACH AND ALL

LITTLE thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown,
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent. 10
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.
I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;—
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore;

The bubbles of the latest wave 20
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.
The lover watched his graceful maid,
As mid the virgin train she strayed, 30
Nor knew her beauty's best-attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;—
The gay enchantment was undone,
A gentle wife, but fairy none.
Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth:"—
As I spoke, beneath my feet 40
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;—
Beauty through my senses stole; 50
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

1847. *Ralph Waldo Emerson*

YOUTH AND AGE

VERSE, a breeze mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a-maying
  With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
    When I was young!
When I was young?—Ah, woeful When!
Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and Then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands, 10
How lightly *then* it flashed along:—
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Nought cared this body for wind or weather
When Youth and I lived in 't together.
Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O! the joys, that came down shower-like, 20
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
  Ere I was old!
Ere I was old? Ah, woeful Ere,
Which tells me, Youth 's no longer here!
O Youth! for years so many and sweet,

'T is known, that Thou and I were one,
I 'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be that Thou art gone!
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd:—
And thou wert aye a masker bold! 30
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To *make believe,* that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size:
But Spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but thought: so think I will
That Youth and I are house-mates still.
Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve! 40
Where no hope is, life 's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,
  When we are old:
That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking-leave
Like some poor nigh-related guest,
That may not rudely be dismist;
Yet hath out-stay'd his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile. 49

1823. 1828. 1832. *Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

THE FORERUNNERS

Long I followed happy guides,
I could never reach their sides;
Their step is forth, and, ere the day,
Breaks up their leaguer, and away.

Keen my sense, my heart was young,
Right good-will my sinews strung,
But no speed of mine avails
To hunt upon their shining trails.
On and away, their hasting feet
Make the morning proud and sweet; 10
Flowers they strew,—I catch the scent;
Or tone of silver instrument
Leaves on the wind melodious trace;
Yet I could never see their face.
On eastern hills I see their smokes,
Mixed with mist by distant lochs.
I met many travellers
Who the road had surely kept;
They saw not my fine revellers,—
These had crossed them while they slept. 20
Some had heard their fair report,
In the country or the court.
Fleetest couriers alive
Never yet could once arrive,
As they went or they returned,
At the house where these sojourned.
Sometimes their strong speed they slacken,
Though they are not overtaken;
In sleep their jubilant troop is near,—
I tuneful voices overhear; 30
It may be in wood or waste,—
At unawares 't is come and passed.
Their near camp my spirit knows
By signs gracious as rainbows.
I thenceforward and long after,
Listen for their harp-like laughter,

And carry in my heart, for days,
Peace that hallows rudest ways.

1847. *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

TERMINUS

It is time to be old,
To take in sail:—
The god of bounds,
Who sets to seas a shore,
Came to me in his fatal rounds,
And said: "No more!
No farther shoot
Thy broad ambitious branches, and thy
root.
Fancy departs: no more invent;
Contract thy firmament 10
To compass of a tent.
There 's not enough for this and that,
Make thy option which of two;
Economize the failing river,
Not the less revere the Giver,
Leave the many and hold the few.
Timely wise accept the terms,
Soften the fall with wary foot;
A little while
Still plan and smile, 20
And,—fault of novel germs,—
Mature the unfallen fruit.
Curse, if thou wilt, thy sires,
Bad husbands of their fires,

Who, when they gave thee breath,
Failed to bequeath
The needful sinew stark as once,
The Baresark marrow to thy bones,
But left a legacy of ebbing veins,
Inconstant heat and nerveless reins; 30
Amid the Muses, left thee deaf and dumb,
Amid the gladiators, halt and numb."

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
"Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed." 40

1867. *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THE PROBLEM

I LIKE a church; I like a cowl;
I love a prophet of the soul;
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles:
Yet not for all his faith can see
Would I that cowled churchman be.
Why should the vest on him allure,
Which I could not on me endure?

Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought; 10
Never from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle;
Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old;
The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below,—
The canticles of love and woe:
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome, 20
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;—
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Know'st thou what wove yon woodbird's nest
Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
Painting with morn each annual cell?
Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
To her old leaves new myriads? 30
Such and so grew these holy piles,
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
As the best gem upon her zone;
And Morning opes with haste her lids,
To gaze upon the Pyramids;
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
As on its friends, with kindred eye;

For, out of Thought's interior sphere,
These wonders rose to upper air;
And Nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass
Art might obey, but not surpass.
The passive Master lent his hand
To the vast Soul that o'er him planned;
And the same power that reared the shrine
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host,
Trances the heart through chanting choirs,
And through the priest the mind inspires.
The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
The word by seers or sibyls told,
In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.
I know what say the fathers wise,—
The Book itself before me lies,
Old *Chrysostom,* best Augustine,
And he who blent both in his line,
The younger *Golden Lips* or mines,
Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines.

His words are music in my ear,
I see his cowlèd portrait dear; 70
And yet, for all his faith could see,
I would not the good bishop be.

1840. *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

BRAHMA

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again. 4

Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame. 8

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings. 12

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven. 16

1858. *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

IN A LECTURE-ROOM

Away, haunt thou not me,
Thou vain Philosophy!
Little hast thou bestead,
Save to perplex the head,
And leave the spirit dead.
Unto thy broken cisterns wherefore go,
While from the secret treasure-depths below,
Fed by the skiey shower,
And clouds that sink and rest on hill-tops high,
Wisdom at once, and Power, 10
Are welling, bubbling forth, unseen, incessantly?
Why labour at the dull mechanic oar,
When the fresh breeze is blowing,
And the strong current flowing,
Right onward to the Eternal Shore?

1840. 1849. *Arthur Hugh Clough.*

"SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVAILETH"

Say not the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain. 4

Self-dependence

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field. 8

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main. 12

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright. 16

1849. 1862. *Arthur Hugh Clough.*

SELF-DEPENDENCE

Weary of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea. 4

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
"Ye who from my childhood up have calm'd me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end! 8

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;

Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!" 12

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the answer:
"Wouldst thou *be* as these are? *Live* as they. 16

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy. 20

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silver'd roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul. 24

"Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see." 28

O air-born voice! long since, severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear:
"Resolve to be thyself; and know that he,
Who finds himself, loses his misery!" 32

1852. *Matthew Arnold.*

THE FUTURE

A WANDERER is man from his birth.
He was born in a ship
On the breast of the river of Time;
Brimming with wonder and joy
He spreads out his arms to the light,
Rivets his gaze on the banks of the stream.

As what he sees is, so have his thoughts been,
Whether he wakes
Where the snowy mountainous pass,
Echoing the screams of the eagles, 10
Hems in its gorges the bed
Of the new-born clear-flowing stream;
Whether he first sees light
Where the river in gleaming rings
Sluggishly winds through the plain;
Whether in sound of the swallowing sea—
As is the world on the banks,
So is the mind of the man.

Vainly does each, as he glides,
Fable and dream 20
Of the lands which the river of Time
Had left ere he woke on its breast,
Or shall reach when his eyes have been closed.
Only the tract where he sails

He wots of; only the thoughts,
Raised by the objects he passes, are his.

Who can see the green earth any more
As she was by the sources of Time?
Who imagines her fields as they lay
In the sunshine, unworn by the plough? 30
Who thinks as they thought,
The tribes who then roam'd on her breast,
Her vigorous primitive sons?
What girl
Now reads in her bosom as clear
As Rebekah read, when she sate
At eve by the palm-shaded well?
Who guards in her breast
As deep, as pellucid a spring
Of feeling, as tranquil, as sure? 40

What bard,
At the height of his vision, can deem
Of God, of the world, of the soul,
With a plainness as near,
As flashing as Moses felt
When he lay in the night by his flock
On the starlit Arabian waste?
Can rise and obey
The beck of the Spirit like him?

This tract which the river of Time 50
Now flows through with us, is the plain.
Gone is the calm of its earlier shore.
Border'd by cities and hoarse

With a thousand cries is its stream.
And we on its breast, our minds
Are confused as the cries which we hear,
Changing and shot as the sights which we see.

And we say that repose has fled
For ever the course of the river of Time.
That cities will crowd to its edge 60
In a blacker, incessanter line;
That the din will be more on its banks,
Denser the trade on its stream,
Flatter the plain where it flows,
Fiercer the sun overhead.
That never will those on its breast
See an ennobling sight,
Drink of the feeling of quiet again.

But what was before us we know not,
And we know not what shall succeed. 70

Haply, the river of Time—
As it grows, as the towns on its marge
Fling their wavering lights
On a wider, statelier stream—
May acquire, if not the calm
Of its early mountainous shore,
Yet a solemn peace of its own.

And the width of the waters, the hush
Of the gray expanse where he floats,
Freshening its current and spotted with foam 80
As it draws to the Ocean, may strike

Peace to the soul of the man on its breast—
As the pale waste widens around him,
As the banks fade dimmer away,
As the stars come out, and the night-wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea.

1852. *Matthew Arnold.*

PALLADIUM

SET where the upper streams of Simois flow
Was the Palladium, high 'mid rock and wood;
And Hector was in Ilium, far below,
And fought, and saw it not—but there it stood! 4

It stood, and sun and moonshine rain'd their light
On the pure columns of its glen-built hall.
Backward and forward roll'd the waves of fight
Round Troy—but while this stood, Troy could not fall. 8

So, in its lovely moonlight, lives the soul.
Mountains surround it and sweet virgin air;
Cold plashing, past it, crystal waters roll;
We visit it by moments, ah, too rare! 12

We shall renew the battle in the plain
To-morrow; red with blood will Xanthus be;
Hector and Ajax will be there again,
Helen will come upon the wall to see. 16

Then we shall rust in shade, or shine in strife,
And fluctuate 'twixt blind hopes and blind
despairs,
And fancy that we put forth all our life,
And never know how with the soul it fares. 20

Still doth the soul, from its long fastness high,
Upon our life a ruling effluence send.
And when it fails, fight as we will, we die;
And while it lasts, we cannot wholly end. 24

1867. *Matthew Arnold.*

DOVER BEACH

THE sea is calm to-night.
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits;—on the French coast the
light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England
stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and
fling, 10
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Ægæan, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea. 20

The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.
Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems 30
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

1867. *Matthew Arnold.*

GROWING OLD

WHAT is it to grow old?
Is it to lose the glory of the form,
The lustre of the eye?
Is it for beauty to forego her wreath?
—Yes, but not this alone. 5

Is it to feel our strength—
Not our bloom only, but our strength—
decay?
Is it to feel each limb
Grow stiffer, every function less exact,
Each nerve more loosely strung? 10

Yes, this, and more; but not—
Ah, 't is not what in youth we dream'd
't would be!
'T is not to have our life
Mellow'd and soften'd as with sunset glow,
A golden day's decline. 15

'T is not to see the world
As from a height, with rapt prophetic eyes,
And heart profoundly stirr'd;
And weep, and feel the fulness of the past,
The years that are no more. 20

It is to spend long days
And not once feel that we were ever young;
It is to add, immured
In the hot prison of the present, month
To month with weary pain. 25

It is to suffer this,
And feel but half, and feebly, what we feel.
Deep in our hidden heart
Festers the dull remembrance of a change,
But no emotion—none. 30

It is—last stage of all—
When we are frozen up within, and quite
The phantom of ourselves,
To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost
Which blamed the living man. 35

1867. *Matthew Arnold.*

WHAT RABBI JEHOSHA SAID

Rabbi Jehosha used to say
That God made angels every day,
Perfect as Michael and the rest
First brooded in creation's nest,
Whose only office was to cry
Hosanna! once, and then to die;
Or rather, with Life's essence blent,
To be led home from banishment.

Rabbi Jehosha had the skill
To know that Heaven is in God's will; 10
And doing that, though for a space
One heart-beat long, may win a grace
As full of grandeur and of glow
As Princes of the Chariot know.

'T were glorious, no doubt, to be
One of the strong-winged Hierarchy,
To burn with Seraphs, or to shine
With Cherubs, deathlessly divine;
Yet I, perhaps, poor earthly clod,
Could I forget myself in God, 20
Could I but find my nature's clew
Simply as birds and blossoms do,
And but for one rapt moment know
'T is Heaven must come, not we must go,
Should win my place as near the throne
As the pearl-angel of its zone,
And God would listen mid the throng
For my one breath of perfect song,
That, in its simple human way,
Said all the Host of Heaven could say. 30

1868. *James Russell Lowell.*

THE END OF THE PLAY

The play is done; the curtain drops,
  Slow falling to the prompter's bell:
A moment yet the actor stops,
  And looks around, to say farewell.

It is an irksome word and task;
  And, when he 's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
  A face that 's anything but gay. 8

One word, ere yet the evening ends,
  Let 's close it with a parting rhyme,
And pledge a hand to all young friends,
  As fits the merry Christmas time.
On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
  That fate erelong shall bid you play;
Good night! with honest gentle hearts
  A kindly greeting go alway! 16

Good night!—I 'd say, the griefs, the joys,
  Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
  Are but repeated in our age.
I 'd say, your woes were not less keen,
  Your hopes more vain, than those of men;
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
  At forty-five played o'er again. 24

I 'd say, we suffer and we strive,
  Not less nor more as men than boys;
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
  As erst at twelve in corduroys.
And if, in time of sacred youth,
  We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven that early Love and Truth
  May never wholly pass away. 32

And in the world, as in the school,
  I 'd say, how fate may change and shift;
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
  The race not always to the swift.
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
  The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
  The kind cast pitilessly down. 40

Who knows the inscrutable design?
  Blessèd be He who took and gave!
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
  Be weeping at her darling's grave?
We bow to Heaven that will'd it so,
  That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
  That 's free to give, or to recall. 48

This crown his feast with wine and wit:
  Who brought him to that mirth and state?
His betters, see, below him sit,
  Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
  To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
Come, brother, in that dust we 'll kneel,
  Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus. 56

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
  Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
  And longing passion unfulfilled.

Amen! whatever fate be sent,
  Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
  And whitened with the winter snow. 64

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
  Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
  And bear it with an honest heart,
Who misses or who wins the prize.
  Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
  Be each, pray God, a gentleman. 72

A gentleman, or old or young!
  (Bear kindly with my humble lays);
The sacred chorus first was sung
  Upon the first of Christmas days:
The shepherds heard it overhead—
  The joyful angels raised it then:
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
  And peace on earth to gentle men! 80

My song, save this, is little worth;
  I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
  As fits the solemn Christmastide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
  Be this, good friends, our carol still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
  To men of gentle will. 88

1848-9. *William Makepeace Thackeray*

SELECTIONS
FROM THE LATER POETRY

Descriptive and Reflective Verse

Interpretation of Nature
Portraits of People
Poems in Character
Life's Philosophy

WINGS*

GRAY gulls that wheeled and dipped and rose
Where tossing crests like Alpine snows
Would shimmer and entice; 3

A stormy petrel, Judas soul,
Dark wanderer of the waste, whose goal
No mariner hath seen; 6

And flaming from the vanished sun
A wondrous wing vermilion,
A bird of paradise, 9

A soaring wing that shone so far
The orient horizon bar
Flushed, and the sea between 12

Like an Arabian carpet glowed
With changeful hues where subtly flowed
Some magical device; 15

And one pale plume in heaven's dim dome
Above that fairy-colored foam,
The new moon's ghostly sheen. 18

Katharine Lee Bates.

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SALUTE TO THE TREES

MANY a tree is found in the wood
And every tree for its use is good;
Some for the strength of the gnarled root,
Some for the sweetness of flower or fruit;
Some for shelter against the storm,
And some to keep the hearth-stone warm.
Some for the roof, and some for the beam,
And some for a boat to breast the stream:
In the wealth of the wood since the world began
The trees have offered their gifts to man. 10

But the glory of trees is more than their gifts;
'Tis a beautiful wonder of life that lifts
From a wrinkled seed in an earth-bound clod.
A column, an arch in the temple of God,—
A pillar of power, a dome of delight,
A shrine of song, and a joy of sight!
Their roots are the nurses of rivers in birth
Their leaves are alive with the breath of the earth;
They shelter the dwellings of man; and they bend
O'er his grave with the look of a loving friend. 20

I have camped in the whispering forest of pines,
I have slept in the shadow of olives and vines;
In the knees of an oak, at the foot of a palm
I have found good rest and slumber's balm.

And now, when the morning gilds the boughs
Of the vaulted elm at the door of my house,
I open the window and make salute:
"God bless thy branches and feed thy root!
Thou hast lived before, live after me,
Thou ancient, friendly, faithful tree." 30

Henry van Dyke.

THE CHANT OF THE COLORADO

(*At the Grand Canyon*)

My brother, man, shapes him a plan
And builds him a house in a day,
But I have toiled through a million years
For a home to last alway.
I have flooded the sands and washed them down, 5
I have cut through gneiss and granite.
No toiler of earth has wrought as I,
Since God's first breath began it.
High mountain-buttes I have chiselled, to shade
My wanderings to the sea. 10
With the wind's aid, and the cloud's aid,
Unweary and mighty and unafraid,
I have bodied eternity.

My brother, man, builds for a span:
His life is a moment's breath. 15
But I have hewn for a million years,
Nor a moment dreamt of death.
By moons and stars I have measured my task—
And some of the skies have perished:

But ever I cut and flashed and foamed, 20
  As ever my aim I cherished:
My aim to quarry the heart of earth,
  Till, in the rock's red rise,
Its age and birth, through an awful girth
Of strata, should show the wonder-worth 25
  Of patience to all eyes.

My brother, man, builds as he can,
  And beauty he adds for his joy,
But all the hues of sublimity
  My pinnacled walls employ. 30
Slow shadows iris them all day long,
  And silvery veils, soul-stilling,
The moon drops down their precipices,
  Soft with a spectral thrilling.
For all immutable dreams that sway 35
  With beauty the earth and air,
Are ever at play, by night and day,
My house of eternity to array
  In visions ever fair.

Cale Young Rice.

A DEAD HARVEST

In Kensington Gardens

ALONG the graceless grass of town
They rake the rows of red and brown—
Dead leaves, unlike the rows of hay
Delicate, touched with gold and grey,
Raked long ago and far away. 5

Check

A narrow silence in the park,
Between the lights a narrow dark.
One street rolls on the north; and one,
Muffled, upon the south doth run;
Amid the mist the work is done. 10

A futile crop! for it the fire
Smoulders, and, for a stack, a pyre.
So go the town's lives on the breeze,
Even as the sheddings of the trees;
Bosom nor barn is filled with these. 15

Alice Meynell.

CHECK

THE night was creeping on the ground;
She crept and did not make a sound
Until she reached the tree, and then
She covered it, and stole again
Along the grass beside the wall. 5

I heard the rustle of her shawl
As she threw blackness everywhere
Upon the sky and ground and air,
And in the room where I was hid:
But no matter what she did 10
To everything that was without,
She could not put my candle out.

So I stared at the night, and she
Stared back solemnly at me.

James Stephens.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE*

Written after seeing Millet's painting of the stoopt figure of the Hoe-man.

God made man in His own image, in the image of God made He him.—GENESIS.

BOWED by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair, 5
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain? 10

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the dream He dreamed who shaped the suns 15
And marked their ways upon the ancient deep?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—

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The Man with the Hoe

More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul— 20
More packt with danger to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song, 25
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited, 30
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quencht? 35
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies, 40
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers of the lands,
How will the Future reckon with this man?
How answer his brute question in that hour

When whirlwinds of rebellion shake all shores? 45
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shapt him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall rise to judge the world,
After the silence of the centuries?

Edwin Markham.

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE*

WHEN the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road— 5
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light 10
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face;
And laid on him a sense of the Mystic Powers,
Moving—all husht—behind the mortal veil.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea. 15

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth,
The smack and tang of elemental things:
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;

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The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well; 20
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Under the mountain to the rifted rock; 25
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky. Sprung from the
West, 30
He drank the valorous youth of a new world.
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
His words were oaks in acorns; and his thoughts
Were roots that firmly gript the granite truth. 35

Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God,
The eyes of conscience testing every stroke, 40
To make his deed the measure of a man.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow:
The grip that swung the axe in Illinois
Was on the pen that set a people free. 45

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,

He held the ridgepole up, and spikt again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place— 50
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills, 55
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

Edwin Markham.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT

(*In Springfield, Illinois*)

It is portentous, and a thing of state
That here at midnight, in our little town
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,
Near the old court-house pacing up and down, 4

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards
He lingers where his children used to play,
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away. 8

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high-top hat and plain worn shawl
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all. 12

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.
He is among us:—as in times before!

And we who toss and lie awake for long
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the
door. 16

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?
Too many peasants fight, they know not why,
Too many homesteads in black terror weep. 20

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.
He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now
The bitterness, the folly and the pain. 24

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn
Shall come;—the shining hope of Europe free:
The league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth,
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp and Sea. 28

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
That all his hours of travail here for men
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
That he may sleep upon his hill again? 32

Vachel Lindsay.

THE GIPSY GIRL

"Come, try your skill, kind gentlemen,
A penny for three tries!"
Some threw and lost, some threw and won
A ten-a-penny prize. 4

She was a tawny gipsy girl,
A girl of twenty years,
I liked her for the lumps of gold
That jingled from her ears; 8

I liked the flaring yellow scarf
Bound loose about her throat,
I liked her showy purple gown
And flashy velvet coat. 12

A man came up, too loose of tongue,
And said no good to her;
She did not blush as Saxons do,
Or turn upon the cur; 16

She fawned and whined "Sweet gentleman,
A penny for three tries!"
—But oh, the den of wild things in
The darkness of her eyes! 20

Ralph Hodgson.

SONGS FOR MY MOTHER

I

Her Hands

My Mother's hands are cool and fair,
  They can do anything,
Delicate mercies hide them there
  Like flowers in the spring. 4

Songs for My Mother

When I was small and could not sleep,
  She used to come to me,
And with my cheek upon her hand
  How sure my rest would be. 8

For everything she ever touched
  Of beautiful or fine,
Their memories living in her hands
  Would warm that sleep of mine. 12

Her hands remember how they played
  One time in meadow streams,
And all the flickering song and shade
  Of water took my dreams. 16

Swift through her haunted fingers pass
  Memories of garden things;
I dipped my face in flowers and grass
  And sounds of hidden wings. 20

One time she touched the cloud that kissed
  Brown pastures bleak and far;
I leaned my cheek into a mist
  And thought I was a star. 24

All this was very long ago
  And I am grown; but yet
The hand that lured my slumber so
  I never can forget. 28

For still when drowsiness comes on
  It seems so soft and cool,

Shaped happily beneath my cheek,
  Hollow and beautiful. 32

II

Her Words

My mother has the prettiest tricks
  Of words and words and words.
Her talk comes out as smooth and sleek
  As breasts of singing birds. 4

She shapes her speech all silver fine
  Because she loves it so.
And her own eyes begin to shine
  To hear her stories grow. 8

And if she goes to make a call
  Or out to take a walk
We leave our work when she returns
  And run to hear her talk. 12

We had not dreamed these things were so
  Of sorrow and of mirth.
Her speech is as a thousand eyes
  Through which we see the earth. 16

God wove a web of loveliness,
  Of clouds and stars and birds,
But made not any thing at all
  So beautiful as words. 20

They shine around our simple earth
With golden shadowings,
And every common thing they touch
Is exquisite with wings. 24

There's nothing poor and nothing small
But is made fair with them.
They are the hands of living faith
That touch the garment's hem. 28

They are as fair as bloom or air,
They shine like any star,
And I am rich who learned from her
How beautiful they are. 32

Anna Hempstead Branch.

VICKERY'S MOUNTAIN*

BLUE in the west the mountain stands,
And through the long twilight
Vickery sits with folded hands,
And Vickery's eyes are bright. 4

Bright, for he knows what no man else
On earth as yet may know:
There's a golden word that he never tells,
And a gift that he will not show. 8

*From "The Town Down the River"; copyright, 1910, by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

He dreams of honor and wealth and fame,
  He smiles, and well he may;
For to Vickery once a sick man came
  Who did not go away. 12

The day before the day to be,
  "Vickery," said the guest,
"You know as you live what's left of me—
  And you shall know the rest. 16

"You know as you live that I have come
  To what we call the end.
No doubt you have found me troublesome.
  But you've also found a friend; 20

"For we shall give and you shall take
  The gold that is in view;
The mountain there and I shall make
  A golden man of you. 24

"And you shall leave a friend behind
  Who neither frets nor feels;
And you shall move among your kind
  With hundreds at your heels. 28

"Now this that I have written here
  Tells all that need be told;
So, Vickery, take the way that's clear,
  And be a man of gold." 32

Vickery turned his eyes again
  To the far mountain-side,

And wept a tear for worthy men
  Defeated and defied. 36

Since then a crafty score of years
  Have come, and they have gone;
But Vickery counts no lost arrears:
  He lingers and lives on. 40

Blue in the west the mountain stands,
  Familiar as a face.
Blue, but Vickery knows what sands
  Are golden at its base. 44

He dreams and lives upon the day
  When he shall walk with kings.
Vickery smiles—and well he may:
  The life-caged linnet sings. 48

Vickery thinks the time will come
  To go for what is his;
But hovering, unseen hands at home
  Will hold him where he is. 52

There's a golden word that he never tells
  And a gift that he will not show.
All to be given to some one else—
  And Vickery not to know. 56

Edwin Arlington Robinson.

OLD GREY SQUIRREL

A GREAT while ago, there was a school-boy.
  He lived in a cottage by the sea.
And the very first thing he could remember
  Was the rigging of the schooners by the quay. 4

He could watch them, when he woke, from his window,
  With the tall cranes hoisting out the freight.
And he used to think of shipping as a sea-cook,
  And sailing to the Golden Gate. 8

For he used to buy the yellow penny dreadfuls,
  And read them where he fished for conger eels,
And listened to the lapping of the water,
  And the green and oily water round the keels. 12

There were trawlers with their shark-mouthed flat-fish,
  And red nets hanging out to dry,
And the skate the skipper kept because he liked 'em,
  And the landsmen never knew the fish to fry. 16

Old Grey Squirrel

There were brigantines with timber out of Norroway,
  Oozing with the syrups of the pine.
There were rusty dusty schooners out of Sunderland,
  And ships of the Blue Cross line. 20

And to tumble down a hatch into the cabin
  Was better than the best of broken rules;
For the smell of 'em was like a Christmas dinner,
  And the feel of 'em was like a box of tools. 24

And, before he went to sleep in the evening,
  The very last thing that he could see
Was the sailor-men a-dancing in the moonlight
  By the capstan that stood upon the quay. 28

He is perched upon a high stool in London.
  The Golden Gate is very far away.
They caught him, and they caged him, like a squirrel.
  He is totting up accounts, and going grey. 32

He will never, never, never sail to 'Frisco.
  But the very last thing that he will see
Will be sailor-men a-dancing in the sunrise
  By the capstan that stands upon the quay. . . . 36

To the tune of an old concertina,
  By the capstan that stands upon the quay.

Alfred Noyes.

ISAIAH BEETHOVEN*

THEY told me I had three months to live,
So I crept to Bernadotte,
And sat by the mill for hours and hours
Where the gathered waters deeply moving
Seemed not to move: 5
O world, that's you!
You are but a widened place in the river
Where Life looks down and we rejoice for her
Mirrored in us, and so we dream
And turn away, but when again 10
We look for the face, behold the low-lands
And blasted cotton-wood trees where we empty
Into the larger stream!
But here by the mill the castled clouds
Mocked themselves in the dizzy water; 15
And over its agate floor at night
The flame of the moon ran under my eyes
Amid a forest stillness broken
By a flute in a hut on the hill.
At last when I came to lie in bed 20
Weak and in pain, with the dreams about me,
The soul of the river had entered my soul,

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And the gathered power of my soul was moving
So swiftly it seemed to be at rest
Under cities of cloud and under 25
Spheres of silver and changing worlds—
Until I saw a flash of trumpets
Above the battlements over Time!

Edgar Lee Masters.

RICHARD CORY*

WHENEVER Richard Cory went down town,
We people on the pavement looked at him:
He was a gentleman from sole to crown,
Clean favored, and imperially slim. 4

And he was always quietly arrayed,
And he was always human when he talked;
But still he fluttered pulses when he said,
"Good-morning," and he glittered when he
walked. 8

And he was rich,—yes, richer than a king,—
And admirably schooled in every grace:
In fine, we thought that he was everything
To make us wish that we were in his place. 12

*From "The Children of the Night"; copyright, 1896, 1897, by Edwin Arlington Robinson; published by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

So on we worked, and waited for the light,
And went without the meat, and cursed the bread;
And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,
Went home and put a bullet through his head. 16

Edwin Arlington Robinson.

THE FIDDLER OF DOONEY

WHEN I play on my fiddle in Dooney,
  Folk dance like a wave of the sea;
My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,
  My brother in Moharabuiee. 4

I passed my brother and cousin:
  They read in their books of prayer;
I read in my book of songs
  I bought at the Sligo fair. 8

When we come at the end of time,
  To Peter sitting in state,
He will smile on the three old spirits,
  But call me first through the gate; 12

For the good are always the merry,
  Save by an evil chance,
And the merry love the fiddle,
  And the merry love to dance: 16

And when the folk there spy me,
They will all come up to me,
With "Here is the fiddler of Dooney!"
And dance like a wave of the sea. 20

W. B. Yeats.

AN OLD WOMAN OF THE ROADS*

O to have a little house!
To own the hearth and stool and all!
The heaped up sods upon the fire,
The pile of turf against the wall! 4

To have a clock with weights and chains
And pendulum swinging up and down!
A dresser filled with shining delft,
Speckled and white and blue and brown! 8

I could be busy all the day
Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor,
And fixing on their shelf again
My white and blue and speckled store! 12

I could be quiet there at night
Beside the fire and by myself,
Sure of a bed and loth to leave
The ticking clock and the shining delft! 16

Och! but I'm weary of mist and dark,
And roads where there's never a house nor bush,

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And tired I am of bog and road,
And the crying wind and the lonesome hush! 20

And I am praying to God on high,
And I am praying Him night and day,
For a little house—a house of my own—
Out of the wind's and the rain's way. 24

Padraic Colum.

SHE HEARS THE STORM

THERE was a time in former years—
While my roof-tree was his—
When I should have been distressed by fears
At such a night as this. 4

I should have murmured anxiously,
"The pricking rain strikes cold;
His road is bare of hedge or tree,
And he is getting old." 8

But now the fitful chimney-roar,
The drone of Thorncombe trees,
The Froom in flood upon the moor,
The mud of Mellstock Leaze, 12

The candle slanting sooty wick'd,
The thuds upon the thatch,
The eaves-drops on the window flicked,
The clacking garden-hatch, 16

And what they mean to wayfarers,
I scarcely heed or mind;
He has won that storm-tight roof of hers
Which Earth grants all her kind. 20

Thomas Hardy.

"GRANDMITHER, THINK NOT I FORGET"

GRANDMITHER, think not I forget, when I come back to town,
An' wander the old ways again, an' tread them up and down.
I never smell the clover bloom, nor see the swallows pass,
Wi'out I mind how good ye were unto a little lass;
I never hear the winter rain a-pelting all night through
Wi'out I think and mind me of how cold it falls on you.
An' if I come not often to your bed beneath the thyme,
Mayhap 't is that I'd change wi' ye, and gie my bed for thine,
Would like to sleep in thine.

I never hear the summer winds among the roses blow 10
Wi'out I wonder why it was ye loved the lassie so.
Ye gave me cakes and lollipops and pretty toys a score—

I never thought I should come back and ask ye
now for more.
Grandmither, gie me your still white hands that lie
upon your breast,
For mine do beat the dark all night and never
find me rest; 15
They grope among the shadows an' they beat the
cold black air,
They go seekin' in the darkness, an' they never
find him there,
They never find him there.

Grandmither, gie me your sightless eyes, that I
may never see
His own a-burnin' full o' love that must not shine
for me. 20
Grandmither, gie me your peaceful lips, white as
the kirkyard snow,
For mine be tremblin' wi' the wish that he must
never know.
Grandmither, gie me your clay-stopped ears, that
I may never hear
My lad a-singin' in the night when I am sick wi'
fear;
A-singin' when the moonlight over a' the land is
white— 25
Ah, God! I'll up and go to him, a-singin' in the
night,
A-callin' in the night.

Grandmither, gie me your clay-cold heart, that
has forgot to ache,

For mine be fire wi'in my breast an' yet it cannot
break.
Wi' every beat it's callin' for things that must not
be,— 30
So can ye not let me creep in an' rest awhile by ye?
A little lass afeard o' dark slept by ye years agone—
An' she has found what night can hold 'twixt sun-
set an' the dawn:
So when I plant the rose an' rue above your grave
for ye,
Ye'll know it's under rue an' rose that I would like
to be, 35
That I would like to be.

Willa Sibert Cather.

HAROLD BEFORE SENLAC*

THE TRAGEDY OF A PATRIOT

BROTHER, you marvel why I sit alone,
Upon the eve of battle, and speak not;
Yet hath a gift of dreadful sight been given,
To me, and speech I scarcely understand.
On Senlac Hill my host shall be o'erthrown, 5
I see myself fallen blinded to the ground.
Now it is borne on me that I must die.
My single life defers the Eternal will.
For it is fated that the Norman blood
With Saxon shall be mingled happily 10

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And dead foes on the slope shall fraternise;
And from the wine blood-red tomorrow spilled
Shall spring a fortunate vintage of the earth
And a great brew from battle shall be made,
Till from that mingling shall an Empire rise 15
Vaster than any gazed on by the sun;
My life alone this solemn marriage mars
Of nations, and the purposed fusion stops,
Since while I lived England to me were true.
I stand, it seems, in the great path of Fate, 20
And by my dying must make clear her way
Till with the years and mellowing touch of time
The Norman close with Saxon shall be knit,
And stand together in the clash of arms
On many a foreign plain and alien hill 25
And in one host shall conquer and o'erthrow;
In solid square or charging fury grown
Invincible, archers that with their bolt
Shall bring a sudden darkness on the foe,
And many fields in glory shall be won. 30
Then shall this people feel for the furthest seas,
And tempt the very foam of fairyland,
And ultimate oceans, and the very deep
Shall be as a playfield underneath their feet.
And they shall plunge Armadas in the ooze, 35
England shall queen the waters of the world.
Then shall she lay her hand upon the east,
And the huge orient with a remnant grasp,
A glimmering shore of pearl and emerald,
A strand of throbbing glory and of gold, 40
Tribes in full stare of Phœbus and aspects
Into a dimness kissed by splendid suns,
And million turbaned peoples shall she rule.

Nor here alone shall England prosper; she
A mighty river shall ascend by night, 45
And with the morn a new dominion seize,
Cradle of heroes, radiant, snowy clear;
And on her builded Empire never sun
Shall set, nor any star refuse to rise.
But I perceive my doom and acquiesce. 50
World-Destiny, no less, requires my death,
And so shall one man for the people die.
But brother be thou well assured of this,
That never Fate, nor ever curse of Rome
Shall loose my knees, or make this heart to quail. 55
I will not fall without much Norman blood,
The Roman curse shall string this arm to steel,
The doom of Fate give edge unto this axe;
Dying I will be liberal with death,
I will not pass alone, but with me I 60
Will take great company into the dark.
Now pass we through our lines, ere the light warns.

Stephen Phillips.

SOULS*

My soul goes clad in gorgeous things,
Scarlet and gold and blue;
And at her shoulder sudden wings
Like long flames flicker through. 4

And she is swallow-fleet, and free
From mortal bonds and bars.

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She laughs, because Eternity
  Blossoms for her with stars! 8

O folk who scorn my stiff gray gown,
  My dull and foolish face,
Can ye not see my Soul flash down,
  A singing flame through space? 12

And folk, whose earth-stained looks I hate,
  Why may I not divine
Your Souls, that must be passionate,
  Shining and swift, as mine! 16

Fannie Stearns Davis.

THE HAPPIEST HEART

WHO drives the horses of the sun
  Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lowly deed were done,
  And kept the humble way. 4

The rust will find the sword of fame,
  The dust will hide the crown;
Aye, none shall nail so high his name
  Time will not tear it down. 8

The happiest heart that ever beat
  Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet,
  And left to Heaven the rest. 12

John Vance Cheney.

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ELEGIES AND HYMNS

INTRODUCTION

THE poetry of love and mortal grief that has blossomed from the human heart under the shadow of death, and the poetry of trust and immortal hope that has unfolded in the light of religion,—these are flowers of the spirit whose pure and tender colours blend in a natural harmony. I have bound them together in this volume with the title *Elegies and Hymns.*

Elegy is a word which the Greeks and Romans used in a twofold sense: first, to describe any kind of mournful song or lament, even the wordless melody of the nightingale or the halcyon; and second, to denote a poem written in a certain metre, the so-called "elegiac verse" which consisted of alternate dactylic hexameters and pentameters, a smooth, restrained, pensive movement. In English poetry the latter sense is not often used, as the metre is one which it is difficult to imitate in our language, and there are but few examples of it. The former sense, in which the word is broadly applied to various forms of melancholy and regretful poetry, is familiar to critics. Coleridge attempted to make it broader still, defining elegy as "the form of poetry natural to the reflective mind." He asserts that "it may treat

of any subject, but it must treat of no subject for itself, but always and exclusively with reference to the poet himself."

In the usage of the people, however, the word has taken a different course. It does not include the poetry of regret for fugitive pleasure or unrequited love, nor all the forms of verse in which the poet, to follow Coleridge's phrase, treats of his subject always and exclusively with reference to himself. These are classed with the pure lyrics, or with reflective verse. But an elegy, in common parlance, has come to mean a poem dealing with the thought or the fact of death. It is not an outward, metrical shape: it is an inward, spiritual form. It is the poetic utterance of the heart of man when he faces the sorrow of mortality. It is the voice in which he answers death and calls after the departed. It is the music with which he at once expresses and soothes the grief of the last farewell, pays tribute to vanished goodness and the memory of noble names, and encourages his own spirit to meet the end that comes to all, with fortitude and an equal mind.

It is in this sense that I have interpreted the sphere of elegiac poetry in this volume, bringing together the best of the shorter poems, of various types, in which the thought of death is central and controlling, and grouping them in six divisions, according to the different notes which they strike. First come the poems in which the subject of man's mortality is more broadly treated.

as the unexempt condition of his earthly life. Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," Bryant's "Thanatopsis," and the proem of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" are examples. Then come some verses on the death of soldiers and heroes, and after that a little group of lyrical dirges and laments. These are followed by a few famous epitaphs, and these again by the fuller elegies, dedicated for the most part to the memory of the great and good. Here we find "Lycidas," "Thyrsis," "Rugby Chapel," Wordsworth's "Thoughts" after visiting the grave of Burns, and other very noble poems. The last group includes that kind of poetry in which death seems to have a more intimate and personal relation, and the poet's song is made very tender by pity and love. In this group are Wordsworth's verses to the memory of "Lucy," Landor's "Rose Aylmer," Longfellow's "Resignation," Lowell's "The First Snowfall," and the like. The group closes with the brave note of Browning's "Prospice."

The second part of the volume passes from the thought of death to those beliefs and hopes and aspirations by which the heart of man is sustained to endure it, and strengthened to triumph over it. Not all of the poems here are in the form of hymns, but they are all hymn-like. Certainly not all, nor half, of the familiar and well-loved hymns of the Church are included: but the ones that are chosen, while not superior to the others in devotional spirit, are better in form and

finer in poetic quality. They have some of the elements of imaginative vision, lucid diction, musical expression, without which a poem cannot be, in any sense, a masterpiece. No collection of poetry would be complete, as a reflection of human life, which did not find a place for at least a few of these lofty and tranquil verses which breathe man's longing and his love toward the Highest, the Holiest, the Eternal.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

ELEGIES AND POEMS ON DEATH

DEATH THE LEVELLER

From *The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses.*

THE glories of our blood and state
  Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against Fate;
  Death lays his icy hand on kings:
    Sceptre and Crown
    Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crookèd scythe and spade. 8

Some men with swords may reap the field,
  And plant fresh laurels where they kill:
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
  They tame but one another still:
    Early or late
    They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death. 16

The garlands wither on your brow,
  Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now
  See where the victor-victim bleeds.
    Your heads must come
    To the cold tomb:
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust. 24

1659. *James Shirley.*

FRIENDS DEPARTED

They are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit ling'ring here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear. 4

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove. 8

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days:
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays. 12

O holy Hope! and high Humility,
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have show'd them me,
To kindle my cold love. 16

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the Just,
Shining nowhere, but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark! 20

Friends Departed

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest
may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown. 24

And yet as Angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep:
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
themes,
And into glory peep. 28

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that lock'd her up gives
room,
She 'll shine through all the sphere. 32

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee!
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty. 36

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass:
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I shall need no glass. 40

1655. *Henry Vaughan.*

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
  The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
  And leaves the world to darkness and to me. 4

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
  And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
  And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds; 8

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
  The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
  Molest her ancient solitary reign. 12

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
  Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
  The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep. 16

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
  The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built
    shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
  No more shall rouse them from their lowly
    bed. 20

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
  Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
  Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share. 24

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
  Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has
    broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
  How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy
    stroke! 28

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
  Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
  The short and simple annals of the poor. 32

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
  And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
  The paths of glory lead but to the grave. 36

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
  If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,

Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of
praise. 40

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of
Death? 44

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have
sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre. 48

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul. 52

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air. 56

Some village Hampden that with dauntless
breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's
blood. 60

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
  The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
  And read their history in a nation's eyes,—64

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
  Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
  And shut the gates of mercy on mankind. 68

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
  To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
  With incense kindled at the Muse's flame. 72

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
  Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool, sequester'd vale of life
  They kept the noiseless tenor of their way. 76

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
  Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
  Implores the passing tribute of a sigh. 80

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
  The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
  That teach the rustic moralist to die. 84

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
  This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
  Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind? 88

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
  Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
  E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires. 92

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
  Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
  Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—96

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
  "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
  To meet the sun upon the upland lawn. 100

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
  That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
  And pore upon the brook that babbles by. 104

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
  Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
  Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless
    love. 108

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he: 112

The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon agèd thorn:" 116

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown.
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own. 120

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('t was all he wish'd) a friend. 124

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God. 128

1751. *Thomas Gray.*

THANATOPSIS

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images 10
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart—
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice:—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears, 20
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up

Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy
mould. 30

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone,—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world,—with kings,
The powerful of the earth,—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move 40
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured
round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings 50
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings,—yet the dead are there!

And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep,—the dead reign there alone!
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe 60
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall
come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man— 70
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall
take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and
soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch 80
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

1817. *William Cullen Bryant.*

SLEEP

"He giveth his beloved sleep."—*Psalm* cxxvi, 2.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this,—
"He giveth his belovèd—sleep"? 6

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved,—
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,—
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,—
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
"He giveth *his* belovèd—sleep." 12

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith, all undisproved,—
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake,
"He giveth *his* belovèd—sleep." 18

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away

Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
"He giveth *his* belovèd—sleep." 24

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And "giveth his belovèd—sleep." 30

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say, and through the word
I think their happy smile is *heard*—
"He giveth his belovèd—sleep." 36

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap;
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth his belovèd—sleep." 42

For me, my heart, that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on his love repose
Who "giveth his belovèd—sleep." 48

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That his low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say "Not a tear must o'er her fall!
He giveth his belovèd sleep." 54

1838. *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

THE DESERTED HOUSE

LIFE and Thought have gone away
Side by side,
Leaving door and windows wide:
Careless tenants they! 4

All within is dark as night;
In the windows is no light;
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before. 8

Close the door, the shutters close,
Or thro' the windows we shall see
The nakedness and vacancy
Of the dark, deserted house. 12

Come away: no more of mirth
Is here or merry-making sound.
The house was builded of the earth,
And shall fall again to ground. 16

Come away: for Life and Thought
  Here no longer dwell;
    But in a city glorious—
A great and distant city—have bought
  A mansion incorruptible.
Would they could have staid with us! 22

1830. *Lord Tennyson.*

PROEM TO—*IN MEMORIAM*

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
  Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
  By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove; 4

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
  Thou madest Life in man and brute;
  Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made. 8

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
  Thou madest man, he knows not why,
  He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just. 12

Thou seemest human and divine,
  The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
  Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine. 16

Our little systems have their day,
  They have their day and cease to be:
  They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they. 20

We have but faith: we cannot know;
  For knowledge is of things we see;
  And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow. 24

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
  But more of reverence in us dwell;
  That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before, 28

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
  We mock thee when we do not fear:
  But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light. 32

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me;
  What seem'd my worth since I began;
  For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee. 36

Forgive my grief for one removed,
  Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
  I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved. 40

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise. 44

1849. *Lord Tennyson.*

THE BATTLE-FIELD

ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed hands
Encountered in the battle-cloud. 4

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave,—
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save. 8

Now all is calm and fresh and still;
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine, are heard. 12

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry,—
Oh, be it never heard again! 16

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
  Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
  Thy warfare only ends with life. 20

A friendless warfare! lingering long
  Through weary day and weary year;
A wild and many-weaponed throng
  Hang on thy front and flank and rear. 24

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
  And blench not at thy chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof,
  The sage may frown,—yet faint thou not. 28

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
  The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
  The victory of endurance born. 32

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again,—
  Th' eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
  And dies among his worshippers. 36

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
  When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
  Like those who fell in battle here! 40

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
  Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
  The blast of triumph o'er thy grave. 44

1837. *William Cullen Bryant.*

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
  The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
  That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
  Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
  The bivouac of the dead. 8

No rumor of the foe's advance
  Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
  Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
  The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
  At dawn shall call to arms. 16

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
  Their plumèd heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
  Is now now their martial shroud.

And plenteous funeral tears have washed
  The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
  Are free from Anguish now. 24

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
  The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
  The din and shout, are past;
Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal
  Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
  The rapture of the fight. 32

Like the fierce northern hurricane
  That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triúmph yet to gain,
  Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
  Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
  Was "Victory or Death." 40

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
  O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
  The vengeful blood of Spain;
And still the storm of battle blew,
  Still swelled the gory tide;
Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,
  Such odds his strength could bide. 48

'T was in that hour his stern command
  Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his belovèd land,
  The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their fathers' gore
  His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
  Their lives for glory too. 56

Full many a norther's breath has swept
  O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
  Above its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
  Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
  That frowned o'er that dread fray. 64

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
  Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
  Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
  Shall be your fitter grave:
She claims from war his richest spoil—
  The ashes of her brave. 72

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
  Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
  On many a bloody shield;

The Burial of Sir John Moore

The sunshine of their native sky
  Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
  The heroes' sepulchre. 80

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
  Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread
  The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
  While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
  Where Valor proudly sleeps. 88

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
  In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
  The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
  Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
  That gilds your deathless tomb. 96

1847. *Theodore O'Hara.*

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AFTER CORUNNA

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
  As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
  O'er the grave where our hero we buried. 4

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lanthorn dimly burning. 8

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him. 12

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow. 16

We thought as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow! 20

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he 'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him. 24

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing. 28

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
  From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
  But we left him alone with his glory. 32

1817. *Charles Wolfe.*

CORONACH

From *The Lady of the Lake*

He is gone on the mountain,
  He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
  When our need was the sorest.
The fount, reappearing,
  From the raindrops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
  To Duncan no morrow! 8

The hand of the reaper
  Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
  Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
  Waft the leaves that are serest,
But our flower was in flushing,
  When blighting was nearest. 16

Fleet foot on the correi,
  Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
  How sound is thy slumber!

Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone; and for ever! 24

1810. *Sir Walter Scott.*

ODE WRITTEN IN 1745

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod. 6

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there! 12

1746. *William Collins.*

MAGNOLIA CEMETERY

Sung at Charleston, S. C., over the graves of the Confederate Soldiers

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause!
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause. 4

A Lyke-Wake Dirge

In seeds of laurel in the earth
  The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
  The shaft is in the stone! 8

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
  Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
  And these memorial blooms. 12

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
  More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
  Shall overlook this bay. 16

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
  There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
  By mourning beauty crowned! 20

1867. *Henry Timrod.*

A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
—Every nighte and alle,
Fire and sleet and candle-lighte,
  And Christe receive thy saule. 4

When thou from hence away art past,
—Every nighte and alle,
To Whinny-muir thou com'st at last;
  And Christe receive thy saule. 8

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,
—Every nighte and alle,
Sit thee down and put them on;
And Christe receive thy saule. 12

If hosen and shoon thou ne'er gav'st nane,
—Every nighte and alle,
The whinnes sall prick thee to the bare bane;
And Christe receive thy saule. 16

From Whinny-muir when thou may'st pass,
—Every nighte and alle,
To Brig o' Dread thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule. 20

From Brig o' Dread when thou may'st pass,
—Every nighte and alle,
To Purgatory fire thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule. 24

If ever thou gavest meat or drink,
—Every nighte and alle,
The fire sall never make thee shrink;
And Christe receive thy saule. 28

If meat or drink thou ne'er gav'st nane,
—Every nighte and alle,
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane;
And Christe receive thy saule. 32

"Fear No More the Heat o' the Sun"

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
—Every nighte and alle,
Fire and sleet and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule. 36

Scott, Minst. Scot. Bord.

"FEAR NO MORE THE HEAT O' THE SUN"

From *Cymbeline*

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust. 6

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou are past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust. 12

Fear no more the lightning-flash
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust. 18

1623. *William Shakespeare.*

A SEA DIRGE

From *The Tempest*

FULL fathom five thy father lies:
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong,
bell!

1623. *William Shakespeare.*

THE SHROUDING OF THE DUCHESS OF MALFI

From *The Duchess of Malfi*

HARK! Now everything is still,
The screech-owl and the whistler shrill,
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud! 4

A Dirge

Much you had of land and rent;
Your length in clay 's now competent:
A long war disturb'd your mind;
Here your perfect peace is sign'd. 8

Of what is 't fools make such vain keeping?
Sin their conception, their birth weeping,
Their life a general mist of error,
Their death a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powders sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet, 14

And—the foul end more to check—
A crucifix let bless your neck:
'T is now full tide 'tween night and day;
End your groan and come away. 18

1612? 1623. *John Webster.*

A DIRGE

From *The White Devil.*

CALL for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er the shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,

To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no
harm;
But keep the wolf far thence, that 's foe to men,
For with his nails he 'll dig them up again. 10

1612. *John Webster.*

MINSTREL'S SONG

From *Ælla*

Oh sing unto my roundelay!
Oh drop the briny tear with me!
Dance no more at holiday;
Like a running river be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree. 7

Black his hair as the winter night,
White his skin as the summer snow,
Ruddy his face as the morning light;
Cold he lies in the grave below. 11

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note;
Quick in dance as thought can be;
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout;
Oh! he lies by the willow-tree! 15

Hark! the raven flaps his wing
In the briered dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing
To the nightmares as they go. 19

Lacrimæ

See! the white moon shines on high;
  Whiter is my true-love's shroud,
Whiter than the morning sky,
  Whiter than the evening cloud. 23

Here, upon my true-love's grave
  Shall the barren flowers be laid,
Not one holy saint to save
  All the coldness of a maid. 27

With my hands I 'll fix the briers
  Round his holy corse to gre;
Elfin fairies, light your fires;
  Here my body still shall be. 31

Come, with acorn-cup and thorn,
  Drain my heart's blood away;
Life and all its good I scorn,
  Dance by night, or feast by day. 35

Water-witches, crowned with reytes,
  Bear me to your lethal tide.
I die! I come! my true-love waits.
  Thus the damsel spake, and died. 39

1769. 1777. *Thomas Chatterton.*

LACRIMÆ

  Call me no more,
  As heretofore,
The music of a feast;
  Since now, alas!
  The mirth that was
In me, is dead or ceas'd. 6

Before I went
To banishment
Into the loathèd west,
I could rehearse
A lyric verse,
And speak it with the best. 12

But time, ah me!
Has laid, I see,
My organ fast asleep;
And turn'd my voice
Into the noise
Of those that sit and weep. 18

1648. *Robert Herrick.*

WOLFRAM'S DIRGE

From *Death's Jest-Book*

If thou wilt ease thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then sleep, dear, sleep!
And not a sorrow
Hang any tear on your eyelashes;
Lie still and deep,
Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,
In eastern sky. 9

But wilt thou cure thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then die, dear, die!

The Last Word

'T is deeper, sweeter,
Than on a rose bank to lie dreaming
With folded eye;
And then alone, amid the beaming
Of love's stars, thou 'lt meet her
In eastern sky. 18

1850. *Thomas Lovell Beddoes.*

THE LAST WORD

Creep into thy narrow bed,
Creep, and let no more be said!
Vain thy onset! all stands fast.
Thou thyself must break at last. 4

Let the long contention cease!
Geese are swans, and swans are geese.
Let them have it how they will!
Thou art tired; best be still. 8

They out-talk'd thee, hiss'd thee, tore thee?
Better men fared thus before thee;
Fired their ringing shot and pass'd,
Hotly charged—and sank at last. 12

Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall! 16

1867. *Matthew Arnold.*

AN EPITAPH ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATIC POET, W. SHAKESPEARE

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones,
The labour of an age in pilèd stones?
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
Under a star-y-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart 10
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took;
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

1632. *John Milton.*

ELEGY ON SHAKESPEARE

RENOWNÈD Spenser lie a thought more nigh
To learnèd Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lie
A little nearer Spenser, to make room
For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold
tomb.
To lodge all four in one bed make a shift
Until Doomsday, for hardly will a fift
Betwixt this day and that by Fate be slain,
For whom your curtains may be drawn again.
If your precedency in death doth bar
A fourth place in your sacred sepulchre, 10
Under this carved marble of thine own,
Sleep, rare Tragedian, Shakespeare, sleep alone:
Thy unmolested peace, unshared cave
Possess as lord, not tenant, of thy grave,
That unto us and others it may be
Honour hereafter to be laid by thee.

1633. *William Basse.*

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER

MORTALITY, behold and fear!
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within these heaps of stones;

Here they lie had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands,
Where from their pulpits seal'd with dust
They preach, "In greatness is no trust."
Here 's an acre sown indeed
With the richest, royallest seed 10
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin:
Here the bones of birth have cried
"Though gods they were, as men they died!"
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings:
Here 's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

1653. *Francis Beaumont.*

EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Learn'd and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee. 6

Marble piles let no man raise
To her name, for after days;

The Death of Sir Albert Morton's Wife

Some kind woman, born as she,
Reading this, like Niobe,
Shall turn statue, and become
Both her mourner and her tomb. 12

1641. *Ben. Jonson.*

ON ELIZABETH L. H.

WOULDST thou hear what Man can say
In a little? Reader, stay.
Underneath this stone doth lie
As much Beauty as could die:
Which in life did harbour give
To more Virtue than doth live.
If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was *Elizabeth,*
The other, let it sleep with death: 10
Fitter, where it died, to tell,
Than that it lived at all. Farewell!

1616. *Ben. Jonson.*

UPON THE DEATH OF SIR ALBERT MORTON'S WIFE

HE first deceased; she for a little tried
To live without him, liked it not, and died.

1627. *Sir Henry Wotton.*

EPITAPH

On the Lady Mary Villiers

The Lady Mary Villiers lies
Under this stone; with weeping eyes
The parents that first gave her birth,
And their sad friends, laid her in earth.
If any of them, Reader, were
Known unto thee, shed a tear;
Or if thyself possess a gem,
As dear to thee, as this to them;
Though a stranger to this place,
Bewail in theirs thine own hard case: 10
For thou perhaps at thy return
May'st find thy Darling in an urn.

1640. *Thomas Carew.*

A NAMELESS EPITAPH

Ask not my name, O friend!
That Being only, which hath known each man
From the beginning, can
Remember each unto the end.

1867. *Matthew Arnold.*

V

ON SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

SILENCE augmenteth grief, writing increaseth rage,
Stal'd are my thoughts, which loved and lost, the wonder of our age,
Yet quickened now with fire, though dead with frost ere now,
Enraged I write I know not what: dead quick, I know not how. 4

Hard-hearted minds relent, and Rigor's tears abound,
And Envy strangely rues his end, in whom no fault she found;
Knowledge his light hath lost, Valor hath slain her knight:
Sidney is dead, dead is my friend, dead is the world's delight. 8

Place pensive wailes his fall, whose presence was her pride,
Time crieth out, my ebb is come, his life was my spring-tide;

Fame mourns in that she lost, the ground of her reports,
Each living wight laments his lack, and all in sundry sorts. 12

He was—woe worth that word—to each well thinking mind,
A spotless friend, a matchless man, whose virtue ever shined,
Declaring in his thoughts, his life, and that he writ,
Highest conceits, longest foresights, and deepest works of wit. 16

He only like himself, was second unto none,
Where death—though life—we rue, and wrong, and all in vain do moan,
Their loss, not him wail they, that fill the world with cries,
Death slew not him, but he made death his ladder to the skies. 20

Now sink of sorrow I, who live, the more the wrong,
Who wishing Death, whom death denies, whose thread is all too long,
Who tied to wretched life, who look for no relief,
Must spend my ever-dying days in never-ending grief. 24

Heart's ease and only I, like parallels run on,
Whose equal length, keep equal breadth, and never meet in one,

Yet for not wronging him, my thoughts, my
sorrows' cell,
Shall not run out, though leak they will, for
liking him so well. 28

Farewell to you my hopes, my wonted waking
dreams,
Farewell sometime enjoyed joy eclipsed are
thy beams,
Farewell self-pleasing thoughts, which quietness
brings forth,
And farewell friendship's sacred league uniting
minds of worth. 32

And farewell merry heart, the gift of guiltless
minds,
And all sports, which for live's restore, variety
assigns,
Let all that sweet is, void? in me no mirth may
dwell,
Philip the cause of all this woe, my life 's content,
farewell. 36

Now rime, the source of rage, which art no kin
to skill,
And endless grief which deads my life, yet knows
not now to kill,
Go seek that hapless tomb, which if ye hap to
find,
Salute the stones, that keep the lines, that held
so good a mind. 40

1593. *Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke.*

LYCIDAS

Yet once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never-sear,
I com to pluck your Berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew 10
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not flote upon his watry bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
  Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destin'd Urn, 20
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shrowd!
For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.
  Together both, ere the high Lawns appear'd

Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the Gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the Star that rose, at Ev'ning, bright 30
Toward Heav'ns descent had slop'd his westering wheel.
Mean while the Rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to th'Oaten Flute;
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with clov'n heel,
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damœtas lov'd to hear our song.
But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee Shepherd, thee the Woods, and desert Caves,
With wilde Thyme and the gadding Vine o'regrown, 40
And all their echoes mourn.
The Willows, and the Hazle Copses green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous Leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the Canker to the Rose,
Or Taint-worm to the weanling Herds that graze,
Or Frost to Flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the White thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to Shepherds ear.
Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep 50
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,

Where your old Bards, the famous Druids lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream:
Ay me, I fondly dream!
Had ye bin there—for what could that have done?
What could the Muse her self that Orpheus bore,
The Muse her self, for her inchanting son
Whom Universal nature did lament, 60
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! What boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely slighted Shepherds trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse,
Were it not better done as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth
raise 70
(That last infirmity of Noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious dayes;
But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th'abhorréd shears,
And slits the thin spun life. But not the praise,
Phœbus repli'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to th'world, nor in broad rumour lies, 80
But lives and spreds aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfet witness of all judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,

Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my Oat proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the Sea
That came in Neptune's plea, 90
He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Fellon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beakéd Promontory,
They knew not of his story,
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
The Ayr was calm, and on the lével brine,
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious Bark 100
Built in th'eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next Camus, reverend Sire, went footing slow,
His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.
Ah! Who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean lake,
Two massy Keys he bore of metals twain, 110
(The Golden opes, the Iron shuts amain)

He shook his Miter'd locks, and stern bespake,
How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
Anow of such as for their bellies sake,
Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A Sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought else the least 120
That to the faithful Herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashly songs
Grate on their scrannel Pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim Woolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing sed,
But that two-handed engine at the door 130
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.
Return Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return Sicilian Muse,
And call the Vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bels, and flowrets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low where the mild whispers use,
Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparely looks

Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green terf suck the honied
showers, 140
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies.
The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Jessamine,
The white Pink, and the Pansy freakt with jet,
The glowing Violet.
The Musk-rose, and the well attir'd Woodbine.
With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 150
To strew the Laureat Hearse where Lycid lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts daily with false surmise.
Ay me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding
Seas
Wash far away, where ere thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou to our moist vows deni'd,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, 160
Where the great vision of the guarded Mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with
ruth.
And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
Weep no more, woful Shepherds weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the wat'ry floor,
So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,

And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled
Ore, 170
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the
waves
Where other groves, and other streams along,
With Nectar pure his oozy Locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial Song,
In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet Societies
That sing, and singing in their glory move, 180
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the Shepherds weep no more;
Hence forth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.
Thus sang the uncouth Swain to th' oaks and
rills,
While the still morn went out with Sandals gray,
He touch'd the tender stops of various Quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the Sun had stretch'd out all the
hills, 190
And now was dropt into the Western bay;
At last he rose, and twitch'd his Mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh Woods, and Pastures new.

1638. *John Milton.*

ON THE DEATH OF THOMSON

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
  Where slowly winds the stealing wave;
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
  To deck its poet's sylvan grave. 4

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
  His airy harp shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
  May love through life the soothing shade. 8

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
  And while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
  To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell. 12

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
  When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
  To bid his gentle spirit rest. 16

And oft, as ease and health retire
  To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,
  And 'mid the varied landscape weep. 20

But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
  Ah! what will every dirge avail;
Or tears, which love and pity shed,
  That mourn beneath the gliding sail? 24

Yet lives there one whose heedless eye
  Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,
  And joy desert the blooming year. 28

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
  No sedge-crowned sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side
  Whose cold turf hides the buried friend! 32

And see—the fairy valleys fade;
  Dun night has veiled the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
  Meek Nature's child, again adieu! 36

Thy genial meads, assigned to bless
  Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom;
There hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress
  With simple hands thy rural tomb. 40

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
  Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes:
O vales and wild woods! shall he say,
  In yonder grave your Druid lies! 44

1749. *William Collins.*

ELEGY ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON

O Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The meikle Devil wi' a woodie
Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie
O'er hurcheon hides,
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy auld sides! 6

He 's gane, he 's gane! he 's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born!
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel' shall mourn
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exiled. 12

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns!
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns,
Where echo slumbers!
Come join ye, Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers! 18

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!
Ye hazelly shaws and briery dens!

Ye burnies, wimplin' down your glens,
Wi' toddlin' din,
Or foaming, strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae lin to lin! 24

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea,
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see;
Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie
In scented bowers;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first o' flowers! 30

At dawn, when every grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at his head,
At even, when beans their fragrance shed,
I' the rustling gale;
Ye maukins whiddin through the glade,
Come join my wail. 36

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
Ye grouse that crap the heather bud;
Ye curlews calling through a clud;
Ye whistling plover;
And mourn, ye whirring paitrick brood;
He 's gane forever! 42

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals;
Ye fisher herons, watching eels;
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Rair for his sake. 48

Elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson

Mourn, clamoring craiks, at close o' day,
'Mang fields o' flowering clover gay;
And when you wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore,
Tell thae far warlds wha lies in clay,
Wham we deplore. 54

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower,
In some auld tree, or eldritch tower,
What time the moon, wi' silent glower,
Sets up her horn,
Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour
Till waukrife morn. 60

O rivers, forests, hills and plains!
Oft have ye heard my canty strains:
But now, what else for me remains
But tales of wo?
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow. 66

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year!
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear:
Thou, Simmer, while each corny spear
Shoots up its head,
Thy gay green flowery tresses shear,
For him that 's dead! 72

Thou Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy sallow mantle tear!
Thou, Winter, hurling through the air

The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we 've lost. 78

Mourn him, thou sun, great source of light!
Mourn, empress of the silent night!
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
My Matthew mourn!
For thro' your orbs he 's ta'en his flight,
Ne'er to return. 84

O Henderson, the man! the brother!
And art thou gone, and gone forever?
And hast thou crost that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound?
Like thee where shall I find another,
The world around? 90

Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
But by thy honest turf I 'll wait,
Thou man of worth!
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth. 96

1793. *Robert Burns.*

THOUGHTS

After a visit to the grave of Burns

Too frail to keep the lofty vow
That must have followed when his brow
Was wreathed—"The Vision" tells us how—
With holly spray,
He faltered, drifted to and fro,
And passed away. 6

Well might such thoughts, dear Sister, throng
Our minds when, lingering all too long,
Over the grave of Burns we hung
In social grief—
Indulged as if it were a wrong
To seek relief. 12

But, leaving each unquiet theme
Where gentlest judgments may misdeem,
And prompt to welcome every gleam
Of good and fair,
Let us beside this limpid Stream
Breathe hopeful air. 18

Enough of sorrow, wreck, and blight;
Think rather of those moments bright
When to the consciousness of right

His course was true,
When Wisdom prospered in his sight,
And virtue grew. 24

Yes, freely let our hearts expand,
Freely as in youth's season bland,
When side by side, his Book in hand,
We wont to stray,
Our pleasure varying at command
Of each sweet Lay. 30

How oft inspired must he have trod
These pathways, yon far-stretching road!
There lurks his home; in that Abode,
With mirth elate,
Or in his nobly-pensive mood,
The Rustic sate. 36

Proud thoughts that Image overawes,
Before it humbly let us pause,
And ask of Nature, from what cause,
And by what rules
She trained her Burns to win applause
That shames the Schools. 42

Through busiest street and loneliest glen
Are felt the flashes of his pen;
He rules 'mid winter snows, and when
Bees fill their hives;
Deep in the general heart of men
His power survives. 48

What need of fields in some far clime
Where Heroes, Sages, Bards sublime,
And all that fetched the flowing rhyme
From genuine springs,
Shall dwell together till old Time
Folds up his wings? 54

Sweet Mercy! to the gates of Heaven
This Minstrel lead, his sins forgiven;
The rueful conflict, the heart riven
With vain endeavour,
And memory of Earth's bitter leaven,
Effaced for ever. 60

But why to Him confine the prayer,
When kindred thoughts and yearnings bear
On the frail heart the purest share
With all that live?—
The best of what we do and are,
Just God, forgive! 66

1803. 1845. *William Wordsworth.*

BURNS

Wild rose of Alloway! my thanks;
Thou 'mind'st me of that autumn noon
When first we met upon "the banks
And braes o' bonny Doon." 4

Like thine, beneath the thorn-tree's bough,
My sunny hour was glad and brief;

We 've crossed the winter sea, and thou
  Art withered—flower and leaf. 8

And will not thy death-doom be mine—
  The doom of all things wrought of clay?
And withered my life's leaf like thine,
  Wild rose of Alloway? 12

Not so his memory for whose sake
  My bosom bore thee far and long—
His, who a humbler flower could make
  Immortal as his song, 16

The memory of Burns—a name
  That calls, when brimmed her festal cup,
A nation's glory and her shame,
  In silent sadness up. 20

A nation's glory—be the rest
  Forgot—she 's canonized his mind,
And it is joy to speak the best
  We may of humankind. 24

I 've stood beside the cottage bed
  Where the bard-peasant first drew breath;
A straw-thatched roof above his head,
  A straw-wrought couch beneath. 28

And I have stood beside the pile,
  His monument—that tells to Heaven
The homage of earth's proudest isle
  To that bard-peasant given. 32

Bid thy thoughts hover o'er that spot,
  Boy-minstrel, in thy dreaming hour;
And know, however low his lot,
  A poet's pride and power; 36

The pride that lifted Burns from earth,
  The power that gave a child of song
Ascendency o'er rank and birth,
  The rich, the brave, the strong; 40

And if despondency weigh down
  Thy spirit's fluttering pinions then,
Despair—thy name is written on
  The roll of common men. 44

There have been loftier themes than his,
  And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with Poesy's
  Purer and holier fires: 48

Yet read the names that know not death;
  Few nobler ones than Burns are there;
And few have won a greener wreath
  Than that which binds his hair. 52

His is that language of the heart
  In which the answering heart would speak,
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
  Or the smile light the cheek; 56

And his that music to whose tone
  The common pulse of man keeps time,

In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
  In cold or sunny clime. 60

And who has heard his song, nor knelt
  Before its spell with willing knee,
And listened and believed, and felt
  The poet's mastery. 64

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm,
  O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers,
O'er Passion's moments, bright and warm,
  O'er Reason's dark, cold hours; 68

On fields where brave men "die or do,"
  In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,
Where mourners weep, where lovers woo,
  From throne to cottage hearth? 72

What sweet tears dim the eye unshed,
  What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"
  Or "Auld Lang Syne," is sung! 76

Pure hopes that lift the soul above,
  Come with his Cotter's hymn of praise,
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,
  With "Logan's" banks and braes. 80

And when he breathes his master-lay
  Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
All passions in our frames of clay
  Come thronging at his call. 84

Imagination's world of air,
  And our own world, its gloom and glee,
Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,
  And death's sublimity. 88

And Burns—though brief the race he ran,
  Though rough and dark the path he trod—
Lived, died, in form and soul a man,
  The image of his God. 92

Through care, and pain, and want, and woe,
  With wounds that only death could heal,
Tortures—the poor alone can know,
  The proud alone can feel; 96

He kept his honesty and truth,
  His independent tongue and pen,
And moved, in manhood as in youth,
  Pride of his fellow-men. 100

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,
  A hate of tyrant and of knave,
A love of right, a scorn of wrong,
  Of coward and of slave; 104

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
  That could not fear and would not bow,
Were written in his manly eye
  And on his manly brow. 108

Praise to the bard! his words are driven,
  Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown.

Where'er beneath the sky of heaven,
  The birds of fame have flown. 112

Praise to the man! a nation stood
  Beside his coffin with wet eyes,
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,
  As when a loved one dies. 116

And still, as on his funeral-day,
  Men stand his cold earth-couch around,
With the mute homage that we pay
  To consecrated ground. 120

And consecrated ground it is,
  The last, the hallowed home of one
Who lives upon all memories,
  Though with the buried gone. 124

Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,
  Shrines to no code or creed confined—
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
  The Meccas of the mind. 128

Sages, with Wisdom's garland wreathed,
  Crowned kings, and mitred priests of power,
And warriors with their bright swords
    sheathed,
  The mightiest of the hour; 132

And lowlier names, whose humble home
  Is lit by Fortune's dimmer star,
Are there—o'er wave and mountain come,
  From countries near and far; 136

Pilgrims, whose wandering feet have pressed
  The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,
Or trod the piled leaves of the West,
  My own green forest-land. 140

All ask the cottage of his birth,
  Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,
And gather feelings not of earth
  His fields and streams among. 144

They linger by the Doon's low trees,
  And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries!
  The Poet's tomb is there. 148

But what to them the Sculptor's art,
  His funeral columns, wreaths, and urns?
Wear they not graven on the heart
  The name of Robert Burns? 152

1822. *Fitz-Greene Halleck.*

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES

Where are they gone, the old familiar faces?

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-
  days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces. 3

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom
cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces. 6

I loved a Love once, fairest among women:
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her,—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces. 9

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces. 12

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my child-
hood;
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces. 15

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces. 18

For some they have died, and some they have
left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces. 21

1798. *Charles Lamb.*

HESTER

When maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try
With vain endeavour. 4

A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed,
And her together. 8

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flush'd her spirit: 12

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call: if 't was not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit. 16

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool;
But she was train'd in Nature's school;
Nature had blest her. 20

A waking eye, a prying mind;
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind;
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind;
Ye could not Hester. 24

My sprightly neighbour! gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning, 28

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet forewarning? 32

1803. *Charles Lamb.*

TO THE SISTER OF ELIA

COMFORT thee, O thou mourner, yet awhile!
Again shall Elia's smile
Refresh thy heart, where heart can ache no more.
What is it we deplore? 4

He leaves behind him, freed from griefs and years,
Far worthier things than tears.
The love of friends without a single foe:
Unequalled lot below! 8

His gentle soul, his genius, these are thine;
For these dost thou repine?

He may have left the lowly walks of men;
  Left them he has; what then? 12

Are not his footsteps followed by the eyes
  Of all the good and wise?
Tho' the warm day is over, yet they seek
  Upon the lofty peak 16

Of his pure mind the roseate light that glows
  O'er death's perennial snows.
Behold him! from the region of the blest
  He speaks: he bids thee rest. 20

1837. *Walter Savage Landor.*

MEMORIAL VERSES

GOETHE in Weimar sleeps, and Greece,
Long since, saw Byron's struggle cease.
But one such death remained to come;
The last poetic voice is dumb—
We stand to-day by Wordsworth's tomb.

When Byron's eyes were shut in death,
We bowed our head and held our breath.
He taught us little; but our soul
Had *felt* him like the thunder's roll.
With shivering heart the strife we saw 10
Of passion with eternal law;
And yet with reverential awe
We watched the fount of fiery life
Which served for that Titanic strife.

When Goethe's death was told, we said:
Sunk, then, is Europe's sagest head.
Physician of the iron age,
Goethe has done his pilgrimage.
He took the suffering human race,
He read each wound, each weakness clear; 20
And struck his finger on the place,
And said: *Thou ailest here, and here!*
He looked on Europe's dying hour
Of fitful dream and feverish power;
His eye plunged down the weltering strife,
The turmoil of expiring life—
He said: *The end is everywhere,*
Art still has truth, take refuge there!
And he was happy, if to know
Causes of things, and far below 30
His feet to see the lurid flow
Of terror, and insane distress,
And headlong fate, be happiness.

And Wordsworth!—Ah, pale ghosts, rejoice!
For never has such soothing voice
Been to your shadowy world conveyed,
Since erst, at morn, some wandering shade
Heard the clear song of Orpheus come
Through Hades, and the mournful gloom.
Wordsworth has gone from us—and ye, 40
Ah, may ye feel his voice as we!
He too upon a wintry clime
Had fallen—on this iron time
Of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears.

He found us when the age had bound
Our souls in its benumbing round;
He spoke, and loosed our heart in tears.
He laid us as we lay at birth
On the cool flowery lap of earth,
Smiles broke from us and we had ease; 50
The hills were round us, and the breeze
Went o'er the sun-lit fields again;
Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.
Our youth returned; for there was shed
On spirits that had long been dead,
Spirits dried up and closely furled,
The freshness of the early world.

Ah! since dark days still bring to light
Man's prudence and man's fiery might,
Time may restore us in his course 60
Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force;
But where will Europe's latter hour
Again find Wordsworth's healing power?
Others will teach us how to dare,
And against fear our breast to steel;
Others will strengthen us to bear—
But who, ah! who, will make us feel?
The cloud of mortal destiny,
Others will front it fearlessly—
But who, like him, will put it by? 70

Keep fresh the grass upon his grave
O Rotha, with thy living wave!
Sing him thy best! for few or none
Hears thy voice right, now he is gone.

1850. *Matthew Arnold.*

ON THE DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM HERVEY

It was a dismal and a fearful night,
Scarce could the morn drive on the unwilling
light,
When sleep, death's image, left my troubled
breast,
By something liker death possessed.
My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
And on my soul hung the dull weight
Of some intolerable fate.
What bell was that? Ah me! too much I
know. 8

My sweet companion, and my gentle peer,
Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,
Thy end for ever, and my life, to moan?
O, thou hast left me all alone!
Thy soul and body, when Death's agony
Besieged around thy noble heart,
Did not with more reluctance part,
Than I, my dearest friend! do part from thee. 16

My dearest friend, would I had died for thee!
Life and this world henceforth will tedious be.

On the Death of Mr. William Hervey

Nor shall I know hereafter what to do,
  If once my griefs prove tedious too.
Silent and sad I walk about all day,
  As sullen ghosts stalk speechless by
  Where their hid treasures lie;
Alas! my treasure 's gone! why do I stay? 24

He was my friend, the truest friend on earth;
A strong and mighty influence joined our birth;
Nor did we envy the most sounding name
  By friendship given of old to fame.
None but his brethren he and sisters knew
  Whom the kind youth preferred to me;
  And even in that we did agree,
For much above myself I loved them too. 32

Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights,
How oft unwearied have we spent the nights,
Till the Ledaean stars, so famed for love,
  Wondered at us from above!
We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine;
  But search of deep Philosophy,
  Wit, Eloquence, and Poetry,
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were
    thine. 40

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge,
    say
Have ye not seen us walking every day?
Was there a tree about which did not know
  The love betwixt us two?

Henceforth, ye gentle trees for ever fade;
  Or your sad branches thicker join,
  And into darksome shades combine,
Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid! 48

Henceforth, no learned youths beneath you sing,
Till all the tuneful birds to your boughs they
    bring;
No tuneful birds play with their wonted cheer,
  And called the learned youths to hear;
No whistling winds through the glad branches
    fly:
  But all, with sad solemnity,
  Mute and unmovèd be,
Mute as the grave wherein my friend does lie. 56

To him my Muse made haste with every strain,
Whilst it was new and warm yet from the brain:
He loved my worthless rhymes, and, like a friend,
  Would find out something to commend.
Hence now, my Muse! thou canst not me
    delight:
  Be this my latest verse,
  With which I now adorn his hearse;
And this my grief, without thy help, shall
    write. 64

Had I a wreath of bays about my brow,
I should contemn that flourishing honour now;
Condemn it to the fire, and joy to hear
  It rage and crackle there.

On the Death of Mr. William Hervey

Instead of bays, crown with sad cypress me;
  Cypress, which tombs does beautify:
  Not Phœbus grieved so much as I,
For him who first was made that mournful
    tree. 72

Large was his soul: as large a soul as e'er
Submitted to inform a body here;
High as the place 't was shortly in heaven to
    have,
  But low and humble as his grave:
So high that all the virtues there did come,
  As to their chiefest seat
  Conspicuous and great:
So low, that for me too it made a room. 80

He scorned this busy world below, and all
That we, mistaken mortals! pleasure call;
Was filled with innocent gallantry and truth,
  Triumphant o'er the sins of youth.
He, like the stars, to which he now is gone,
  That shine with beams like flame,
  Yet burn not with the same,
Had all the light of youth, of the fire none. 88

Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught,
As if for him knowledge had rather sought:
Nor did more learning ever crowded lie
  In such a short mortality.
Whene'er the skilful youth discoursed or writ,
  Still did the notions throng
  About his eloquent tongue,
Nor could his ink flow faster than his wit. 96

So strong a wit did Nature to him frame,
As all things but his judgment overcame;
His judgment like the heavenly moon did show,
  Tempering that mighty sea below.
Oh! had he lived in Learning's world, what
    bound
  Would have been able to control
  His overpowering soul!
We 've lost in him arts that not yet are
    found. 104

His mirth was the pure spirits of various wit,
Yet never did his God or friends forget;
And, when deep talk and wisdom came in view,
  Retired and gave to them their due:
For the rich help of books he always took,
  Though his own searching mind before
  Was so with notions written o'er
As if wise Nature had made that her book. 112

So many virtues joined in him, as we
Can scarce pick here and there in history;
More than old writers' practice e'er could reach;
  As much as they could ever teach.
These did Religion, Queen of Virtues! sway:
  And all their sacred motions steer,
  Just like the first and highest sphere,
Which wheels about, and turns all heaven one
    way. 120

With as much zeal, devotion, piety,
He always lived, as other saints do die.

On the Death of Mr. William Hervey

Still with his soul severe account he kept,
  Weeping all debts out ere he slept:
Then down in peace and innocence he lay,
  Like the sun's laborious light,
  Which still in water sets at night,
Unsullied with his journey of the day. 128

Wondrous young man! why wert thou made so
    good,
To be snatched hence ere better understood?
Snatched before half of thee enough was seen!
  Thou ripe, and yet thy life but green!
Nor could thy friends take their last sad
    farewell;
  But danger and infectious death
  Maliciously seized on that breath
Where life, spirit, pleasure, always used to
    dwell. 136

But happy thou, ta'en from this frantic age,
Where ignorance and hypocrisy does rage!
A fitter time for heaven no soul ere chose,
  The place now only free from those.
There 'mong the blest thou dost for ever shine,
  And wheresoe'er thou cast'st thy view,
  Upon that white and radiant crew,
Seest not a soul clothed with more light than
    thine. 144

And if the glorious saints cease not to know
Their wretched friends who fight with life below,

Thy flame to me does still the same abide,
  Only more pure and rarified.
There, whilst immortal hymns thou dost rehearse,
  Thou dost with holy pity see
  Our dull and earthly poesy,
Where grief and misery can be joined with verse. 152

1656. *Abraham Cowley.*

THYRSIS

A MONODY, *to commemorate the author's friend,* ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH, *who died at Florence, 1861*

How changed is here each spot man makes or fills!
  In the two Hinkseys nothing keeps the same;
    The village street its haunted mansion lacks,
  And from the sign is gone Sibylla's name,
    And from the roofs the twisted chimney-stacks—
      Are ye too changed, ye hills?
  See, 't is no foot of unfamiliar men
    To-night from Oxford up your pathway strays!
    Here came I often, often, in old days—
  Thyrsis and I; we still had Thyrsis then. 10

Runs it not here, the track by Childsworth
Farm,
Past the high wood, to where the elm-tree
crowns
The hill behind whose ridge the sunset
flames?
The signal-elm, that looks on Ilsley Downs,
The Vale, the three lone weirs, the youthful
Thames?—
This winter-eve is warm,
Humid the air! leafless, yet soft as spring,
The tender purple spray on copse and
briars!
And that sweet city with her dreaming spires,
She needs not June for beauty's heightening. 20

Lovely all times she lies, lovely to-night!—
Only, methinks, some loss of habit's power
Befalls me wandering through this upland
dim.
Once pass'd I blindfold here, at any hour;
Now seldom come I, since I came with him.
That single elm-tree bright
Against the west—I miss it! is it gone?
We prized it dearly; while it stood, we said,
Our friend, the Gipsy-Scholar, was not dead;
While the tree lived, he in these fields
lived on. 30

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here,
But once I knew each field, each flower, each
stick;

And with the country-folk acquaintance made
By barn in threshing-time, by new-built rick.
Here, too, our shepherd-pipes we first assay'd.
Ah me! this many a year
My pipe is lost, my shepherd's holiday!
Needs must I lose them, needs with heavy heart
Into the world and wave of men depart;
But Thyrsis of his own will went away. 40

It irk'd him to be here, he could not rest.
He loved each simple joy the country yields,
He loved his mates; but yet he could not keep,
For that a shadow lour'd on the fields,
Here with the shepherds and the silly sheep.
Some life of men unblest
He knew, which made him droop, and fill'd his head.
He went; his piping took a troubled sound
Of storms that rage outside our happy happy ground;
He could not wait their passing, he is dead. 50

So, some tempestuous morn in early June,
When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,
Before the roses and the longest day—
When garden-walks and all the grassy floor

With blossoms red and white of fallen May
And chestnut-flowers are strewn—
So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
From the wet-field, through the vext garden-trees,
Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze:
The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I! 60

Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?
Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on,
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
Sweet-William with his homely cottage-smell,
And stocks in fragrant blow;
Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,
And the full moon, and the white evening-star. 70

He harkens not! light comer, he is flown!
What matters it? next year he will return,
And we shall have him in the sweet spring-days,
With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern,
And blue-bells trembling by the forest-ways,
And scent of hay new-mown.

But Thyrsis never more we swains shall see;
See him come back, and cut a smoother reed,
And blow a strain the world at last shall heed—
For Time, not Corydon, hath conquer'd thee! 80

Alack, for Corydon no rival now!—
But when Sicilian shepherds lost a mate,
Some good survivor with his flute would go,
Piping a ditty sad for Bion's fate;
And cross the unpermitted ferry's flow,
And relax Pluto's brow,
And make leap up with joy the beauteous head
Of Proserpine, among whose crowned hair
Are flowers first open'd on Sicilian air,
And flute his friend, like Orpheus, from the dead. 90

O easy access to the hearer's grace
When Dorian shepherds sang to Proserpine!
For she herself had trod Sicilian fields,
She knew the Dorian water's gush divine,
She knew each lily white which Enna yields,
Each rose with blushing face;
She loved the Dorian pipe, the Dorian strain.
But ah, of our poor Thames she never heard!
Her foot the Cumner cowslips never stirr'd;
And we should tease her with our plaint in vain! 100

Well! wind-dispersed and vain the words will be,
Yet, Thyrsis, let me give my grief its hour
In the old haunt, and find our tree-topp'd hill!
Who, if not I, for questing here hath power?
I know the wood which hides the daffodil,
I know the Fyfield tree,
I know what white, what purple fritillaries
The grassy harvest of the river-fields,
Above by Ensham, down by Sandford, yields,
And what sedged brooks are Thames's tributaries; 110

I know these slopes; who knows them if not I?—
But many a dingle on the loved hill-side,
With thorns once studded, old, white-blossom'd trees,
Where thick the cowslips grew, and far descried
High tower'd the spikes of purple orchises,
Hath since our day put by
The coronals of that forgotten time;
Down each green bank hath gone the ploughboy's team,
And only in the hidden brookside gleam
Primroses, orphans of the flowery prime. 120

Where is the girl, who by the boatman's door,
Above the locks, above the boating throng,
Unmoor'd our skiff when through the Wytham flats,

Red loosestrife and blond meadow-sweet among
And darting swallows and light water-gnats,
We track'd the shy Thames shore?
Where are the mowers, who, as the tiny swell
Of our boat passing heaved the river-grass,
Stood with suspended scythe to see us pass?—
They all are gone, and thou art gone as well! 130

Yes, thou art gone! and round me too the night
In ever-nearing circle weaves her shade.
I see her veil draw soft across the day,
I feel her slowly chilling breath invade
The cheek grown thin, the brown hair sprent with gray;
I feel her finger light
Laid pausefully upon life's headlong train;—
The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,
The heart less bounding at emotion new,
And hope, once crush'd, less quick to spring again. 140

And long the way appears, which seem'd so short
To the less practised eye of sanguine youth;
And high the mountain-tops, in cloudy air,
The mountain-tops where is the throne of Truth,

Tops in life's morning-sun so bright and
bare!
Unbreachable the fort
Of the long-batter'd world uplifts its wall;
And strange and vain the earthly turmoil
grows,
And near and real the charm of thy repose,
And night as welcome as a friend would
fall. 150

But hush! the upland hath a sudden loss
Of quiet!—Look, adown the dusk hill-side,
A troop of Oxford hunters going home,
As in old days, jovial and talking, ride!
From hunting with the Berkshire hounds
they come.
Quick! let me fly, and cross
Into yon farther field!—'T is done; and see,
Back'd by the sunset, which doth glorify
The orange and pale violet evening-sky,
Bare on its lonely ridge, the Tree! the
Tree! 160

I take the omen! Eve lets down her veil,
The white fog creeps from bush to bush
about,
The west unflushes, the high stars grow
bright,
And in the scatter'd farms the lights come out.
I cannot reach the signal-tree to-night,
Yet, happy omen, hail!

Hear it from thy broad lucent Arnovale
(For there thine earth-forgetting eyelids keep
The morningless and unawakening sleep
Under the flowery oleanders pale), 170

Hear it, O Thyrsis, still our tree is there!—
Ah, vain! These English fields, this upland dim,
These brambles pale with mist engarlanded,
That lone, sky-pointing tree, are not for him;
To a boon southern country he is fled,
And now in happier air,
Wandering with the great Mother's train divine
(And purer or more subtle soul than thee,
I trow, the mighty Mother doth not see)
Within a folding of the Apennine, 180

Thou hearest the immortal chants of old!—
Putting his sickle to the perilous grain
In the hot cornfield of the Phrygian king,
For thee the Lityerses-song again
Young Daphnis with his silver voice doth sing;
Sings his Sicilian fold,
His sheep, his hapless love, his blinded eyes—
And how a call celestial round him rang,
And heavenward from the fountain-brink he sprang,
And all the marvel of the golden skies. 190

There thou art gone, and me thou leavest here
  Sole in these fields! yet will I not despair.
    Despair I will not, while I yet descry
  'Neath the mild canopy of English air
    That lonely tree against the western sky.
      Still, still these slopes, 't is clear,
  Our Gipsy-Scholar haunts, outliving thee!
    Fields where soft sheep from cages pull
        the hay,
    Woods with anemonies in flower till May,
  Know him a wanderer still; then why not
        me?

A fugitive and gracious light he seeks,
  Shy to illumine; and I seek it too.
    This does not come with houses or with gold,
  With place, with honour, and a flattering crew;
    'T is not in the world's market bought and
        sold—
      But the smooth-slipping weeks
  Drop by, and leave its seeker still untired;
    Out of the heed of mortals he is gone,
    He wends unfollow'd, he must house alone;
  Yet on he fares, by his own heart inspired.

Thou too, O Thyrsis, on like quest wast bound;
  Thou wanderedst with me for a little hour!
    Men gave thee nothing; but this happy quest,
  If men esteemed thee feeble, gave thee power,
    If men procured thee trouble, gave thee
        rest.
      And this rude Cumnor ground,

Its fir-topped Hurst, its farms, its quiet
fields,
Here cams't thou in thy jocund youthful
time,
Here was thine height of strength, thy
golden prime!
And still the haunt beloved a virtue yields. 220

What though the music of thy rustic flute
Kept not for long its happy, country tone;
Lost it too soon, and learnt a stormy note
Of men contention-tost, of men who groan,
Which task'd thy pipe too sore, and tired
thy throat—
It fail'd, and thou wast mute!
Yet hadst thou alway visions of our light,
And long with men of care thou couldst
not stay,
And soon thy foot resumed its wandering
way,
Left human haunt, and on alone till night. 230

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here!
'Mid city-noise, not, as with thee of yore,
Thyrsis! in reach of sheep-bells is my home.
—Then through the great town's harsh,
heart-wearying roar,
Let in thy voice a whisper often come,
To chase fatigue and fear:

Why faintest thou? I wonder'd till I died.
Roam on! The light we sought is shining still.
Dost thou ask proof? Our tree yet crowns the hill,
Our Scholar travels yet the loved hill-side. 240

1866. *Matthew Arnold.*

RUGBY CHAPEL

November, 1857

Coldly, sadly descends
The autumn-evening. The field
Strewn with its dank yellow drifts
Of wither'd leaves, and the elms,
Fade into dimness apace,
Silent;—hardly a shout
From a few boys late at their play!
The lights come out in the street,
In the school-room windows;—but cold,
Solemn, unlighted, austere, 10
Through the gathering darkness, arise
The chapel-walls, in whose bound
Thou, my father! art laid.

There thou dost lie, in the gloom
Of the autumn evening. But ah!
That word, *gloom,* to my mind
Brings thee back, in the light

Of thy radiant vigour, again;
In the gloom of November we pass'd
Days not dark at thy side; 20
Seasons impair'd not the ray
Of thy buoyant cheerfulness clear.
Such thou wast! and I stand
In the autumn evening, and think
Of bygone autumns with thee.

Fifteen years have gone round
Since thou arosest to tread,
In the summer-morning, the road
Of death, at a call unforeseen,
Sudden. For fifteen years, 30
We who till then in thy shade
Rested as under the boughs
Of a mighty oak, have endured
Sunshine and rain as we might,
Bare, unshaded, alone,
Lacking the shelter of thee.

O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely, has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar, 40
In the sounding labor-house vast
Of being, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!

Yes, in some far-shining sphere,
Conscious or not of the past,

Still thou performest the word
Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live—
Prompt, unwearied, as here!
Still thou upraisest with zeal
The humble good from the ground, 50
Sternly repressest the bad!
Still, like a trumpet, dost rouse

Those who with half-open eyes
Tread the border-land dim
Twixt vice and virtue; reviv'st,
Succorest!—this was thy work,
This was thy life upon earth.

What is the course of the life
Of mortal men on the earth?—
Most men eddy about 60
Here and there—eat and drink,
Chatter and love and hate,
Gather and squander, are raised
Aloft, are hurl'd in the dust,
Striving blindly, achieving
Nothing; and then they die—
Perish;—and no one asks
Who or what they have been,
More than he asks what waves,
In the moonlit solitudes mild 70
Of the midmost Ocean, have swell'd,
Foam'd for a moment, and gone.

And there are some, whom a thirst
Ardent, unquenchable, fires,

Not with the crowd to be spent,
Not without aim to go round
In an eddy of purposeless dust,
Effort unmeaning and vain.
Ah yes! some of us strive
Not without action to die 80
Fruitless, but something to snatch
From dull oblivion, nor all
Glut the devouring grave!
We, we have chosen our path—
Path to a clear-purposed goal,
Path of advance!—but it leads
A long, steep journey, through sunk
Gorges, o'er mountains in snow.
Cheerful, with friends, we set forth—
Then on the height, comes the storm. 90
Thunder crashes from rock
To rock, the cataracts reply,
Lightnings dazzle our eyes.
Roaring torrents have breach'd
The track, the stream-bed descends
In the place where the wayfarer once
Planted his footstep—the spray
Boils o'er its borders! aloft
The unseen snow-beds dislodge
Their hanging ruin; alas, 100
Havoc is made in our train!
Friends, who set forth at our side,
Falter, are lost in the storm.
We, we only are left!
With frowning foreheads, with lips
Sternly compress'd, we strain on,

On—and at nightfall at last
Come to the end of our way,
To the lonely inn 'mid the rocks;
Where the gaunt and taciturn host 110
Stands on the threshold, the wind
Shaking his thin white hairs—
Holds his lantern to scan
Our storm-beat figures, and asks:
Whom in our party we bring?
Whom we have left in the snow?

Sadly we answer: We bring
Only ourselves! we lost
Sight of the rest in the storm.
Hardly ourselves we fought through, 120
Stripp'd, without friends, as we are.
Friends, companions, and train,
The avalanche swept from our side.

But thou would'st not *alone*
Be saved, my father! *alone*
Conquer and come to thy goal,
Leaving the rest in the wild.
We were weary, and we
Fearful, and we in our march
Fain to drop down and to die. 130
Still thou turnedst, and still
Beckonedst the trembler, and still
Gavest the weary thy hand.

If, in the paths of the world,
Stones might have wounded thy feet,

Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing—to us thou wast still
Cheerful, and helpful, and firm!
Therefore to thee it was given 140
Many to save with thyself;
And, at the end of thy day,
O faithful shepherd! to come,
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.
And through thee I believe
In the noble and great who are gone;
Pure souls honour'd and blest
By former ages, who else—
Such, so soulless, so poor,
Is the race of men whom I see— 150
Seem'd but a dream of the heart,
Seem'd but a cry of desire.
Yes! I believe that there lived
Others like thee in the past,
Not like the men of the crowd
Who all round me to-day
Bluster or cringe, and make life
Hideous, and arid, and vile;
But souls temper'd with fire,
Fervent, heroic, and good, 160
Helpers and friends of mankind.

Servants of God!—or sons
Shall I not call you? because
Not as servants ye knew
Your Father's innermost mind,
His, who unwillingly sees

One of his little ones lost—
Yours is the praise, if mankind
Hath not as yet in its march
Fainted, and fallen, and died! 170

See! In the rocks of the world
Marches the host of mankind,
A feeble, wavering line.
Where are they tending?—A God
Marshall'd them, gave them their goal.
Ah, but the way is so long!
Years they have been in the wild!
Sore thirst plagues them, the rocks,
Rising all round, overawe;
Factions divide them, their host 180
Threatens to break, to dissolve.
—Ah, keep, keep them combined!
Else, of the myriads who fill
That army, not one shall arrive;
Sole they shall stray; in the rocks
Stagger for ever in vain,
Die one by one in the waste.
Then, in such hour of need
Of your fainting, dispirited race,
Ye, like angels, appear, 190
Radiant with ardour divine!
Beacons of hope, ye appear!
Languour is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow.
Ye alight in our van! at your voice,
Panic, despair, flee away.

Ye move through the ranks, recall
The stragglers, refresh the outworn,
Praise, re-inspire the brave! 200
Order, courage, return.
Eyes rekindling, and prayers,
Follow your steps as ye go.
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Stablish, continue our march,
On, to the bound of the waste,
On, to the City of God.

1867. *Matthew Arnold.*

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

DIED IN NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1820

GREEN be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise. 4

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long, where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep. 8

When hearts, whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth; 12

And I, who woke each morrow
  To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
  Whose weal and woe were thine. 16

It should be mine to braid it
  Around thy faded brow,
But I 've in vain essayed it,
  And feel I cannot now. 20

While memory bids me weep thee,
  Nor thoughts nor words are free,
The grief is fixed too deeply
  That mourns a man like thee. 24

1820. *Fitz-Greene Halleck.*

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we
  sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all
  exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim
  and daring:
    But O heart! heart! heart!
      O the bleeding drops of red!
        Where on the deck my Captain lies,
          Fallen cold and dead. 8

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead. 16

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won:
Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead. 24

1865. *Walt. Whitman.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
  You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
  His length of shambling limb, his furrowed
    face, 4

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling
    hair,
  His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
  Of power or will to shine, of art to please; 8

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's
    laugh,
  Judging each step as though the way were
    plain,
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
  Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain,— 12

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
  The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
  Say, scurrile jester, is there room for *you?* 16

Yes: he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
  To lame my pencil and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
  This rail-splitter a true-born king of men. 20

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
  Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true;
  How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows; 24

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be;
  How, in good fortune and in ill, the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
  Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame. 28

He went about his work,—such work as few
  Ever had laid on head and heart and hand,—
As one who knows, where there 's a task to do,
  Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command; 32

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
  That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
  Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill. 36

So he went forth to battle, on the side
  That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,

As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting
mights,— 40

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron bark, that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie hiding the mazed wanderer's
tracks, 44

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear,—
Such were the deeds that helped his youth to
train:
Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may
bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and
grain. 48

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it; four long-suffering years'
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report lived through,
And then he heard the hisses changed to
cheers, 52

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering
mood,—
Till, as he came on light from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he
stood, 56

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
  Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
  Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to
    rest. 60

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
  Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
  To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to
    men. 64

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
  Utter one voice of sympathy and shame.
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high!
  Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came! 68

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck
    before
  By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
  But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly
    out, 72

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
  Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly
    striven;
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
  With much to praise, little to be forgiven. 76

1865. *Tom Taylor.*

CHARLES SUMNER

GARLANDS upon his grave,
And flowers upon his hearse,
And to the tender heart and brave
The tribute of this verse. 4

His was the troubled life,
The conflict and the pain,
The grief, the bitterness of strife,
The honor without stain. 8

Like Winkelried, he took
Into his manly breast
The sheaf of hostile spears, and broke
A path for the oppressed. 12

Then from the fatal field
Upon a nation's heart
Borne like a warrior on his shield!—
So should the brave depart. 16

Death takes us by surprise,
And stays our hurrying feet;
The great design unfinished lies,
Our lives are incomplete. 20

But in the dark unknown
Perfect their circles seem,
Even as a bridge's arch of stone
Is rounded in the stream. 24

Alike are life and death,
When life in death survives,
And the uninterrupted breath
Inspires a thousand lives. 28

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still travelling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight. 32

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men. 36

1874. *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing Spring. 4

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;

But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love. 8

No wither'd witch shall here be seen;
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew. 12

The redbreast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid. 16

When howling winds and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or 'midst the chase, on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell; 20

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Beloved, till life can charm no more;
And mourned, till Pity's self be dead. 24

1749. *William Collins.*

OH! SNATCH'D AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM

Oh! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year;
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom: 5

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread;
Fond wretch! as if her step disturb'd the
dead! 10

Away! we know that tears are vain,
That Death nor heeds nor hears distress:
Will this unteach us to complain?
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou, who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet. 15

1815. *Lord Byron.*

LUCY

I

STRANGE fits of passion have I known:
And I will dare to tell,
But in the Lover's ear alone,
What once to me befell. 4

When she I loved look'd every day
Fresh as a rose in June,
I to her cottage bent my way,
Beneath an evening-moon. 8

Upon the moon I fix'd my eye,
All over the wide lea;

With quickening pace my horse drew nigh
  Those paths so dear to me. 12

And now we reach'd the orchard-plot;
  And, as we climb'd the hill,
The sinking moon to Lucy's cot
  Came near, and nearer still. 16

In one of those sweet dreams I slept,
  Kind Nature's gentlest boon!
And all the while my eyes I kept
  On the descending moon. 20

My horse moved on; hoof after hoof
  He raised, and never stopp'd:
When down behind the cottage roof,
  At once, the bright moon dropp'd. 24

What fond and wayward thoughts will slide
  Into a Lover's head!
"O mercy!" to myself I cried,
  "If Lucy should be dead!" 28

1799. 1800.

II

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
  Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
  And very few to love: 4

A violet by a mossy stone
  Half hidden from the eye!

—Fair as a star, when only one
  Is shining in the sky. 8

She lived unknown, and few could know
  When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
  The difference to me! 12

1799. 1800.

III

I TRAVELL'D among unknown men,
  In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England! did I know till then
  What love I bore to thee. 4

'T is past, that melancholy dream!
  Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time; for still I seem
  To love thee more and more. 8

Among thy mountains did I feel
  The joy of my desire;
And she I cherish'd turn'd her wheel
  Beside an English fire. 12

Thy mornings show'd, thy nights conceal'd
  The bowers where Lucy play'd;
And thine too is the last green field
  That Lucy's eyes survey'd. 16

1799. 1807.

IV

THREE years she grew in sun and shower;
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This Child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A Lady of my own. 6

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse: and with me
The Girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain. 12

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn,
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things. 18

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the Storm
Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form
By silent sympathy. 24

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face. 30

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell." 36

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be. 42

1799. 1800.

V

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears:
She seem'd a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years. 4

No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees;
Roll'd round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees. 8

1799. 1800. *William Wordsworth.*

ROSE AYLMER

Ah what avails the sceptred race,
  Ah what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
  Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
  May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
  I consecrate to thee.

1806. *Walter Savage Landor.*

THE MAID'S LAMENT

I loved him not; and yet, now he is gone,
  I feel I am alone.
I checked him while he spoke; yet could he
    speak,
  Alas! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought,
  And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him: I now would give
  My love, could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and when he found
  'T was vain, in holy ground 10

He hid his face amid the shades of death.
I waste for him my breath
Who wasted his for me; but mine returns,
And this lorn bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart: for years
Wept he as bitter tears.
'Merciful God!" such was his latest prayer,
"These may she never share!" 20
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold
Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,
His name and life's brief date
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er ye be,
And O! pray too for me!

1834. *Walter Savage Landor.*

REQUIESCAT

Strew on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew!
In quiet she reposes;
Ah, would that I did too! 4

Her mirth the world required;
She bathed it in smiles of glee.
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be. 8

Her life was turning, turning,
  In mazes of heat and sound.
But for peace her soul was yearning,
  And now peace laps her round. 12

Her cabin'd, ample spirit,
  It flutter'd and fail'd for breath.
To-night it doth inherit
  The vasty hall of death. 16

1853. *Matthew Arnold.*

EVELYN HOPE

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead!
  Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
  She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
Beginning to die too, in the glass;
  Little has yet been changed, I think:
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
  Save two long rays through the hinge's
    chink. 8

Sixteen years old when she died!
  Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name;
It was not her time to love; beside,
  Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,
  And now was quiet, now astir,
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,—
  And the sweet white brow is all of her. 16

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?
  What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,
  Made you of spirit, fire and dew—
And, just because I was thrice as old
  And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was naught to each, must I be told?
  We were fellow mortals, naught beside? 24

No, indeed! for God above
  Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love:
  I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
  Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few:
Much is to learn, much to forget
  Ere the time be come for taking you. 32

But the time will come,—at last it will,
  When, Evelyn Hope, what meant (I shall say)
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
  That body and soul so pure and gay?
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
  And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
  In the new life come in the old life's stead. 40

I have lived (I shall say) so much since then,
  Given up myself so many times,

Gained me the gains of various men,
  Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
  Either I missed or itself missed me:
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
  What is the issue? Let us see! 48

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while!
  My heart seemed full as it could hold;
There was place and to spare for the frank
    young smile,
  And the red young mouth, and the hair's
    young gold.
So, hush,—I will give you this leaf to keep:
  See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand!
There, that is our secret: go to sleep!
  You will wake, and remember, and under-
    stand. 56

1855. *Robert Browning.*

MAY AND DEATH

I WISH that when you died last May,
  Charles, there had died along with you
Three parts of Spring's delightful things;
  Ay, and, for me, the fourth part too. 4

A foolish thought, and worse, perhaps!
  There must be many a pair of friends
Who, arm in arm, deserve the warm
  Moon-births and the long evening-ends. 8

So, for their sake, be May still May!
  Let their new time, as mine of old,
Do all it did for me: I bid
  Sweet sights and sounds throng manifold. 12

Only, one little sight, one plant,
  Woods have in May, that starts up green
Save a sole streak which, so to speak,
  Is Spring's blood, spilt its leaves
    between,— 16

That, they might spare; a certain wood
  Might miss the plant; their loss were small:
But I,—whene'er the leaf grows there,
  Its drop comes from my heart, that 's all. 20

1857. *Robert Browning.*

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

"Drowned! drowned!"—HAMLET

ONE more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death! 4

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair! 8

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.— 14

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her,
Now is pure womanly. 20

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful. 26

Still, for all slips of hers,—
One of Eve's family,—
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily. 30

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,—
Her fair auburn tresses,—
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home? 35

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other? 42

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none. 48

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed,—
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged. 55

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night. 62

The Bridge of Sighs

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world! 71

In she plunged boldly,—
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute Man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can! 79

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair! 83

Ere her limbs, frigidly,
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly! 89

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity. 94

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.—
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast! 102

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour! 106

1844. *Thomas Hood.*

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT

I 'M sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride;
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high—
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye. 8

Lament of the Irish Emigrant

The *place* is little changed, Mary,
  The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
  And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
  And your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'ning for the words
  You never more will speak. 16

'T is but a step down yonder lane,
  And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary,
  I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
  And my step might break your rest—
For I've laid you, darling! down to sleep,
  With your baby on your breast. 24

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
  For the poor make no new friends,
But, oh! they love the better still,
  The few our Father sends!
And you were all *I* had, Mary,
  My blessin' and my pride:
There's nothin' left to care for now,
  Since my poor Mary died. 32

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
  That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
  And my arm's young strength was gone:

There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now. 40

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it, for *my* sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore—
Oh! I 'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more! 48

I 'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I 'll not forget you, darling!
In the land I 'm goin' to;
They say there 's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there—
But I 'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair! 56

And often in those grand old woods
I 'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;
And I 'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side:
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride. 64

1845. *Helen Selina, Lady Dufferin.*

THE DEATH BED

We watch'd her breathing thro' the night,
  Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
  Kept heaving to and fro. 4

So silently we seem'd to speak,
  So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
  To eke her living out. 8

Our very hopes belied our fears,
  Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
  And sleeping when she died. 12

For when the morn came dim and sad
  And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
  Another morn than ours. 16

1831. *Thomas Hood.*

RESIGNATION

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
  But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
  But has one vacant chair! 4

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
  And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
  Will not be comforted! 8

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
  Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
  Assume this dark disguise. 12

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
  Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funeral tapers
  May be heaven's distant lamps. 16

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
  This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
  Whose portal we call Death. 20

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
  But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
  And Christ himself doth rule. 24

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
  By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
  She lives, whom we call dead. 28

Resignation

Day after day we think what she is doing
  In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
  Behold her grown more fair. 32

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
  The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
  May reach her where she lives. 36

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
  For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
  She will not be a child; 40

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
  Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
  Shall we behold her face. 44

And though at times impetuous with emotion
  And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
  That cannot be at rest,— 48

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
  We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
  The grief that must have way. 52

1849. *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

SHE CAME AND WENT

As a twig trembles, which a bird
  Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,
So is my memory thrilled and stirred;—
  I only know she came and went. 4

As clasps some lake, by gusts unriven,
  The blue dome's measureless content,
So my soul held that moment's heaven;—
  I only know she came and went. 8

As, at one bound, our swift spring heaps
  The orchards full of bloom and scent,
So clove her May my wintry sleeps;—
  I only know she came and went. 12

An angel stood and met my gaze,
  Through the low doorway of my tent;
The tent is struck, the vision stays;—
  I only know she came and went. 16

Oh, when the room grows slowly dim,
  And life's last oil is nearly spent,
One gush of light these eyes will brim,
  Only to think she came and went. 20

1849. *James Russell Lowell.*

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
  And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
  With a silence deep and white. 4

Every pine and fir and hemlock
  Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
  Was ridged inch deep with pearl. 8

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
  Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails softened to swan's-down,
  And still fluttered down the snow. 12

I stood and watched by the window
  The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
  Like brown leaves whirling by. 16

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
  Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
  As did robins the babes in the wood. 20

Up spoke our own little Mabel
  Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
  Who cares for us here below. 24

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
  And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
  When that mound was heaped so high. 28

I remembered the gradual patience
  That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
  The scar that renewed our woe. 32

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
  Alone can make it fall!" 36

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
  And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
  Folded close under deepening snow. 40

1849. *James Russell Lowell.*

A DEATH-BED

Her suffering ended with the day,
  Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away
  In a statue-like repose. 4

But when the sun in all his state
  Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through Glory's morning gate
  And walked in Paradise! 8

c. *1840.* *James Aldrich.*

MY SISTER'S SLEEP

She fell asleep on Christmas Eve:
  At length the long-ungranted shade
  Of weary eyelids overweigh'd
The pain nought else might yet relieve. 4

Our mother, who had leaned all day
  Over the bed from chime to chime,
  Then raised herself for the first time,
And as she sat her down, did pray. 8

Her little work-table was spread
  With work to finish. For the glare
  Made by her candle, she had care
To work some distance from the bed. 12

Without, there was a cold moon up,
  Of winter radiance sheer and thin;
  The hollow halo it was in
Was like an icy crystal cup. 16

Through the small room, with subtle sound
  Of flame, by vents the fireshine drove
  And reddened. In its dim alcove
The mirror shed a clearness round. 20

I had been sitting up some nights,
  And my tired mind felt weak and blank;
  Like a sharp strengthening wine it drank
The stillness and the broken lights. 24

Twelve struck. That sound, by dwindling years
  Heard in each hour, crept off; and then
  The ruffled silence spread again,
Like water that a pebble stirs. 28

Our mother rose from where she sat:
  Her needles, as she laid them down,
  Met lightly, and her silken gown
Settled: no other noise than that. 32

"Glory unto the Newly Born!"
  So, as said angels, she did say;
  Because we were in Christmas Day,
Though it would still be long till morn. 36

Just then in the room over us
  There was a pushing back of chairs,
  As some who had sat unawares
So late, now heard the hour, and rose. 40

The Mother's Dream

With anxious softly-stepping haste
  Our mother went where Margaret lay,
  Fearing the sounds o'erhead—should they
Have broken her long watched-for rest! 44

She stooped an instant, calm, and turned;
  But suddenly turned back again;
  And all her features seemed in pain
With woe, and her eyes gazed and yearned. 48

For my part, I but hid my face,
  And held my breath, and spoke no word:
  There was none spoken; but I heard
The silence for a little space. 52

Our mother bowed herself and wept:
  And both my arms fell, and I said,
"God knows I knew that she was dead."
And there, all white, my sister slept. 56

Then kneeling, upon Christmas morn
  A little after twelve o'clock,
  We said, ere the first quarter struck,
"Christ's blessing on the newly born!" 60

1847. 1850. *Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*

THE MOTHER'S DREAM

I 'D a dream to-night
  As I fell asleep,
Oh! the touching sight
  Makes me still to weep:

Of my little lad,
Gone to leave me sad,
Aye, the child I had,
  But was not to keep. 8

As in heaven high,
  I my child did seek,
There, in train, came by
  Children fair and meek,
Each in lily-white,
With a lamp alight;
Each was clear to sight,
  But they did not speak. 16

Then, a little sad,
  Came my child in turn,
But the lamp he had,
  Oh! it did not burn;
He, to clear my doubt,
Said, half turn'd about,
"Your tears put it out;
  Mother, never mourn." 24

1868. *William Barnes.*

THE TOYS

My little Son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
I struck him, and dismiss'd
With hard words and unkiss'd,

—His Mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet 10
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there
with careful art, 20
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I pray'd
To God, I wept, and said:
Ah, when at last we lie with trancèd breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood,
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less 30
Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou 'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
'I will be sorry for their childishness."

1877. *Coventry Patmore.*

REQUIEM

UNDER the wide and starry sky,
  Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
  And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he long'd to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
  And the hunter home from the hill.

1884. 1887. *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

IN HARBOR[1]

I THINK it is over, over,
  I think it is over at last:
Voices of foeman and lover,
  The sweet and the bitter have passed:
Life, like a tempest of ocean
  Hath outblown its ultimate blast:
There 's but a faint sobbing seaward
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbbed through the river,
  Those lights in the harbor at last,
  The heavenly harbor at last! 12

[1] Copyright, 1882, D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

Epilogue

I feel it is over! over!
  For the winds and the waters surcease;
Ah, few were the days of the rover
  That smiled in the beauty of peace,
And distant and dim was the omen
That hinted redress or release!
From the ravage of life, and its riot,
What marvel I yearn for the quiet
  Which bides in the harbor at last,—
For the lights, with their welcoming quiver
That throbs through the sanctified river,
  Which girdle the harbor at last,
  This heavenly harbor at last? 24

I know it is over, over
  I know it is over at last!
Down sail! the sheathed anchor uncover,
For the stress of the voyage has passed:
Life, like a tempest of ocean,
  Hath outbreathed its ultimate blast:
There 's but a faint sobbing seaward,
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward;
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbbed through the river,
  Those lights in the harbor at last,
  The heavenly harbor at last! 36

1882. *Paul Hamilton Hayne.*

EPILOGUE

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,
  When you set your fancies free,

Will they pass to where—by death, fools think, Imprisoned—
Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,
—Pity me? 5

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!
What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel
—Being—who? 10

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake. 15

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed,—fight on, fare ever
There as here!" 20

1889. *Robert Browning.*

PROSPICE

FEAR death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
  The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
  I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
  The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
  Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
  And the barriers fall, 10
Though a battle 's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
  The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
  The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forebore,
  And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
  The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
  Of pain, darkness and cold. 20

For sudden the worst turns the best to the
brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that
rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of
pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee
again,
And with God be the rest!

1861. 1864. *Robert Browning.*

HYMNS AND POEMS OF FAITH

A CHILD MY CHOICE

LET folly praise that fancy loves, I praise and love that Child
Whose heart no thought, whose tongue no word, whose hand no deed defiled.
I praise Him most, I love Him best, all praise and love is His;
While Him I love, in Him I live, and cannot live amiss.
Love's sweetest mark, laud's highest theme, man's most desired light,
To love Him life, to leave Him death, to live in Him delight.
He mine by gift, I His by debt, thus each to other due,
First friend He was, best friend He is, all times will try Him true.
Though young, yet wise, though small, yet strong; though man, yet God He is; 9
As wise He knows, as strong He can, as God He loves to bliss.
His knowledge rules, His strength defends, His love doth cherish all;
His birth our joy, His life our light, His death our end of thrall.

Alas! He weeps, He sighs, He pants, yet do His
angels sing;
Out of His tears, His sighs and throbs, doth
bud a joyful spring.
Almighty Babe, whose tender arms can force all
foes to fly,
Correct my faults, protect my life, direct me
when I die! 16

Robert Southwell.

THE ELIXIR

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee. 4

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action;
But still to make Thee prepossesst,
And give it his perfection. 8

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye;
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the Heav'n espy. 12

All may of Thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean
Which with his tincture, for Thy sake,
Will not grow bright and clean. 16

A servant with this clause
  Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
  Makes that and th' action fine. 20

This is the famous stone
  That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
  Cannot for less be told. 24

1633. *George Herbert.*

DISCIPLINE

Throw away Thy rod,
Throw away Thy wrath;
  O my God,
Take the gentle path. 4

For my heart's desire
Unto Thine is bent;
  I aspire
To a full consent. 8

Not a word or look
I affect to own,
  But by book,
And Thy Book alone. 12

Though I fail, I weep;
Though I halt in pace,
  Yet I creep
To the throne of grace. 16

Then let wrath remove;
Love will do the deed;
For with love
Stony hearts will bleed. 16

Love is swift of foot;
Love 's a man of war,
And can shoot,
And can hit from far. 24

Who can 'scape his bow?
That which wrought on Thee,
Brought Thee low,
Needs must work on me. 28

Throw away Thy rod:
Though man frailties hath,
Thou art God;
Throw away Thy wrath. 32

1633. *George Herbert.*

EASTER

I GOT me flowers to straw Thy way,
I got me boughs off many a tree;
But Thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st Thy sweets along with Thee. 4

The sun arising in the East,
Though he give light, and th' East perfume,

If they should offer to contest
With Thy arising, they presume. 8

Yet though my flowers be lost, they say
A heart can never come too late;
Teach it to sing Thy praise this day,
And then this day my life shall date. 12

1633. *George Herbert.*

THE PULLEY

When God at first made Man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by—
Let us (said He) pour on him all we can;
Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,
Contract into a span. 5

So strength first made a way,
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure;
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that, alone of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay. 10

For if I should (said He)
Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both should losers be. 15

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness;
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to My breast. 20

1633. *George Herbert.*

VIRTUE

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright!
The bridal of the earth and sky—
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die. 4

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die. 8

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die. 12

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives. 16

1633. *George Herbert.*

LOVE TRIUMPHANT

E'EN like two little bank-dividing brooks,
That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams,
And having ranged and search'd a thousand nooks,
Meet both at length in silver-breasted Thames,
Where in a greater current they conjoin:
So I my Best-Belovèd's am; so He is mine. 6

E'en so we met; and after long pursuit,
E'en so we join'd: we both became entire;
No need for either to renew a suit,
For I was flax and he was flames of fire:
Our firm-united souls did more than twine;
So I my Best-Belovèd's am; so He is mine. 12

If all those glittering Monarchs that command
The servile quarters of this earthly ball,
Should tender, in exchange, their shares of land,
I would not change my fortunes for them all:
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin:
The world 's but theirs; but my Belovèd 's mine. 18

1635? *Francis Quarles.*

THE WILL

Before I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe,
Great Love, some legacies: here I bequeathe
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see;
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; to embassadors mine ears;
To women or the sea, my tears;
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore
By making me serve her who had twenty more,
That I should give to none, but such as had too
much before. 9

My constancy I to the planets give;
My truth to them who at the court do live;
Mine ingenuity and openness,
To Jesuits; to buffoons my pensiveness;
My silence to any, who abroad have been;
My money to a Capuchin:
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by appointing me
To love there, where no love received can be,
Only to give to such as have an incapacity. 18

My faith I give to Roman Catholics;
All my good works unto the schismatics
Of Amsterdam; my best civility
And courtship to an University;

My modesty I give to shoulders bare;
My patience let gamesters share:
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her that holds my love disparity,
Only to give to those that count my gifts in-
dignity. 27

I give my reputation to those
Which were my friends; mine industry to foes;
To schoolmen I bequeathe my doubtfulness;
My sickness to physicians, or excess;
To Nature all that I in rhyme have writ;
And to my company my wit:
Thou, Love, by making me adore
Her, who begot this love in me before,
Taught'st me to make, as though I gave, when I
do but restore. 36

To him, for whom the passing-bell next tolls,
I give my physic-books; my written rolls
Of moral counsels I to Bedlam give;
My brazen medals unto them which live
In want of bread; to them which pass among
All foreigners, mine English tongue:
Thou, Love, by making me love one
Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus dispro-
portion. 45

Therefore I 'll give no more, but I 'll undo
The world by dying; because Love dies too.

Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Than gold in mines, where none doth draw it
forth;
And all your graces no more use shall have,
Than a sun-dial in a grave:
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her, who doth neglect both me and thee,
To invent and practise this one way to annihilate
all three. 54

1633. *Dr. John Donne.*

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me! 4

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me! 8

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me! 12

When the artless doctor sees
No one hope, but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me! 16

When his potion and his pill
Has, or none, or little skill,
Meet for nothing, but to kill;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me! 20

When the passing bell doth toll,
And the Furies in a shoal
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me! 24

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me! 28

When the priest his last hath pray'd,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decay'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me! 32

When, God knows, I 'm toss'd about,
Either with despair or doubt;
Yet before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me! 36

When the tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me! 40

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me! 44

When the Judgment is reveal'd,
And that open'd which was seal'd,
When to Thee I have appeal'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me! 48

1647. *Robert Herrick.*

PEACE

My soul, there is a country
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd sentry
All skilful in the wars:
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crown'd with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious Friend,
And—O my soul, awake!— 10
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of Peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress, and thy ease.

Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure
But One who never changes—
Thy God, thy life, thy cure. 20

1650 *Henry Vaughan.*

THE RETREAT

Happy those early days, when I
Shin'd in my Angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought;
When yet I had not walk'd above
A mile or two from my first Love,
And looking back, at that short space
Could see a glimpse of his bright face; 10
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to every sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness. 20

O how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!

That I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train;
From whence th' enlighten'd spirit sees
That shady City of Palm-trees!
But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move; 30
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

1650. *Henry Vaughan.*

BERMUDAS

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride,
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that row'd along
The listening winds received this song:
"What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where He the huge sea monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs; 10
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage.
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care
On daily visits through the air;

He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows: 20
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet;
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice;
With cedars chosen by His hand
From Lebanon He stores the land;
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris on shore;
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast; 30
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.
Oh! let our voice His praise exalt
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
Which thence (perhaps) rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay!"
—Thus sung they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note;
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time. 40

1681. *Andrew Marvell.*

THE INVITATION

Lord, what unvalued pleasures crown'd
The days of old;
When Thou were so familiar found,
Those days were gold;— 4

When Abram wish'd Thou couldst afford
With him to feast;
When Lot but said, "Turn in, my Lord,"
Thou wert his guest. 8

But, ah! this heart of mine doth pant,
And beat for Thee;
Yet Thou art strange, and wilt not grant
Thyself to me. 12

What, shall Thy people be so dear
To Thee no more?
Or is not heaven to earth as near
As heretofore? 16

The famish'd raven's hoarser cry
Finds out Thine ear;
My soul is famish'd, and I die
Unless Thou hear. 20

O Thou great Alpha! Kings of kings!
Or bow to me,
Or lend my soul seraphic wings,
To get to Thee. 24

Anonymous.

A HYMN OF TRUST

Lord, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give. 4

If life be long I will be glad,
That I may long obey;
If short—yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day? 8

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by this door. 12

Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be! 16

Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days;
And join with the the triumphant saints,
To sing Jehovah's praise. 20

My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 't is enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him. 24

1683. *Richard Baxter.*

THE VOICE OF THE HEAVENS

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

Th' unwearied Sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes, to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand. 8

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly, to the listening Earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole. 16

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine:
"The Hand that made us is divine." 24

1712. *Joseph Addison.*

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER

FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord! 4

The Universal Prayer

Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
  Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that thou art good,
  And that myself am blind: 8

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
  To see the good from ill;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
  Left free the human Will. 12

What Conscience dictates to be done,
  Or warns me not to do;
This teach me more than Hell to shun,
  That more than Heaven pursue. 16

What blessings thy free bounty gives
  Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives;
  T' enjoy is to obey. 20

Yet not to earth's contracted span
  Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
  When thousand worlds are round. 24

Let not this weak unknowing hand
  Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
  On each I judge thy foe. 28

If I am right, thy grace impart,
  Still in the right to stay;

If I am wrong, O teach my heart
  To find that better way. 32

Save me alike from foolish Pride
  And impious Discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
  Or aught thy goodness lent. 36

Teach me to feel another's woe,
  To hide the fault I see:
That mercy I to others show,
  That mercy show to me. 40

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
  Since quickened by thy breath;
O lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
  Through this day's life or death! 44

This day be bread and peace my lot:
  All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
  And let thy will be done. 48

To Thee, whose temple is all Space,
  Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all Being raise,
  All Nature's incense rise! 52

1738. *Alexander Pope.*

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL

Vital spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life! 6

Hark! they whisper; Angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death? 12

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy Victory?
O Death! where is thy Sting? 18

1712. *Alexander Pope.*

THE QUIET HEART

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart:
  Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,—
  Make me as a weanèd child:
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee. 6

What Thou shalt to-day provide,
  Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
  Calmly to Thy wisdom leave;
'T is enough that Thou wilt care:
Why should I the burden bear? 12

As a little child relies
  On a care beyond his own,
Knows he 's neither strong nor wise,
  Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide. 18

1779. *John Newton.*

REFUGE

JESU, Lover of my soul,
  Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
  While the tempest still is high:

Refuge

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
  Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
  O receive my soul at last! 8

Other refuge have I none;
  Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
  Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
  All my help from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
  With the shadow of Thy wing! 16

Wilt Thou not regard my call?
  Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall—
  Lo! on Thee I cast my care!
Reach me out Thy gracious hand:
  While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
  Dying, and behold I live! 24

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
  Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
  Make and keep me pure within:—
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
  Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,—
  Rise to all eternity! 32

1740. *Charles Wesley.*

THE GOLDEN DOOR

THE door of death is made of gold,
That mortal eyes cannot behold:
But, when the mortal eyes are closed,
And cold and pale the limbs reposed,
The Soul awakes, and, wondering, sees
In her mild hand the golden keys.
The grave is Heaven's golden gate,
And rich and poor around it wait:
O Shepherdess of England's fold,
Behold this gate of pearl and gold! 10

To dedicate to England's Queen
The visions that my soul has seen,
And by her kind permission bring
What I have borne on solemn wing
From the vast regions of the grave,
Before her throne my wings I wave,
Bowing before my sovereign's feet.
The Grave produced these blossoms sweet,
In mild repose from earthly strife;
The blossoms of eternal life. 20

1808. *William Blake.*

MORNING

Hues of the rich unfolding morn,
That, ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible
Around his path are taught to swell;— 4

Thou rustling breeze, so fresh and gay,
That dancest forth at opening day,
And brushing by with joyous wing,
Wakenest each little leaf to sing;— 8

Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,
By which deep grove and tangled stream
Pay, for soft rains in season given,
Their tribute to the genial heaven;— 12

Why waste your treasures of delight
Upon our thankless, joyless sight,
Who day by day to sin awake,
Seldom of Heaven and you partake? 16

Oh! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new! 20

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought. 24

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of
Heaven. 28

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice. 32

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of Heaven in each we see:
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care. 36

As for some dear familiar strain
Untired we ask, and ask again,
Ever, in its melodious store,
Finding a spell unheard before— 40

Such is the bliss of souls serene,
When they have sworn, and steadfast mean,
Counting the cost, in all t' espy
Their God, in all themselves deny. 44

Evening

Oh, could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along Life's dullest, dreariest walk! 48

We need not bid, for cloister'd cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky: 52

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask—
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God. 56

Seek we no more; content with these,
Let present Rapture, Comfort, Ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go—
The secret this of Rest below. 60

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect Rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray. 64

1827. *John Keble.*

EVENING

T is gone, that bright and orbèd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light. 4

In darkness and in weariness
The traveller on his way must press;
No gleam to watch on tree or tower,
Whiling away the lonesome hour. 8

Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes. 12

When round thy wondrous works below
My searching rapturous glance I throw,
Tracing out Wisdom, Power, and Love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove— 16

Or by the light Thy words disclose
Watch Time's full river as it flows,
Scanning Thy gracious Providence,
Where not too deep for mortal sense; 20

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold—
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern. 24

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast. 28

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live:

Evening

Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die. 32

Thou Framer of light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark:
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have Thee. 36

The Rulers of this Christian land,
'Twixt Thee and us ordained to stand,—
Guide Thou their course, O Lord, aright,
Let all do all as in Thy sight. 40

Oh! by Thine own sad burthen, borne
So meekly up the hill of scorn,
Teach Thou Thy Priests their daily cross
To bear as Thine, nor count it loss! 44

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurn'd, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin. 48

Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store:
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light. 52

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above. 56

1827. *John Keble.*

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

It was the calm and silent night!
  Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
  And now was Queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars;
  Peace brooded o'er the hush'd domain;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars,
  Held undisturb'd their ancient reign,
    In the solemn midnight
      Centuries ago! 10

'T was in the calm and silent night!
  The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
  From lordly revel rolling home.
Triumphal arches gleaming swell
  His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What reck'd the Roman what befell
  A paltry province far away,
    In the solemn midnight
      Centuries ago! 20

Within that province far away
  Went plodding home a weary boor:
A streak of light before him lay,
  Fall'n through a half-shut stable door

Across his path. He pass'd—for nought
  Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars! his only thought;
  The air how calm and cold and thin,
    In the solemn midnight
      Centuries ago! 30

O strange indifference!—low and high
  Drows'd over common joys and cares:
The earth was still—but knew not why;
  The world was listening—unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
  One that shall thrill the world for ever!
To that still moment none would heed,
  Man's doom was link'd, no more to sever,
    In the solemn midnight
      Centuries ago! 40

It *is* the calm and silent night!
  A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
  The darkness, charm'd and holy *now*.
The night that erst no name had worn,
  To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay new-born
  The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven,
    In the solemn midnight
      Centuries ago! 50

1837. *Alfred Domett.*

ABIDE WITH ME

ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me! 4

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away:
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me! 8

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me! 12

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings:
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea:—
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus bide with me! 16

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee.
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me! 20

I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's
power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me! 24

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy
victory?
—I triumph still, if Thou abide with me. 28

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the
skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee:—
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me! 32

1850. *Henry Francis Lyte.*

THE WILL OF GOD

I WORSHIP Thee, sweet Will of God!
And all Thy ways adore,
And every day I live, I seem
To love Thee more and more. 4

Thou wert the end, the blessèd rule
Of our Saviour's toils and tears;
Thou wert the passion of His Heart
Those Three-and-thirty years. 8

And He hath breathed into my soul
  A special love of Thee,
A love to lose my will in His,
  And by that loss be free. 12

He always wins who sides with God,
  To him no chance is lost;
God's Will is sweetest to him, when
  It triumphs at his cost. 16

When obstacles and trials seem
  Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
  And leave the rest to Thee. 20

1849. *Frederick William Faber*

GOD'S WAY

Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
  However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
  Choose out the path for me. 4

Smooth let it be or rough,
  It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
  Right onward to Thy rest. 8

I dare not choose my lot;
  I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God;
  So shall I walk aright. 12

The kingdom that I seek
  Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine;
  Else I must surely stray. 16

Take Thou my cup, and it
  With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
  Choose Thou my good and ill; 20

Choose Thou for me my friends,
  My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
  My poverty or wealth. 24

Not mine, not mine the choice,
  In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
  My wisdom, and my all! 28

1857. *Horatius Bonar.*

SENSITIVENESS

TIME was, I shrank from what was right
  From fear of what was wrong;
I would not brave the sacred fight,
  Because the foe was strong. 4

But now I cast that finer sense
  And sorer shame aside;

Such dread of sin was indolence,
  Such aim at Heaven was pride. 8

So, when my Saviour calls, I rise
  And calmly do my best;
Leaving to Him, with silent eyes
  Of hope and fear, the rest. 12

I step, I mount where He has led;
  Men count my haltings o'er;—
I know them; yet, though self I dread,
  I love His precept more. 16

1833. 1836. *John Henry Newman.*

FLOWERS WITHOUT FRUIT

PRUNE thou thy words, the thoughts control
  That o'er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul,
  And change to purpose strong. 4

But he who lets his feelings run
  In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
  And faints at every woe. 8

Faith's meanest deed more favour bears,
  Where hearts and wills are weigh'd.
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
  Which bloom their hour and fade. 12

1833. *John Henry Newman.*

"O MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE!"

O MAY I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
Of miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.
So to live is heaven: 10
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies, 20
Die in the large and charitable air.

And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burthen of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better—saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love— 30
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb,
Unread forever.
This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love, 40
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

1867. 1874. *Marian Evans Cross.*

A LIFE HID WITH CHRIST

I HAVE a life with Christ to live,
  But, ere I live it, must I wait
Till learning can clear answer give
  Of this and that book's date?

Constancy

I have a life in Christ to live,
  I have a death in Christ to die;—
And must I wait, till science give
  All doubts a full reply? 8

Nay rather, while the sea of doubt
Is raging wildly round about,
Questioning of life and death and sin,
Let me but creep within
Thy fold, O Christ, and at Thy feet
Take but the lowest seat,
And hear Thine awful voice repeat
In gentlest accents, heavenly sweet,
  Come unto Me, and rest:
  Believe Me, and be blest. 18

John Campbell Shairp.

CONSTANCY

'Twixt gleams of joy and clouds of doubt
  Our feelings come and go;
Our best estate is toss'd about
  In ceaseless ebb and flow. 4

No mood of feeling, form of thought,
  Is constant for a day;
But Thou, O Lord! Thou changest not;
  The same Thou art alway. 8

I grasp Thy strength, make it mine own,
  My heart with peace is blest;

I lose my hold, and then comes down
  Darkness and cold unrest. 12

Let me no more my comfort draw
  From my frail hold of Thee,—
In this alone rejoice with awe;
  Thy mighty grasp of me. 16

Out of that weak unquiet drift
  That comes but to depart,
To that pure Heaven my spirit lift
  Where Thou unchanging art. 20

Lay hold of me with Thy strong grasp,
  Let Thy Almighty arm
In its embrace my weakness clasp,
  And I shall fear no harm. 24

Thy purpose of eternal good
  Let me but surely know;
On this I 'll lean, let changing mood
  And feeling come or go; 28

Glad when Thy sunshine fills my soul;
  Not lorn when clouds o'ercast;
Since Thou within Thy sure control
  Of Love dost hold me fast. 32

1864? *John Campbell Shairp.*

MY PSALM

I MOURN no more my vanished years:
  Beneath a tender rain,
And April rain of smiles and tears,
  My heart is young again. 4

The west-winds blow, and, singing low,
  I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
  Wide open to the sun. 8

No longer forward nor behind
  I look in hope or fear;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
  The best of now and here. 12

I plough no more a desert land,
  To harvest weed and tare;
The manna dropping from God's hand
  Rebukes my painful care. 16

I break my pilgrim staff,—I lay
  Aside the toiling oar;
The angel sought so far away
  I welcome at my door. 20

The airs of spring may never play
  Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
  Blow through the autumn morn; 24

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
  Through fringèd lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
  Shall see its image given;— 28

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
  The south-wind softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days in golden haze
  Melt down the amber sky. 32

Not less shall manly deed and word
  Rebuke an age of wrong;
The graven flowers that wreathe the sword
  Make not the blade less strong. 36

But smiting hands shall learn to heal,—
  To build as to destroy;
Nor less my heart for others feel
  That I the more enjoy. 40

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
  To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
  Than all my prayers have told! 44

Enough that blessings undeserved
  Have marked my erring track;—

My Psalm

That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back;— 48

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;— 52

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight;— 56

That care and trial seem at last,
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair;— 60

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm. 64

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west-winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day. 68

1859. *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

PARADAISI GLORIA

THERE is a city, builded by no hand,
  And unapproachable by sea or shore,
And unassailable by any band
  Of storming soldiery for evermore. 4

There we no longer shall divide our time
  By acts or pleasures,—doing petty things
Of work or warfare, merchandise or rhyme;
  But we shall sit beside the silver springs 8

That flow from God's own footstool, and behold
  Sages and martyrs, and those blessed few
Who loved us once and were beloved of old
  To dwell with them and walk with them
    anew, 12

In alterations of sublime repose,
  Musical motion, the perpetual play
Of every faculty that Heaven bestows
  Through the bright, busy, and eternal day. 16

1872. *Thomas William Parsons.*

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

O FRIENDS! with whom my feet have trod
  The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
  And love of man I bear. 4

The Eternal Goodness

I trace your lines of argument;
  Your logic linked and strong
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
  And fears a doubt as wrong. 8

But still my human hands are weak
  To hold your iron creeds:
Against the words ye bid me speak
  My heart within me pleads. 12

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?
  Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
  The poor device of man. 16

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
  Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
  The love and power of God. 20

Ye praise His justice; even such
  His pitying love I deem:
Ye seek a king; I fain would touch
  The robe that hath no seam. 24

Ye see the curse which overbroods
  A world of pain and loss;
I hear our Lord's beatitudes
  And prayer upon the cross. 28

More than our schoolmen teach, within
  Myself, alas! I know

Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,
  Too small the merit show. 32

I bow my forehead to the dust,
  I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
  A prayer without a claim. 36

I see the wrong that round me lies,
  I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
  The world confess its sin. 40

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
  And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings;
  I know that God is good! 44

Not mine to look where cherubim
  And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in Him
  Which evil is in me. 48

The wrong that pains my soul below
  I dare not throne above,
I know not of His hate,—I know
  His goodness and His love. 52

I dimly guess from blessings known
  Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
  His judgments too are right. 56

I long for household voices gone,
  For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
  And He can do no wrong. 60

I know not what the future hath
  Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
  His mercy underlies. 64

And if my heart and flesh are weak
  To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
  But strengthen and sustain. 68

No offering of my own I have,
  Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts he gave,
  And plead His love for love. 72

And so beside the Silent Sea
  I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
  On ocean or on shore. 76

I know not where His islands lift
  Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
  Beyond His love and care. 80

O brothers! if my faith is vain,
  If hopes like these betray,

Pray for me that my feet may gain
  The sure and safer way. 84

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
  Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
  My human heart on Thee! 88

1865. *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

SELECTIONS
FROM THE LATER POETRY

Elegies and Hymns

Elegies and Poems on Death
Hymns and Poems of Faith
Poems of the Great War

BIRTHRIGHT*

LORD Rameses of Egypt sighed
  Because a summer evening passed;
And little Ariadne cried
  That summer fancy fell at last
To dust; and young Verona died
  When beauty's hour was overcast. 6

Theirs was the bitterness we know
  Because the clouds of hawthorn keep
So short a state, and kisses go
  To tombs unfathomably deep,
While Rameses and Romeo
  And little Ariadne sleep. 12

John Drinkwater.

ATROPOS

ATROPOS, dread
  One of the Three,
Holding the thread
  Woven for me; 4

Grimly thy shears,
  Steely and bright,

---

*Used by permission of the author and of the publisher Houghton Mifflin Company.

Menace the years
  Left for delight. 8

Grant it may chance,
  Just as they close,
June may entrance
  Earth with the rose; 12

Reigning as though,
  Bliss to the breath,
Endless and no
  Whisper of death. 16

John Myers O'Hara.

ENVOI*

Oh seek me not within a tomb—
  Thou shalt not find me in the clay!
I pierce a little wall of gloom
  To mingle with the day! 4

I brothered with the things that pass,
  Poor giddy joy and puckered grief;
I go to brother with the grass
  And with the sunning leaf. 8

Not death can sheathe me in a shroud;
  A joy-sword whetted keen with pain,

*Reprinted, with the author's permission, from "The Quest," published by The Macmillan Company.

I join the armies of the cloud,
  The lightning and the rain. 12

Oh, subtle in the sap athrill,
  Athletic in the glad uplift,
A portion of the cosmic will,
  I pierce the planet-drift. 16

My God and I shall interknit
  As rain and ocean, breath and air;
And oh, the luring thought of it
  Is prayer! 20

John G. Neihardt.

THE OXEN

CHRISTMAS EVE, and twelve of the clock.
  "Now they are all on their knees,"
An elder said as we sat in a flock
  By the embers in hearthside ease. 4

We pictured the meek mild creatures where
  They dwelt in their strawy pen,
Nor did it occur to one of us there
  To doubt they were kneeling then. 8

So fair a fancy few believe
  In these years! Yet, I feel,
If someone said on Christmas Eve
  "Come; see the oxen kneel 12

"In the lonely barton by yonder coomb
  Our childhood used to know,"
I should go with him in the gloom,
  Hoping it might be so. 16

Thomas Hardy.

TRYSTE NOËL

THE Ox he openeth wide the Doore,
And from the Snowe he calls her inne,
And he hath seen her Smile therefor,
Our Ladye without Sinne.
Now soon from Sleep 5
A Starre shall leap,
And soone arrive both King and Hinde:
  Amen, Amen:
But O, the Place co'd I but finde!

The Ox hath hush'd his voyce and bent 10
Trewe eyes of Pitty ore the Mow,
And on his lovelie Neck, forspent,
The Blessèd layes her Browe.
Around her feet
Full Warme and Sweete 15
His bowerie Breath doth meeklie dwell:
  Amen, Amen:
But sore am I with Vaine Travèl!

The Ox is host in Judah stall
And Host of more than onelie one, 20
For close she gathereth withal

Our Lorde her littel Sonne.
Glad Hinde and King
Their Gyfte may bring,
But wo'd to-night my Teares were there, 25
Amen, Amen:
Between her Bosom and His hayre!

Louise Imogen Guiney.

IN THE HOSPITAL

BECAUSE on the branch that is tapping my pane
A sun-wakened leaf-bud, uncurled,
Is bursting its rusty brown sheathing in twain,
I know there is Spring in the world. 4

Because through the sky-patch whose azure and white
My window frames all the day long,
A yellow-bird dips for an instant of flight,
I know there is Song. 8

Because even here in this Mansion of Woe
Where creep the dull hours, leaden-shod,
Compassion and Tenderness aid me, I know 12
There is God.

Arthur Guiterman.

CREATION

In the beginning, there was nought
  But heaven, one Majesty of Light,
Beyond all speech, beyond all thought,
  Beyond all depth, beyond all height,
Consummate heaven, the first and last,
  Enfolding in its perfect prime
No future rushing to the past,
  But one rapt Now, that knew not Space or
    Time. 8

Formless it was, being gold on gold,
  And void—but with that complete Life
Where music could no wings unfold
  Till lo, God smote the strings of strife!
"Myself unto Myself am Throne,
  Myself unto Myself am Thrall
I that am All am all alone,"
  He said, "Yea, I have nothing, having all." 16

And, gathering round His mount of bliss
  The angel-squadrons of His will,
He said, "One battle yet there is
  To win, one vision to fulfil!
Since heaven where'er I gaze expands,
  And power that knows no strife or cry,
Weakness shall bind and pierce My hands
  And make a world for Me wherein to die. 24

Creation

All might, all vastness and all glory
  Being Mine, I must descend and make
Out of My heart a song, a story
  Of little hearts that burn and break;
Out of My passion without end
  I will make little azure seas,
And into small sad fields descend
  And make green grass, white daisies, rustling
    trees." 32

Then shrank His angels, knowing He thrust
  His arms out East and West and gave
For every little dream of dust
  Part of His Life as to a grave!
"*Enough, O Father, for Thy words*
  Have pierced Thy hands!" But, low and sweet,
He said "Sunsets and streams and birds,
  And drifting clouds!"—The purple stained His
    feet.— 40

"*Enough!*" His angels moaned in fear,
  "*Father, Thy words have pierced Thy side!*"
He whispered, "Roses shall grow there,
  And there must be a hawthorn-tide,
And ferns, dewy at dawn," and still
  They moaned—"*Enough, the red drops bleed!*"
"And," sweet and low, "on every hill,"
  He said, "I will have flocks and lambs to
    lead." 48

His angels bowed their heads beneath
  Their wings till that great pang was gone:

"Pour not Thy soul out unto Death!"
They moaned, and still His Love flowed on,
"There shall be small white wings to stray
From bliss to bliss, from bloom to bloom,
And blue flowers in the wheat; and——" *"Stay!*
Speak not," they cried, *"the word that seals Thy*
tomb!" 56

He spake—"I have thought of a little child
That I will have there to embark
On small adventures in the wild,
And front slight perils in the dark;
And I will hide from him and lure
His laughing eyes with suns and moons,
And rainbows that shall not endure;
And—when he is weary sing him drowsy
tunes." 64

His angels fell before Him weeping
"Enough! Tempt not the Gates of Hell!"
He said "His soul is in his keeping
That we may love each other well,
And lest the dark too much affright him,
I will strow countless little stars
Across his childish skies to light him
That he may wage in peace his mimic wars; 72

And oft forget Me as he plays
With swords and childish merchandise,
Or with his elfin balance weighs,
Or with his foot-rule metes, the skies;
Or builds his castles by the deep,

Or tunnels through the rocks, and then—
Turn to Me as he falls asleep,
And, in his dreams, feel for My hand again. 80

And when he is older he shall be
My friend and walk here at My side;
Or—when he wills—grow young with Me,
And, to that happy world where once we died
Descending through the calm blue weather,
Buy life once more with our immortal breath,
And wander through the little fields together,
And taste of Love and Death." 88

Alfred Noyes.

POEMS OF THE GREAT WAR

FALL IN!

WE THOUGHT that reason had mastered men,
  That peace of the world was lord,
That never the roll of the drum again
  Should quicken the thirsty sword— 4
But our bubble broke with a sudden blow,
  And we heard like the trumpet's din
That levelled the walls of Jericho—
  The old stern cry—"*Fall in!*" 8

We were numb, amazed, we were sick and dazed
  With a horror past belief.
Silent we stood while Belgium blazed
  In her martyr's glory of grief. 12
Then it came so near that we needs must hear,

  For the cry of our murdered kin
Drove in our heart like a searching spear
  The call of the hour—"*Fall in!*" 16

Not in the flush of a barren thrill
  Do we come to our deed at last.
We have weighed our will, we must do our will,
  For the doubting-time is past. 20
We have faced our souls in the sleepless night,
  And what shall we fear but sin?
Not for love of the fight, but for love of the right,
  In the name of our God—"*Fall in!*" 24

Amelia Josephine Burr.

SOLDIER, SOLDIER

SOLDIER, soldier, off to the war,
Take me a letter to my sweetheart O.
He's gone away to France
With his carbine and his lance,
And a lock of brown hair of his sweetheart O. 5

Fair maid of London, happy may you be
To know so much of your sweetheart O.
There's not a handsome lad,
To get the chance he's had,
But would skip, with a kiss for his sweetheart O. 10

Soldier, soldier, whatever shall I do
If the cruel Germans take my sweetheart O?
They'll pen him in the jail
And starve him thin and pale,
With never a kind word from his sweetheart O. 15

Fair maid of London, is that all you see
Of the lad you've taken for your sweetheart O?
He'll make his prison ring
With his God Save the King
And his God bless the blue eyes of my sweetheart O! 20

The Young Dead

Soldier, soldier, if by shot or shell
They wound him, my dear lad, my sweetheart O,
He'll lie bleeding in the rain
And call me, all in vain,
Crying for the fingers of his sweetheart O. 25

Pretty one, pretty one, now take a word from me:
Don't you grudge the life-blood of your sweetheart O.
For you must understand
He gives it to our land.
And proud should fly the colors of his sweetheart O. 30

Soldier, soldier, my heart is growing cold—
If a German shot kill my sweetheart O!
I could not lift my head
If my dear love lay dead
With his wide eyes waiting for his sweetheart O. 35

Poor child, poor child, go to church and pray,
Pray God to spare you your sweetheart O.
But if he live or die
The English flag must fly,
And England take care of his sweetheart O! 40

Maurice Hewlett

THE YOUNG DEAD

Ah, how I pity the young dead who gave
All that they were, and might become, that we
With tired eyes should watch this perfect sea

Re-weave its patterning of silver wave
Round scented cliffs of arbutus and bay. 5

No more shall any rose along the way,
The myrtled way that wanders to the shore,
Nor jonquil-twinkling meadows any more,
Nor the warm lavender that takes the spray,
Smell only of sea-salt and the sun. 10

But, through recurring seasons, every one
Shall speak to us with lips the darkness closes,
Shall look at us with eyes that missed the roses,
Clutch us with hands whose work was just begun,
Laid idle now beneath the earth we tread— 15

And always we shall walk with the young dead—
Ah, how I pity the young dead, whose eyes
Strain through the sod to see the perfect skies,
Who feel the new wheat springing in their stead,
And the lark singing for them overhead! 20

Edith Wharton.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS*

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky,
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below. 5

We are the dead; short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,

*From "In Flanders Fields", courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, New York and London.

Loved and were loved, and now we lie
  In Flanders fields. 10

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from failing hands we throw
  The torch; be yours to hold it high!
  If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow 15
  In Flanders fields.

John McCrae.

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH*

I HAVE a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death 5
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.
It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still. 10
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

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God knows 't were better to be deep 15
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear . . .
But I've a rendezvous with Death 20
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

Alan Seeger.

THE FEAR*

I DO not fear to die
'Neath the open sky,
To meet death in the fight
Face to face, upright. 4

But when at last we creep
Into a hole to sleep,
I tremble, cold with dread,
Lest I wake up dead. 8

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

BACK*

THEY ask me where I've been,
And what I've done and seen.
But what can I reply
Who know it wasn't I,

*Used by permission of the publishers, The Macmillan Co.

But some one just like me, 5
Who went across the sea
And with my head and hands
Killed men in foreign lands . . .
Though I must bear the blame
Because he bore my name. 10

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson

THE RETURN*

He went, and he was gay to go:
And I smiled on him as he went.
My son—'twas well he couldn't know
My darkest dread, nor what it meant— 4

Just what it meant to smile and smile
And let my son go cheerily—
My son . . . and wondering all the while
What stranger would come back to me. 8

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

INTO BATTLE

The naked earth is warm with spring,
And with green grass and bursting trees
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,
And quivers in the sunny breeze;

*Used by permission of the publishers, The Macmillan Co.

And life is colour and warmth and light, 5
  And a striving evermore for these;
And he is dead who will not fight;
  And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun
  Take warmth, and life from the glowing
    earth; 10
Speed with the light-foot winds to run
  And with the trees to newer birth;
And find, when fighting shall be done,
  Great rest, and fullness after dearth.

All the bright company of Heaven 15
  Hold him in their high comradeship,
The Dog-Star, and the Sisters Seven,
  Orion's Belt and sworded hip.
The woodland trees that stand together,
  They stand to him each one a friend; 20
They gently speak in the windy weather;
  They guide to valley and ridge's end.
The kestrel hovering by day,
  And the little owls that call by night,
Bid him be swift and keen as they, 25
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him, "Brother, brother,
  If this be the last song you shall sing,
Sing well, for you may not sing another;
  Brother, sing." 30

In dreary, doubtful, waiting hours,
  Before the brazen frenzy starts,

The horses show him nobler powers
  O patient eyes, courageous hearts!

And when the burning moment breaks, 35
  And all things else are out of mind,
And only joy of battle takes
  Him by the throat, and makes him blind,

Through joy and blindness he shall know
  Not caring much to know, that still 40
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so
  That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,
  And in the air death moans and sings;
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands, 45
  And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

Julian Grenfell.

IT'S A QUEER TIME*

It's hard to know if you're alive or dead
When steel and fire go roaring through your
  head.

One moment you'll be crouching at your gun
Traversing, mowing heaps down half in fun:
The next, you choke and clutch at your
  right breast— 5
No time to think—leave all—and off you
  go. . . .

*Used by arrangement with the author's agents, James B. Pinker and Son, London.

To Treasure Island where the spice winds
blow,
To lovely groves of mango, quince and lime?
Breathe no good-bye, but ho, for the Red West!
It's a queer time. 10

You're charging madly at them yelling "Fag!"
When somehow something gives and your feet
drag.
You fall and strike your head; yet feel no pain
And find . . . you're digging tunnels through
the hay
In the Big Barn, 'cause it's a rainy day. 15
Oh springy hay, and lovely beams to climb!
You're back in the old sailor suit again.
It's a queer time.

Or you'll be dozing safe in your dug-out—
A great roar—the trench shakes and falls
about— 20
You're struggling, gasping, struggling, then. . .
hullo!
Elsie comes tripping gaily down the trench,
Hanky to nose—that lyddite makes a stench—
Getting her pinafore all over grime.
Funny! because she died ten years ago! 25
It's a queer time.

The trouble is, things happen much too quick;
Up jump the Boches, rifles thump and click,
You stagger, and the whole scene fades away:
Even good Christians don't like passing
straight 30

From Tipperary or their Hymn of Hate
To Alleluiah-chanting, and the chime
Of golden harps . . . and . . . I'm not
well to-day . . .
It's a queer time.

Robert Graves.

SONGS FROM AN EVIL WOOD

III

THE great guns of England, they listen mile on mile
To the boasts of a broken War-Lord; they lift their throats and smile;
But the old woods are fallen
For a while. 4

The old woods are fallen; yet will they come again,
They will come back some springtime with the warm winds and the rain,
For Nature guardeth her children
Never in vain. 8

They will come back some season; it may be a hundred years;
It is all one to Nature with the centuries that are hers;
She shall bring back her children
And dry all their tears. 12

But the tears of a would-be War-Lord shall never
cease to flow,
He shall weep for the poisoned armies whenever the
gas-winds blow,
He shall always weep for his widows,
And all Hell shall know. 16

The tears of a pitiless Kaiser shallow they'll flow
and wide,
Wide as the desolation made by his silly pride
When he slaughtered a little people
To stab France in her side. 20

Over the ragged cinders they shall flow on and
on
With the listless falling of streams that find not
oblivion,
For ages and ages of years
Till the last star is gone. 24

IV

I met with Death in his country,
With his scythe and his hollow eye,
Walking the roads of Belgium.
I looked and he passed me by. 4

Since he passed me by in Plug Street,
In the wood of the evil name,
I shall not now lie with the heroes,
I shall not share their fame, 8

Dreamers

I shall never be as they are,
  A name in the lands of the Free,
Since I looked on Death in Flanders
  And he did not look at me. 12

Lord Dunsany.

DREAMERS*

SOLDIERS are citizens of death's grey land,
  Drawing no dividend from time's to-morrows.
In the great hour of destiny they stand,
  Each with his feuds, and jealousies, and sorrows.
Soldiers are sworn to action; they must win
  Some flaming, fatal climax with their lives.
Soldiers are dreamers; when the guns begin 7
  They think of firelit homes, clean beds, and wives.

I see them in foul dug-outs, gnawed by rats,
  And in the ruined trenches, lashed with rain,
Dreaming of things they did with balls and bats,
  And mocked by hopeless longing to regain
Bank-holidays, and picture-shows, and spats,
  And going to the office in the train. 14

Siegfried Sassoon.

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EARTH'S EASTER*

(1915)

EARTH has gone up from its Gethsemane,
  And now on Golgotha is crucified;
  The spear is twisted in the tortured side;
The thorny crown still works its cruelty.
Hark! while the victim suffers on the tree,
  There sound through starry spaces, far and wide,
  Such words as in the last despair are cried: 7
"My God! my God! Thou hast forsaken me!"

But when earth's members from the cross are drawn,
And all we love into the grave is gone,
  This hope shall be a spark within the gloom:
That, in the glow of some stupendous dawn,
  We may go forth to find, where lilies bloom,
  Two angels bright before an empty tomb. 14

Robert Haven Schauffler.

THE NAME OF FRANCE

GIVE us a name to fill the mind
  With the shining thoughts that lead mankind,
  The glory of learning, the joy of art,—
  A name that tells of a splendid part

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The Name of France

In the long, long toil and the strenuous
  fight
Of the human race to win its way
From the feudal darkness into the day
Of Freedom, Brotherhood, Equal Right,—
A name like a star, a name of light.
  I give you *France*!

Give us a name to stir the blood
With a warmer glow and a swifter flood
At the touch of a courage that conquers fear,—
A name like the sound of a trumpet, clear,
And silver-sweet, and iron-strong,
That calls three million men to their feet,
Ready to march, and steady to meet
The foes who threaten that name with wrong,—
A name that rings like a battle-song.
  I give you *France*!

Give us a name to move the heart
With the strength that noble griefs impart,
A name that speaks of the blood outpoured
To save mankind from the sway of the sword,—
A name that calls on the world to share
In the burden of sacrificial strife
Where the cause at stake is the world's free life
And the rule of the people everywhere,—
A name like a vow, a name like a prayer.
  I give you *France*!

Henry van Dyke.

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE

August 14, 1914.

(Since the bombardment of Strasbourg, August 14, 1870, her statue in Paris, representing Alsace, had been draped in mourning by the French people.)

NEAR where the royal victims fell
In days gone by, caught in the swell
Of a ruthless tide
Of human passion, deep and wide:
There where we two 5
A Nation's later sorrow knew—
To-day, O friend! I stood
Amid a self-ruled multitude
That by nor sound nor word
Betrayed how mightily its heart was stirred. 10

A memory Time never could efface—
A memory of Grief—
Like a great Silence brooded o'er the place;
And men breathed hard, as seeking for relief
From an emotion strong 15
That would not cry, though held in check too long.

One felt that joy drew near—
A joy intense that seemed itself to fear—
Brightening in eyes that had been dull,
As all with feeling gazed 20

Place de la Concorde

Upon the Strasbourg figure, raised
Above us—mourning, beautiful!

Then one stood at the statue's base, and spoke—
Men needed not to ask what word;
Each in his breast the message heard, 25
Writ for him by Despair,
That evermore in moving phrase
Breathes from the Invalides and Père Lachaise—
Vainly it seemed, alas!
But now, France looking on the image there, 30
Hope gave her back the lost Alsace.

A deeper hush fell on the crowd:
A sound—the lightest—seemed too loud
(Would, friend, you had been there!)
As to that form the speaker rose, 35
Took from her, fold on fold,
The mournful crape, gray-worn and old,
Her, proudly, to disclose,
And with the touch of tender care
That fond emotion speaks, 40
'Mid tears that none could quite command,
Placed the Tricolor in her hand,
And kissed her on both cheeks!

Florence Earle Coates.

1914

V

THE SOLDIER

If I should die, think only this of me;
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam;
A body of England's, breathing English air, 7
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.
And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven. 14

Rupert Brooke.

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